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John









WALTER GRAFTON. SEE PAGE 332.

The American Flag shall protect the American Seaman.

# SALT WATER BUBBLES.



—♦—  
(← BOSTON →).

W. J. REYNOLDS & CO.



# SALT WATER BUBBLES;

OR,

## L I F E O N T H E W A V E .

BY

HAWSER MARTINGALE.

WITH

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY KILBURN & MALLORY.

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"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them."

SHAKESPEARE.

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## ADDRESS TO THE READER.

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THE tales of which this volume is composed were mostly written for publication in another form, and have appeared at different times in the columns of the Boston Journal. They were received with favor by the subscribers to that newspaper; and the demand is so often made for more, or for the republication of those which have already been laid before the public, that the author has consented to prepare for publication a volume of these "Salt Water Bubbles," carefully revised, with emendations and additions.

There is a sort of romance connected with adventures on the sea, or anything pertaining to a nautical life, which, perhaps, exists more in imagination than in fact; and to this, I am aware, may be attributed, to a certain extent, the popularity which these tales have acquired. It was my aim, when preparing them for publication, to furnish faithful pictures of nautical life, of scenes on shipboard, and sketches of the character of the sailor in the American merchant service during the first quarter of the present century. That the *nautical* details relative to the scenes and incidents described in these stories are accurate, I believe will not be questioned, any more than the fidelity of the pictures drawn of life in the fore-castle or the cabin, among those real "web-footed old salts," who navigated and manned our merchant ships thirty years ago.

It may be urged that the language of the sailors who figure in these "Bubbles" is of a less technical, profane, and otherwise objectionable character than is generally ascribed to the men who pass their lives on the ocean. Many believe that every sentence uttered by a sailor when aloft smacks strongly of tar or pitch; that every third word is a puzzler to a landsman, or of a character to shock his sense of propriety and decency; and that his whole dialect is so peculiar that it cannot be understood by the uninitiated without the help of an elaborate vocabulary.

To this it may be replied that the character of the American sailor, or the sailor in the American merchant service, is greatly misunderstood. Indeed, the language attributed to sailors in nearly all the popular volumes, which aim at giving a correct transcript of sailor character, is too far-strained, overdone and unnatural. It is not the case that a sailor cannot utter a sentence of a dozen words without interlarding it with oaths and slang expressions. The language of the forecandle, although often vigorous, expressive and manly, and sometimes, I regret to say, objectionable in many respects, has not, necessarily, and in all cases, that smack of tar and profanity about it which is believed by many to be the inseparable attribute of a prime seaman. Besides, it should be recollected that we often meet with inmates of a ship's forecandle who are well-educated, and familiar with the conventional rules of civilized society; whose language is correct in every sense, and whose modes of expression are in good taste and often eloquent. The influence which such men exert on a ship's company, composed of different and coarser materials, is always great and highly salutary. I trust, however, that an apology will hardly be necessary for the course I have thought proper to adopt, in excluding from these pages aught which borders on profanity or indelicacy, while giving the language of the forecandle.

With regard to the *literary* merit of this volume I have nothing to say, excepting that it has no pretension to excellence of that description. It consists of tales of ocean life, told in a plain, off-hand manner, by one who for years had his home in the forecandle; of sketches, sometimes drawn from the imagination, but generally founded on fact; sometimes grave, sometimes humorous, and sometimes descriptive; and all illustrating, in a greater or less degree, the amusements, superstitions, perils, vices and virtues of the sailor; and sprinkled with tempests, shipwrecks, hair-breadth-scapes, piracies and battles; with occasional glimpses of scenes of another sort, life in the rural districts of New England.

And now, without further preface, I launch my bark upon the wave. If it should sink, "why, then, good-night!" But if it should swim, the public may, in due time, have another ball of sailors' yarns thrust upon their attention.

J. S. S.

Roxbury, Mass., September, 1854.



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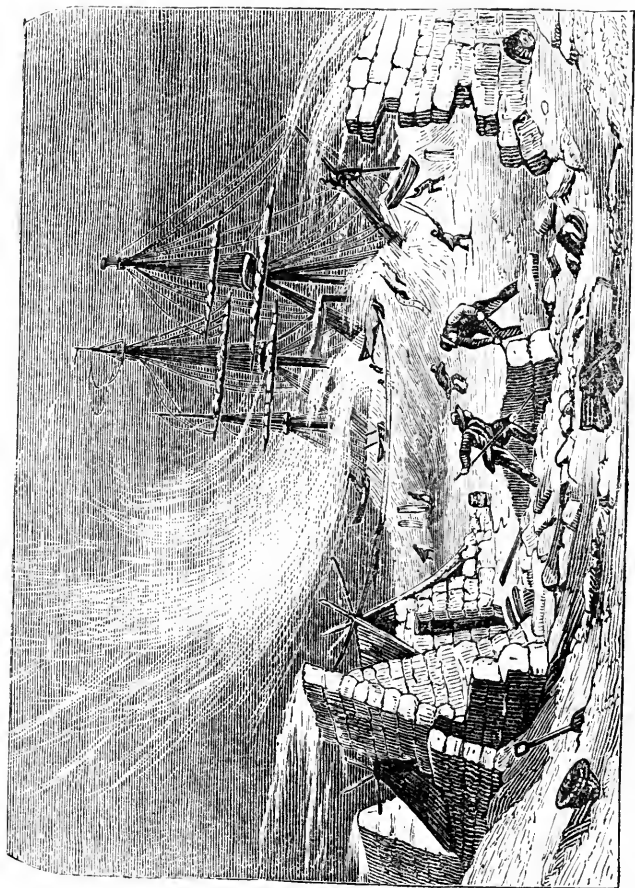
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# SALT WATER BUBBLES.

## MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

A LEGEND OF THE SCILLY ISLES.

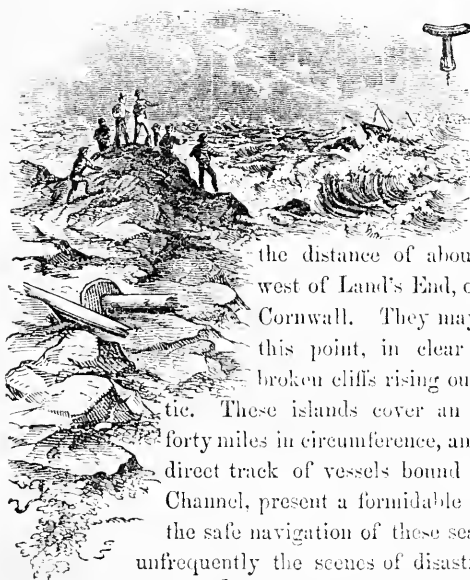
*Cleopatra.* — O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Charmian.* — Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleopatra.* — No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome now,  
But comforts I despise.

SHAKSPEARE.



THE SCILLY ISLES is the name given to the group of islands situated on the English coast, at the distance of about thirty miles west of Land's End, on the coast of Cornwall. They may be seen from this point, in clear weather, like broken cliffs rising out of the Atlantic. These islands cover an area of about forty miles in circumference, and, being in the direct track of vessels bound to the English Channel, present a formidable impediment to the safe navigation of these seas, and are not unfrequently the scenes of disastrous and fatal

shipwrecks. Many merchant ships have been lost upon those rocks, with all their crews; and the fatal shipwreck of the British ship-of-the-line *Association*, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1705, and other ships of the fleet, which resulted in the death of the admiral and many brave officers and men, is recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain.

Some of these islands are nothing more than high and craggy rocks, elevating their heads above the ocean; six of them, however, are of considerable size, mostly covered with soil, and inhabited. Their names are St. Mary's, Treseaw, St. Martin, St. Agnes, on which a light-house is erected, Samson, and Brehar. The largest of these islands is St. Mary's, which is about ten miles in circumference, and a considerable portion of it is susceptible of cultivation. The inhabitants are not remarkable for intelligence, but are an industrious, hardy race of people, engaged principally in the occupation of fishing and husbandry. The little island of Brehar lies on the south-western side of the cluster, and now contains upwards of one hundred inhabitants. It possesses but little soil capable of culture, its surface is uneven, and some of the hills are high and rugged.

More than one hundred and twenty-five years have passed away since an event occurred which created quite a sensation among the people of the Scilly Islands, and is still talked of among the aged inhabitants of Brehar, which island was the theatre of the scenes I am about to relate.

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It was a gloomy night. The wind blew in fearful gusts from the south-west, the rain fell in torrents, and the waves dashed with a loud and angry roar against the naked rocks. The fishing-boats were safely moored in a little bay, or drawn up on the shore, and the good women and children who dwelt on the rough and barren island of Brehar, while they listened

to the raging of the furious storm, devoutly thanked their God that their husbands, their parents, and their brethren, were not exposed in their frail boats to the terrible hurricane.

"God help the poor sailor, now!" exclaimed a worthy dame, as she heaped some fragments of an old wreck upon the fire; for the month was October, and the weather was unpleasantly chill.

"Amen!" exclaimed her hard-featured husband, who had thrown himself on the low bed in a corner of the room. "I hope no vessels will be driven among these rocks on such a terrible night as this; for although a wreck would be a God-send to us, it would be certain death to all the poor fellows on board. Hark! I thought I heard a gun."

"It was only the scream of the wind as it swept past the crag, Willy. Nay, do not arise. It was no alarm, believe me. It was the sound of the wind and the waves."

"It was a gun, Alisa! I know the sound too well to be mistaken," said the fisherman, as he threw on his outer garments, and prepared to leave his hut, ascend the crag, and brave the fury of the blast. "And there is another, alarmingly nearer. Some vessel is driven by the tempest upon these rocks! Good woman, rouse out the boys—I will summon our neighbors, but am afraid it will be to no purpose. What madness to venture so near the Scilly Islands on such a night as this!"

In a few minutes there stood on the edge of a cliff, peering anxiously out upon the murky waters, regardless of the rain, or the wind, or the salt sea spray, which, when a wave broke beneath their feet, fell over them in drenching showers, a little band of men, with weather-beaten features, but athletic figures and warm hearts. They feared not the storm. Its howling was music in their ears, to which they had been accustomed from infancy. But an alarm had been given, and a mingled feeling of curiosity and humanity, and, perhaps, a secret, un-

acknowledged sense of pleasure at the prospect of a profitable wreck, urged these rude and uncultivated men to mount the summit of the cliff, amid the darkness of the night and the conflict of the elements.

Another gun was distinctly heard. The vessel, urged by the violence of the tempest, was rapidly approaching. The crew were doubtless aware of their danger, and sent forth the well-known summons for assistance; but no earthly power could save them from shipwreck. Earnestly, but in vain, the fishermen strove to penetrate the darkness, which seemed a black curtain drawn around them, shutting out all objects from their view. Nothing could be seen, but their imaginations could picture a scene of terror. Through Fancy's magic glass they witnessed struggles for life, convulsive wrestlings with the waters, and death in a fearful shape; and these visions, which their reason told them would soon be realized, caused their bosoms to thrill with emotion.

"Poor fellows! It will soon be all over with them!" exclaimed, in sorrowful accents, a venerable-looking fisherman; and at that moment, as if to establish the truth of his opinion, loud and prolonged shrieks reached their ears, as of beings in mortal agony.

"There!" cried the fisherman, "the ship is among the breakers. She is on the rocks! Let us hasten to assist the crew, if it is not too late." And these bold men descended to the craggy and surf-worn rocks, with a view to aid any of the unfortunate crew who might be swept upon the shore, and also to save such portions of the wreck as the waves might throw upon the rocks.

By the light of lanterns, which were procured from their cottages, they narrowly examined the surface of the waters, and the crests of the foaming breakers, and it was not long ere they descried, borne towards them on the heaving billows broken spars, deal boards, pieces of railings, and other mate-

rials, showing that beyond a doubt some vessel had struck upon the ledge, within hail of the spot where they stood, and had been dashed to pieces. At length their attention was attracted by a large plank, to which, as it was lifted high on the top of a foaming billow, appeared to be attached some object resembling a human being. It was soon thrown upon the rocks, and was eagerly seized upon by the fishermen, and borne high upon the cliffs, beyond the reach of the waves. It was then found that the body of a woman was lashed firmly to the plank. The unfortunate being was insensible, but she was with care conveyed to the nearest cottage, and means were adopted for restoring her senses.

For a long time these efforts were unsuccessful, and it was thought her soul had taken flight to another world. It was not so; she was preserved to linger yet for many years on the stage of life, and act an humble part in the great drama of existence. But she suffered much agony before she was restored to consciousness, and many hours elapsed ere she was able to hold converse with any one, and enlighten her kind preservers on the subject of the melancholy event which had taken place. In the mean time, the fishermen continued their labors on the shore, and the dawn of day found them still busily employed in hauling up pieces of the wreck, and bales, boxes, barrels, and packages, which had drifted on shore. The bodies of two men were also washed ashore, terribly bruised by being dashed upon the rocks, but life was extinct. As daylight opened upon them, a part of the hull of a large vessel could be seen, at not more than a couple of cables' length distance, lodged upon a reef of rocks, and buried ever and anon by the breakers. A portion of the hull, and all the spars, and the greater portion of the cargo, had been forced by the winds and waves upon the iron-bound shores of the island. But all the crew of that ill-fated ship, and all the passengers, save that one poor female, lashed to a plank, had

been hurried into eternity. They had been called suddenly and unexpectedly, while, perhaps, the ties which attached them to life were strong and numerous, to account for their conduct at the bar of their God.

The woman who had been saved from death, on returning to consciousness, and on hearing that all her companions in that devoted bark were drowned, seemed overwhelmed with the bitterness of woe. The empire of reason appeared to be overthrown, and, in the midst of her outbreaks of grief, she often spoke of her husband and child. Her destitute, lonely, and mournful fate, was deeply pitied by the rough but honest inhabitants of that sterile island, who were unremitting in their efforts to soothe her sorrows and alleviate her woes.

It subsequently appeared that the vessel which had been lost was the large ship *James Moffat*, which a week previous had sailed from the port of Bristol for Philadelphia, with a cargo of provisions, clothing, and goods of various kinds, for the colonies. Among the passengers was a gentleman, with his wife and child. His wife was a beautiful woman, about twenty-two years of age, possessed of every grace and accomplishment. And it appeared that, when the storm which we have described was at its height, and when the dreadful roar of breakers was heard under the lee,—a sound of fearful import in the ears of seamen,—in that awful moment the husband and father with his own hands attached his living treasures to a plank, which he hoped would be the means of rescuing them from death. The child was washed from the plank by the force of the waves, but the mother, as I have already related, reached the shore, and was succored by the kind-hearted fishermen.

Some days elapsed ere she was able to give any of the particulars of the disaster, during which time her life was in imminent danger. And when she was so far recovered that she could understand the questions put to her, her replies were

reluctantly given and unsatisfactory. She would furnish no information respecting the place of her home, or whether she was going to or returning from, the land of her nativity. She merely said that her name was *Carey*, but whether she had near connections or friends residing in Europe or America, no one could tell. It was evident that all her hopes and her joys were buried beneath the waters with her husband and child. A dark and impassable barrier seemed to be raised between her and the rest of the world; and she looked forward to death as to a friend that would pave the way for a reünion with those she loved.

Some weeks passed away, and her physical strength was in a great measure restored, but she evinced no desire to quit the island. On the contrary, when the subject was mentioned, and she was told that means would be provided, if she wished, to carry her to St. Mary's, and thence back to Bristol, she exhibited dissatisfaction and alarm.

"O, do not," said she, "tear me from this sacred spot, where I can behold the turbulent waves as they roll over the bodies of my husband and child. Pray let me remain here. I promise you I will not trouble you long. Nor do I wish to eat the bread of idleness. I will work; I will assist your wives in their household duties; I will nurse you in sickness, and I will be a friend and a mother to your children, and instruct them in the paths of learning and in their duties to their God. I will willingly submit to any privation or hardship, only do not, I pray you, insist on my leaving this island!"

It was evident that misfortune had affected her reason. Her words and manner excited the pity of those whom she addressed, and they assured her that her presence was by no means unwelcome; that they would be pleased to have her remain among them as long as she chose, and would never mention the subject of her departure again, as it appeared to

give her pain. The subject was never again referred to. Mrs. Carey remained upon the island, and for many years was an object of compassion, of admiration, of respect or fear, to the inhabitants.

She was what is termed a beautiful woman. Her features were regular, and her figure was tall and majestic, yet of graceful proportions. But her countenance, during life, was never known to be lighted up with a smile after the death of her husband and child. Her features became pale, rigid, and resembled the chiselling of a marble statue. Her words were few; for, although never reluctant to impart instruction, or give advice when it could be of service, she abstained from all unnecessary conversation, and studiously avoided the subject of her former home or connections. In the dead of night, when the inmates of the humble huts were wrapped in sleep, she would wander about the cliffs, or seat herself upon the extreme verge of a precipice, and pass hours in gazing into the depths below and indulging in gloomy reflections. And, when a fierce storm arose, and the winds howled, and the rains fell, and the thunder rolled over her head, and the lightning hissed, and the waves dashed madly against the rocks, she would ascend some lofty crag, and stand there for hours, looking like the spirit of the storm, and gazing abroad into the troubled waters, seeming to enjoy the conflict of the warring elements.

On a little promontory, on the south-western part of the island of Brehar, were some ruins of an ancient building, believed to be a temple, built of stone, by the Druids, many years ago. This was a bleak and desolate spot, at a distance from any habitation, and exposed to all the fury of the winds and the inclemency of the weather. This spot commanded a full view of the ledge of rocks on which the ship *James Moffatt* had struck on that fatal night; and it was a favorite resort for the "*Widow Carey*," by which appellation the un-



fortunate woman was now generally known. And here, at her request, a habitation was prepared for her, among these ancient ruins, a place well suited to the gloomy tone of her



mind. And here, upon this promontory, was her *home* ; and in this dwelling, and upon the adjacent cliffs, she passed most of her hours alone. Her form could often be witnessed moving about among the crags, when the fishermen departed from the shores, as the day was breaking in the east ; and on their return at evening twilight, her loose garments would be seen floating in the air from the summit of a high rock.

And it is not surprising that those ignorant and superstitious people were led gradually to regard her with a feeling of awe, and to believe that she possessed a power which was seldom confided to mortal hands. It was usual, when a party

was about to embark on a distant and adventurous expedition first to proceed to the residence of the Widow Carey, and ask her blessing on the voyage; and when they returned in safety from a successful expedition, they would smile and wave their hands as they passed the headland on which was her wild abode.

The little petrels, which at certain seasons were seen in great numbers around the Scilly Islands, seemed to be to her an object of great interest. She appeared to have entertained the idea that these birds possessed a mysterious nature; that they were, indeed, the bodies, in another form, which enshrined the spirits of those unfortunate beings who had perished by shipwreck or other disasters at sea. She loved to watch their graceful motions, as they flew over the waters, and to listen to their shrill cries, even in the midnight hour, which, it was believed, predicted an approaching tempest. She would sit on a rock and talk to these "stormy petrels" for hours; and often occupied herself in supplying them with food suitable to their wants. It is not, therefore, remarkable that these strange birds loved to frequent the waters that washed that part of the island, and might be seen, at almost any hour, in large numbers, flying backwards and forwards near the shore, and hovering around, or apparently resting upon, the waters which bathed the Widow Carey's promontory. The inhabitants believed that she held converse with these birds; that they understood her language, and replied in a language of their own, intelligible only to herself; and henceforward it was considered not only an act of wanton cruelty, but wicked and unwise, to kill or injure one of those inoffensive petrels, who seemed to be objects of so much interest and care to the unfortunate woman, that they received the name of "THE WIDOW CAREY'S CHICKENS."

Many years passed away, and another generation came upon the stage. The widow Carey still lived. She was unchanged

in character and habits. She still made her home within the ruins of the ancient Druidical temple. She still wandered at midnight, in the midst of storms, and exposed to the rigors of the wintry blast, among the rocks and cliffs which overhung the raging sea. She still shrank from any intercourse with the inhabitants of the island, and cherished her attachment to the "stormy petrels." She was an object of wonder and admiration to the children, who gazed, not without some sensation of fear, upon her gaunt figure, now bowed by age and sorrow; upon her withered cheeks, and upon her gray eye, lighted up by the fires of insanity; and the words, "MOTHER CAREY," were often quoted by weak parents as a bugbear to frighten delinquent children into the fulfilment of their duties.

But she was never known to do harm to any one. On the contrary, she had given many proofs of a kind and benevolent disposition, and was regarded by the older inhabitants of the island with a considerable degree of affection, mingled with awe. Indeed, she was always treated with kindness by all the inhabitants of the island. But this might be attributed, in some degree, to fear as well as to affection. She was supplied by the fishermen with all the necessities of life. In the winter of her life, when she had passed at least threescore years on the island, and her pilgrimage was drawing to a close, she talked more frequently to herself than formerly; and was often heard to utter, in an impassioned tone, names of persons which had never before been heard by the inhabitants. She was often evidently wandering in other lands, among other people, and witnessing other and dearer scenes. But no clue was ever given to her real name, her family, or even her country.

One cold and dismal morning in the month of March, as Abel Millar,—a worthy and venerable fisherman, who well recollected the time when the wreck of the *James Moffatt*

took place, and the widow Carey was cast upon those shores, — with his two sons, was passing the promontory in his boat, on his course to the outer fishing-ground, he saw that extraordinary female, apparently seated in a reclining position on the summit of the crag (a favorite resort with her), which was nearest to, and overlooked the ledge upon which the fatal shipwreck took place. This circumstance, however, elicited no surprise, as it was by no means an uncommon occurrence. But when, as the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the shades of night began to fall, Abel returned from his expedition, and saw that she was still on the same spot, and that her position appeared unchanged, he became somewhat alarmed; and, after his boat was secured, accompanied by his sons and some neighbors, hastened to that barren spot of the island which was regarded as the domain of the widow, or as she was now generally called, “Mother Carey.”

But this singular and unfortunate woman had reached the goal of her sorrows at last. Her spirit had shaken off its earthly tenement, and had ascended to “another and a better world.” A smile remained upon her features in death; an indication of happiness which had never been witnessed by the inhabitants of the island during her life! It seemed as if she had died, rejoicing at the prospect of meeting those in the realms of bliss, whose fate she had constantly mourned for threescore years. Her withered and fleshless hand grasped a miniature, richly set in gold, which was attached to her neck by a golden chain. It was the portrait of an elegant-looking man, in the morning of life, in the fulness of health, and with a countenance beaming with hope and with joy; undoubtedly the likeness of *her husband*, to whom she was attached by ties which time or sorrows could not destroy or weaken.

But the contrast, presented to the view of the fishermen, between the appearance of the two individuals, was a painful

one. The *woman* lay before them, bearing upon her countenance all the marks of extreme age, the thin and snow-white hair, the sunken cheeks, the wrinkled forehead, and the attenuated form ; and there, in her hand, was the “counterfeit presentment” of the *man*, who, arrayed in all the attractions of youth and beauty, won her maiden affections, and led her to the nuptial altar. Such was the contrast which had been wrought by the hand of time, and which produced deep and unpleasant emotions in the bosoms of the bystanders !

Such, says the legend, was the fate of “MOTHER CAREY ;” and her name is still remembered by the aged Tritons, who inhabit the wild and sterile spot, known as the island of Brehar ; and the remains of the Temple of the Druids are still pointed out, as the habitation of the “weird woman.”

The stormy petrels continued for a time to visit the island, and to gather in flocks around the high and bleak promontory — but their friend, their guardian, was gone. There was no one to pamper them now, to watch their circling flights, and to hold converse with them in a language with which they seemed pleased, even if it could not be understood ; and the fishermen thought — it might be *fancy* — that the sour's which they uttered were more plaintive than before, as if they felt and deplored the loss of their benefactor. But, even after death, she exercised over these mysterious birds a kind of protective influence ; and not only the fishermen of the Scilly Islands, but the mariner on the broad blue ocean, even now, views with a kind of holy horror any wanton attempts to destroy or injure the inoffensive and social, but incomprehensible “MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.”



## THE ALLSPICE PRIVATEER.

“*Exeunt omnes !*” said Bunce, with clasped hands.

“There went the *Fortune’s Favorite*, ship and crew,” said Cleveland, at the same instant. — WALTER SCOTT.

It was the fourth of July. The ship *California*, of New York, was on her homeward-bound passage from Batavia, and on this memorable day was in the latitude of about seventeen degrees south, running down “the trades;” and, with a cloud of sail set to catch the passing breeze, she was a gallant sight. Indeed, I have often heard it remarked, by persons of undoubted taste, that there is no sight more beautiful than a noble ship under full sail, unless, indeed, it be the graceful form and smiling features of a lovely woman.

There is probably no more delightful sailing in the world, than while running down the south-east trades, in returning from a voyage to India. The wind is usually fixed immovably at one point, near the south-east; and steering to the north-west, with every rag of canvas set, skysails, studding sails on both sides, &c., you cross from fifteen to twenty degrees of south latitude, sailing a distance of some ten or twelve hundred miles, where the wind is always steady, blowing a gentle breeze, with no squalls, gales, or water-spouts, to excite alarm, or give variety to the scene. The sea is as tranquil as the sleep of innocence, although a long swell comes now and then lazily rolling along after you. It is not unusual in light winds for a vessel to sail along in this way for a fortnight or more, without taking in a stitch of canvas, or even

starting a rope during the whole of that time. Sailors, however, complain of the weather in these latitudes as too monotonous. An occasional change of wind or of weather is required to produce excitement, stir up the energies of the crew, and chase away *the blues*, which are apt to prevail even among seamen, during a long continuation of mild and pleasant weather, and more especially during a calm.

In those days, *grog* was considered an important article among the stores of a ship. It was regarded not only as a luxury, which Jack dearly loved, but also as one of the *necessaries* of life. Every ship had more or less of it on board; it was regularly meted out to the crew, and, on extraordinary occasions, a double allowance was furnished. Its nature is better understood now; it is pronounced vile stuff, productive of no good, but of immense harm, and is banished from all well-regulated ships. It was allowed on board the *California*, in accordance with the custom of the time.

On this day, the fourth of July, the *California* had the American ensign proudly waving at her peak, in honor of the day which gave birth to American Independence. During the dog watch, in the edge of the evening, the crew, mostly Englishmen and Irishmen, voted unanimously that Tom Smith — so said his *American* protection, otherwise known as Teague O'Connor — should go aft and ask the captain for an extra pot of grog, in which the crew might drink health and long life to America. Teague acquitted himself of his commission to a charm; and the captain, with a smile, ordered the steward to hand over the extra allowance. All was now mirth and jollity on board; several patriotic songs were sung, and the battles of the Constitution with the *Guerriere*, and with the *Java*, and with the *Cyane* and *Levant*, were rattled off in a style, and with an emphasis and power, which would have elicited a stare of wonder from a worshipper of Grisi, or Jenny Lind.

All at once Tom Smith bawled out, "Where is Jim McDermott?" And then it was seen that Jim had suddenly disappeared from among his shipmates, without having tasted the grog or joined in their revels!

"What's in the wind, now?" said Sam Delany. "Jim! halloo there below! Come, old fellow, rouse out! show your ugly phiz among us!" But no answer was given to the summons; and no Jim made his appearance from the fore-castle.

The crew now began to be alarmed, and the fore-castle was searched, but Jim was not to be found. At length the steward said he had seen Jim going down into the half-deck, about half an hour before, and whether he had come up or not was more than he could tell.

Down into the half-deck went two or three of the jovial crew; and, sure enough, there was Jim McDermott, snugly stowed away on a coil of rigging between two water-casks, and looking as down in the mouth as a landsman in a hurricane.

"Halloo, Jim! what are you doing there?" exclaimed Tom. "Come, man, lend us a hand on the fore-castle to drink success to American Independence. The captain has given us an extra pot of grog—long life to him! Come, old fellow," added Tom, smacking his lips, "rouse up! We shall have a capital time. I wish the fourth of July would come every month in the year."

"Every month? God forbid!" replied Jim, with a faltering voice and a haggard look. "The fourth of July puts me in mind of scenes which I should well like to forget, but which are stamped on my memory in characters of living fire. The fourth of July, a day which fills the hearts of so many with gladness, is to me a day of sorrow and of mourning. No, boys! drink your grog, and sing your songs, and crack your jokes, and skylark, as much as you please, but don't expect



me to join you. I don't feel like it; and would much rather be by myself."

His shipmates saw that Jim was serious, and, with a delicacy which would have done credit to persons who boast of more refinement than is supposed to fall to the lot of a son of the ocean, they abstained from cracking any jokes at Jim's expense. But their curiosity was roused; they saw that something uncommon was the matter with their old shipmate; that the remembrance of some sad event, or mishap in former years, had cast a cloud over his spirits; and they determined to lose no time in getting at the bottom of his secret.

Jim saw that there was no way of evading the inquiries of his shipmates, and he resigned himself to his fate with a degree of fortitude which would have done honor to a martyr. He reluctantly left his snug and solitary berth in the half-deck, and in a few minutes was seated on the deck of the forecastle, with his back supported by the bowsprit bitts. He rejected, with a look of disgust, the cup of grog which was handed to him by Tom Smith, *alias* Teague O'Connor, to assist in raising his spirits, and, after shaking his head two or three times, and making some wry faces, which would have frightened away the sea-serpent himself, or Davy Jones, if that respectable old gentleman had been coming alongside, Jim commenced, in a lackadaisical tone, his narrative as follows:

"Well, boys, d'ye see, it's a number of years ago, during the war with Great Britain, I shipped on board the Allspice privateer, a clipper hermaphrodite brig, of four guns and sixty men, belonging to New York, and sailed on a cruise after some of John Bull's ships. And, by the way, shipmates, I must say that I think this privateering is a queer kind of business. I have thought a good deal about it, and it does not exactly chime in with my ideas of justice. It is too much akin to piracy."

“Well, never mind that,” exclaimed Bill Hodges, rather tartly. “I suppose that is nothing to do with your story.”

“No,” resumed Jim, “but I suppose there is no harm in saying what one thinks. Well, we had a curious set of chaps on board the Allspice as ever you did see. The captain’s name was Peter Thunderbolt, and he was a quarrelsome, ill-natured bully of a fellow, always drinking and swearing, and cutting up his shines among the officers and men. The first lieutenant’s name was Harry Hardecastle. He was a short, thick-set, pousy sort of a fellow, always bustling about, and in everybody’s mess; of a quick temper, of an independent spirit, and brave as a lion; for he did not care for anything in the shape of man or beast. He could drink as well as the captain; ay, and swear a pretty good stick too. Of course, the captain and he did not set horses together very well. They often quarrelled over their cups; and I sometimes thought they would fight it out on the spot. As to the other officers and prize-masters, they were a jolly set, and used to amuse themselves with singing songs, playing cards, counting their prize-money in advance, and laying plans for spending it; for they expected to make their fortunes during the cruise. They could also toss off their can of grog without flinching. Indeed, I never witnessed such disgusting profanity and drunkenness at sea or ashore, before or since. I often thought some dreadful disaster would happen.

“Our crew was made up of all kinds of beings that ever went to sea. Some were soldiers, some were mechanics, some were lumpers, some were merchants, some were broken-down lawyers and doctors, some were farmers, and some were sailors. The sailors were principally Englishmen, Irishmen, Danes and Swedes. They were a disorderly set of fellows, and used to grumble a good deal at the tyrannical conduct of the bully who had command of the brig; and he, in his turn, would quarrel with the officers and all hands almost every day; and such scenes of

quarrelling, fighting, singing, skylarking, drinking, swearing and carousing, as there were on board the Allspice have seldom been witnessed, even on board a pirate. All was disorder and confusion in that vessel as long as her timbers hung together.

“One day, a few degrees to the eastward of Bermuda, we fell in with an English West Indiaman, which, deeply laden, had got separated from the convoy a few days before; and, after lodging a few shot in her sides, she struck. Her captain, however, if he had known what kind of an enemy he had to contend with, might easily have beaten us off. The poor fellow was owner of the ship, too, and had his wife on board, a very pretty woman; and perhaps that was the reason why he did not fight. A fighting ship should never have women on board. Guns and women should never go together; and I wonder that Uncle Sam allows the captains of his ships to take their wives and other of their female relations with them under any pretence. This practice will breed some trouble one of these days; mark my words.

“Well, the poor fellow begged hard that our skipper would let him go. He had a cargo of sugar and rum, which would be of no use to us, and the vessel was such a dull sailer that it was folly to think of sending her in. The skipper’s wife, too, cried like a child, and tried hard to soften Captain Thunderbolt’s heart; but she might as well have tried to teach pity to a shark when his jaws are about closing on his prey. He ordered some of the traps and trinkets to be taken out, and then, with a malignant grin, told Mr. Hardecastle to set her on fire. I thought, at the time, that it could not be very wrong to let the poor Englishman go on his way rejoicing, although he was a citizen of a country at war with our own.

“It was about sunset when we set fire to the ship, which was soon in a sheet of flame; and I shall never forget the distress of the owner, and the agony of his wife, as they fixed

their eyes on the burning bark, and beheld the destruction, the *wanton* destruction, of all their hopes. They not only lamented the loss of their vessel, but found themselves at the mercy of a lawless set of privateersmen, who, it would seem, by the confusion, and noise, and profanity, which reigned on board, would not be over-scrupulous respecting the rights of man, or woman either; especially if the man or woman belonged to the enemy.

“We cruised about in these latitudes for a few weeks, and captured three other vessels, two of which, after taking out the crew, &c., we burnt, on the principle that it was our duty to distress our enemy all in our power; the other, being a fast-sailing craft, with a cargo of coffee and cochineal on board, from La Guayra, we manned and ordered for a port in the United States. We then steered off to the southward, intending to run down to the West India Islands, and pick up what we could get, and return to the United States; but the cruise of the *Allspice* was brought up with a round turn, in a way that few of us expected.

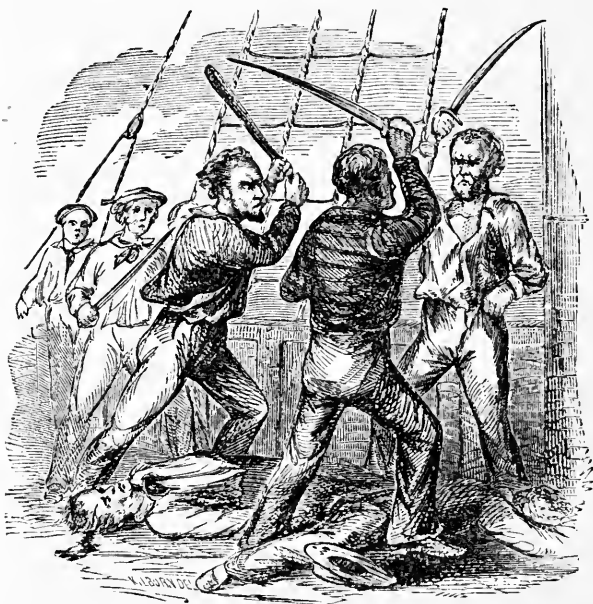
“On the fourth of July, 1814, we were about two hundred miles east of Barbadoes, with a light wind from the eastward, and a smooth sea. I shall never forget the day. The occasion was a glorious one, the Independence of America, and we resolved to celebrate it in style. Early in the morning we hoisted all the bunting we could muster, and fired a salute; and a double allowance of grog was served out to all hands, that we might show our patriotism by drinking success to America and freedom; as if a man's patriotism was to be measured by the quantity of grog which he could carry under his jacket! What with patriotism and brandy, the crew and officers got pretty far over the bay. They felt happy, and ready for a fight; and if we could have fallen in with one of John Bull's ships, of double our size, I verily believe we should have sunk her, or carried her by boarding, without

much ceremony. But no such luck was ours ; not a sail was in sight, and for want of a regular enemy, d' ye see, shipmates, we fell to fighting among ourselves !

“ Captain Thunderbolt and the lieutenants had dined together, and in the afternoon came on deck, with their skins well filled with old Madeira and Sherry. Captain Thunderbolt, who felt ripe for mischief, and hated to see the crew look so happy, ordered every man to his station, for the purpose of exercising the guns. The men, who expected a holiday, and who by this time felt pretty independent, grumbled at this, and showed no disposition to obey orders. Mr. Hardeastle, whose little eyes began to twinkle (a sure sign that he was ready to oppose anything, from any quarter, in the shape of an enemy or an argument), took side with the men, and told the captain that it was sheer nonsense to go to work exercising the guns at such a time as that ; and, in saying so, he said no more than the truth. The captain bristled up at this, and called the lieutenant an insolent scoundrel, and a mutineer. The lieutenant retorted by knocking the captain down. The rest of the officers stepped forward to have a finger in the mess, and, with a portion of the crew, took different sides, and as beautiful a *row* was got up on board the Allspice, on that memorable day, as the most thorough-going Paddy would desire to see on St. Patrick's Day in the evening.

“ But Captain Thunderbolt's party was far the weakest, as Mr. Hardeastle had the popular side ; and the question, relating to the right of sailors, caused the greater part of the ship's company to join the lieutenant. The consequence was, that, after a rough-and-tumble contest of some eight or ten minutes, the captain and his party were completely routed. Thunderbolt himself had his head broken ; the sword which he drew in the conflict was shattered by a blow from a capstan bar ; and, as he scorned to give in, he was soon secured and pinioned, and required to promise better manners, under pain

of being put in irons, and was superseded by Mr. Hardeastle in command of the Allspice. The old fellow stormed dreadfully on hearing these terms proposed to him ; used the most violent language, and uttered the most diabolical threats. Indeed, what with the intoxicating liquor which he had drunk, and the rage caused by opposition to his tyrannical orders, and the excitement of the fight, he had become a complete madman, and thundered forth, amid the most horrible oaths, that, if he were not released immediately, he would seize the first opportunity to apply a match to the magazine, and blow the ship's company sky-high !



“ His looks and language terrified some of the officers, who were aware of his diabolical temper, and had been accustomed

to obey his commands without scruple or delay; and they finally foolishly compelled Mr. Hardeastle to relieve him from all restraint, believing that it was out of his power to do mischief, and that he would soon recover the use of his reason, which now seemed to be entirely overthrown. Mr. Hardeastle unwillingly complied; but no sooner was Captain Thunderbolt at liberty, no sooner were his hands released, than he snatched a cutlass from the hand of a prizemaster, and aimed a blow at the first lieutenant, which laid open a portion of his skull, and stretched him senseless on the deck. He was then attacked by several of his officers, but he got his back against the companion-way, so that he could be assaulted only in front, and defended himself with desperation. He had desperate men to contend with, however; and soon received several severe wounds. He saw that the fortune of war was against him, and that the mutineers would triumph, especially as none of the crew, notwithstanding his loud cries for help, and his terrible menaces, came to his assistance. I never shall forget the wild glare of his eye, the dark scowl and grin, which his bloody features exhibited, when, tossing his cutlass into the sea, he seized a boarding-pistol which was at hand, and shouting at the top of his voice, ‘I’ll be revenged on you, ye rascals; dearly shall you pay for your mutinous conduct!’ he rushed down into the cabin.

“‘Follow him,’ sung out Mr. Wallis, our second lieutenant, for Hardeastle lay on the deck, groaning and writhing in pain, ‘he’ll do some mischief. Take away his pistols, and put him in irons, till he recovers his senses.’

“‘Never!’ burst forth in an unearthly yell from below. ‘You shall never put *me* in irons. Villains! scoundrels! prepare to meet your doom, which is *death*, DEATH, DEATH!’ Fear seemed for an instant to palsy the minds of all on board at these appalling words. We felt that something dreadful

was going to happen ; but what, no one could conjecture. We, however, were not long in suspense.

“ ‘Seize him ! tie him ! knock him down ! shoot him !’ exclaimed half a dozen voices ; and down into the cabin rushed a body of men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, for the purpose of cutting or shooting down Captain Thunderbolt. But he had got the start of them.

“ I was standing on the larboard bulwarks at the time, with my hand on the main swifter, wondering what would happen next, when I heard a clash of arms below ; the next moment, the stifled report of a pistol met my ears. It was quickly followed by a sound as loud and deafening as if the archangel had blown the last trumpet, to summon the living and the dead to judgment. The furious maniac had *set fire to the powder magazine, and the privateer was blown to atoms !*

“ I was stunned by the horrid explosion ; but only for a moment. When I came to my senses, I found myself in the water. Self-preservation bade me seize a plank, which I found floating near me, and then I looked round on the horrors of the scene. These I shall not attempt to describe ; indeed, I could not if I would ; for it is impossible for any language to convey a correct idea of the destruction which was the work of that moment. Even now to think of it unmans me.

“ The Allspice, as I said before, was completely blown to atoms ; and a shower of timbers, planks, spars and *men*, some horribly mutilated, and all lifeless, fell around me. There were no screams of agony, or shrieks of terror. The work of death had been done, and all was still. The awful silence which succeeded that dreadful explosion was more terrible than the moans and groans of thousands of human beings. The vast column of smoke, which seemed to reach the clouds, was soon wafted away by the wind ; and the sea, for the space, as it appeared to me, of nearly half a mile, was cov-



ered with the fragments of the wreck, and with the dead and the dying !

“As soon as I could realize my situation, I tried to ascertain if any besides myself of the whole ship’s company had been saved ; or if I was the only one who, by a merciful God, had been snatched from the very jaws, as it were, of death. I looked around, and saw a few of my poor, mutilated shipmates struggle convulsively on the surface of the water, and then sink beneath the waves to rise no more. A few minutes passed away, and of all that ship’s company, but a few short minutes before in the full enjoyment of health, the votaries of mirth and glee, only *three remained alive*. The rest were all summoned in a moment, without preparation, without time to say one prayer, to the judgment-seat of God !

“The boatswain of the Allspice, whose name was Ben Bunting, was thrown into the water at a short distance from me, and escaped unhurt, although his faculties were so confused by the explosion and the liquor which he had freely drunk, that it was some time before he knew what he was about. Another man, also, called Bill Sanderson, who was in the fore-topmast crosstrees when the brig blew up, was saved ; but, poor fellow ! his leg was broken, and he was sadly bruised besides. The boatswain and I went to work, as soon as we became fully aware of our desolate situation, to prepare a raft from some floating portions of the wreck, which we soon accomplished. We knew there was no time to be lost, unless we wished to share the fate of our shipmates. We bound our raft together by pieces of rope, which we found attached to the floating spars, and all three of us took possession of it when finished. We also rigged a kind of mast, and prepared a piece of canvas to answer the purposes of a sail. Provisions we had none, and, night coming on, we thought it best to put off before the wind, and endeavor to reach some of the windward islands, if possible, or fall in with some vessel in their

vicinity. This was our only hope. By means of a piece of board we managed indifferently well to steer the raft; and going through the water, in our sort of a catamaran, at the rate of two or three knots, we soon lost sight of the fragments of the wreck of the Allspice.

"I felt anxious and unhappy, I must confess; but the boatswain kept a stiff upper lip. He was one of those men who will never give up the ship as long as there is a shot in the locker; and it was pleasant to see him, at such a time, when our lives depended on prudence and courage, steering our slender raft, as calm as the horse latitudes, and as cool as an iceberg off the coast of Spitzbergen. But poor Bill Sander-son was in a sad condition. His leg was dreadfully swollen, and pained him much; indeed, all his fortitude seemed to forsake him. He laid on the platform of the raft, groaning bitterly, and calling unconsciously on his wife and children, far away. But his sorrows were soon ended. He foolishly put his leg into the water alongside, declaring that there was a refreshing coolness in it, which brought comfort to his soul. A rascally *shark* had followed the raft. These scoundrels are always at hand when you meet with a shipwreck or any other serious disaster; and, like some of their brethren whom I have seen on the land, they are always ready to take advantage of a poor sailor in distress. The monster made a grab at Bill's leg before any one was aware that he was within hail. The first notice we had was a terrific scream from Bill, as soon as the monster's jaws closed on his trapstick; and if Ben Bunting had not seized him by the collar, and held on like the tooth-ache, the shark would have made a meal of Bill without ceremony. As it was, we determined that, if he got Bill, he should work for it. We both of us clinched our shipmate, and tugged hard to free him from the jaws of the devouring monster. But the shark would not let go, and a furious struggle took place, — Bill, all the while, shrieking like a madman. At

length we found that the shark, in his own element, was altogether too strong for us. He had found a dainty morsel, and he determined to eat it; and we were reluctantly compelled to let poor Bill go, or go with him, and become the prey of some of the shark's relations or friends. We decided on the former, for though our condition was bad enough on the raft, we feared it would not be bettered in the salt water. We reluctantly quitted our hold on our wretched shipmate, and, with a cry of agony and despair, which seems even now to be ringing in my ears, Bill Sanderson was drawn by the ruthless sea-monster beneath the waves.

"All that night we pursued our course to the westward, and the next night and the following day. The sun poured its fiercest rays upon us; and our sufferings, for want of water, I shall not attempt to relate. Shipmates, may you never experience the sufferings which fell to my lot on that raft! On the fourth day after the destruction of the Allspice, I became insane at times, and I verily believe should have jumped overboard, had I not been restrained by Ben Bunting. The land of Barbadoes at length appeared in sight, the announcement of which by Ben, who by this time was pretty far gone too, restored me somewhat to my senses. We ran the raft upon the shore, heedless of the surf, which broke high on the beach, and, had it not been for the negroes belonging to the plantation on which we were thrown, we must have been drowned at last. We were, however, by the will of Providence, reserved for other purposes. The manager of the plantation treated us with kindness, and listened to our tale with interest and pity. He furnished us with food, supplied us with clothing, and, after we had recruited our health and spirits, he procured a passage for us to St. Bartholomews, a neutral port, whence we found no difficulty in getting to the United States.

"But since that time," continued Jim, "the fourth of July never comes along, without bringing with it the sad remem-

brance of the terrible event which I have just related. And when I see the cup of grog pass round, and listen to the sounds of mirth and jollity, and hear the hearty laugh, or the patriotic song, I see before me the mangled corpses of my shipmates, and forthwith retire to some snug, secluded place, where I can give loose to the agonizing feelings which rack my bosom, or seek comfort by praying unto the most merciful God."



## HARPOONING A SPANIARD.

He seized a spit — he made a pass,  
And drilled a hole through Hudibras ! — BUTLER.



The harbor of Havana, on the north side of the island of Cuba, is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world. The entrance is narrow, hardly allowing more than two vessels to pass at the same time; but, within, it becomes more spacious, and beyond that portion of the city where are located the

quay and the landing-place, it expands into a beautiful bay, of some two or three miles in diameter, constituting a noble and safe anchorage for vessels of the largest size. The harbor is defended by fortifications of great extent, constructed at an enormous expense, and at all times well garrisoned. The Moro Castle, the frowning battlements of which look down upon the vessels as they enter or leave the harbor, is a fortification of such strength as to be regarded impregnable from the sea. It is built on a craggy limestone cliff, and effectually commands the passage. It is here that the lighthouse is situated, which can be seen at a considerable distance in the offing. The view, ever-changing, new and strange, which is presented to the eye of the stranger on entering the port, is deeply interesting, and well calculated to excite his admiration.

The waters abound with fish of various kinds, which may be seen in the night, as they sport, or seek their prey near the surface of the water, leaving behind them a sparkling and golden track; but the natives of that city are too indolent or unskilful to take them, and Havana is supplied with fresh fish by the industry of the Yankees, who bring them over in fishing-smacks from the Tortugas Banks, or the Florida Reefs, and realize a handsome profit by their enterprise. I have heard that sharks are sometimes seen in that port, but although I have often visited the place, I never saw one. There is no apparent reason, however, why they should not enter the harbor, and prowl about among the shipping, and pick up a stray piece of beef, or a tough old sailor, if they should happen to fall in their way. But to my story.

Some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, — I was never an adept at dates, — the ship *Cassandra*, of Salem, entered the harbor of Havana, dropped her anchor, and in a few hours was snugly moored, under the direction of "Old John," the assistant harbor-master. The next morning, that important

functionary, the cook, a remarkably dark-complexioned gentleman, by the way, approached the chief mate, in a state of great perturbation, his cheeks blue with astonishment, and his eyes as big as saucers. He held in one hand a piece of a rope, and with the other pointed to the end of it, which bore the mark of having been recently submitted to the action of a sharp knife.

"Massa Mate!" said Cuffy, in tremulous voice, "is there sharks in Havana?"

"Sharks!" exclaimed that officer, whose name was Nightingale, "I don't know; I suppose so, of course. What do you ask that for, Cuffy?"

"Why, massa, look here a minute! Last night I took a good large piece of salt junk from the harness cask, tied this strong rope round 'em, with a timber hitch, well jammed, and threw 'em over the bows to freshen. Jus' now I go get 'em to put 'em in the copper, and *I no find 'em!* Shark, I suppose, bite off the rope, all same as cut it with a knife. Look here, massa!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Nightingale, after examining the rope, "this matter must be looked to. The fellow who bit off that rope had sharp teeth and long ones too. It is not pleasant to have such a voracious monster cruising around the ship, seeking whom he may devour. He would make nothing of taking off a man's leg or an arm, if an opportunity offered. We must try to catch the rascal, Cuffy, and teach him better manners."

In the course of the day, Mr. Nightingale mustered the harpoon and caused it to be ground. He attached to it a few fathoms of rattling-stuff, and placed it on the forecastle. At night he told "the doctor" to get another piece of beef and tow it over the bows to freshen, which was done by the grinning cook, who viewed with delight the preparations making for capturing the sea-robber.

When the watch was set at eight bells, Mr. Nightingale charged the men to keep a good look-out in their watch for the beef, and if they should see any large fish approaching, or swimming around the ship during the night, to give him a call.

Now everybody who has been in Havana knows that the water in that harbor is remarkably luminous, and any object swimming in the water, even if the night is quite dark, may be seen at a considerable distance; as it moves along, a luminous phosphorescent wake is left behind, resembling the tail of a comet.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, when the man who had the watch abruptly entered the mate's state-room, and informed that vigilant officer that a large fish appeared to be slowly approaching the bows of the ship.

"Ah, ha!" said the mate, "that must be Mr. Shark coming for his breakfast, without doubt. But I'll give him a meal which he will find it difficult to digest!" He sprung from his berth, and in half a minute was looking over the bows in the direction indicated by the watch. And there he saw a large fish, moving gently along on the very surface of the water, and gradually approaching the ship on the starboard bow, near the precise spot from which the piece of salt junk was suspended.

Mr. Nightingale grasped the harpoon with a muscular arm, as a well-tried knight in days of old would grasp his lance in a deadly encounter, and, looking over the cat-head, he kept his eye fixed upon the sparkling and luminous body approaching. "A little nearer," he muttered to himself, "a little nearer, Don Whiskerando, and then ——. He is a noble fellow, nine feet in length if he's an inch, and would take off a man's leg quicker and cleaner than a hospital surgeon. I'm sure of him now. One fathom nearer, and I'll drive the iron right through his shoulders!"



And this was no empty vaunt, for Nightingale was a stalwart fellow, with the limbs and muscles of a gladiator, and could throw the harpoon or grainse with unerring precision.

The uncautious object of this attack had now approached within the desired distance, and his snout was within half a fathom of the beef, when Nightingale, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, "Now for it!" drove the harpoon, with fatal accuracy and tremendous force, into the living object beneath him.

"HAUL IN, JACK!" shouted he to the watch on deck, as the instrument left his hands, "*I've got him fast!*"

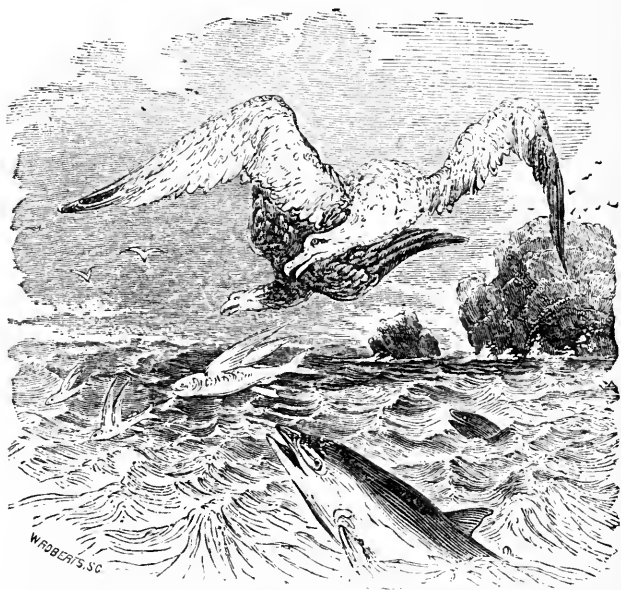
But what was his astonishment, what was his horror, to hear from the depths of the waters, as the harpoon sought its victim, a shriek, a yell, supernaturally loud and thrilling, as if giving utterance in a moment to an age of agony! The shriek ended abruptly in a guttural, stifling sound, as if it was the precursor and companion of the death of a human being!

For a moment Nightingale was paralyzed with fear and wonder; but he was a resolute fellow, who seldom lost his presence of mind, and being now aware of the character of the animal he had harpooned, he quickly adopted a course of action. He drew forth his jack-knife and severed the rope which was attached to the harpoon. He bade the only witness to the singular transaction, an honest old tar, be silent as a mummy, on pain of being changed into a dog-vane, and placed at the royal-mast-head. He then walked slowly aft, dived below, turned in and went to sleep!

On that day there was much conjecture afloat among the crews of the ships, in relation to the terrible shriek which was heard all over the harbor, and by many people on the shore; but nothing satisfactory was elicited. Some regarded it as proof that a horrible crime had been committed, while others supposed it was a supernatural visitation, ominous of some

terrible disaster. The problem, however, was solved a few days after, when the body of a swarthy Spaniard, naked, was found floating on the water, with a death-dealing harpoon sticking in his vitals!

The affair made a great noise in Havana at the time, and is doubtless well remembered by the old traders and residents. A reward was offered by Vives, the Governor General, for the apprehension of the murderer, or for any information which would tend to elucidate the mystery. But as Mr. Nightingale and Jack kept their own counsel, the authorities were unable to ascertain the facts of the case.



## 00L00L00,

### THE MERMAID OF THE RIDING ROCKS.

Around she pointed to a spacious cave,  
Whose only portal was the keyless wave ;  
A hollow archway, by the sun unseen,  
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,  
In some transparent ocean holiday,  
When all the finny people are at play —  
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,  
And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise.

BYRON.

ONE beautiful star-light night, the ship *Chorister*, of Newburyport, was lying to, with her main-topsail to the mast, in three fathoms and a half of water, near the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank, waiting for daylight, in order to be able to leave the bank for the Gulf Stream, without danger of being wrecked on the Orange Keys, the Riding Rocks, or other dangerous reefs, which abound in that quarter, and which have caused the loss of many a good and substantial vessel. The water was as smooth as the surface of a secluded fresh water pond, and, even in the night, owing to the smooth and firm bottom, composed of fine particles of coral limestone, white as the driven snow, it looked like a well-bleached damask table-cloth spread over an immeasurable surface.

From twelve to four o'clock, A. M., the starboard watch were on deck. They had nothing to do. It was not even necessary to steer the ship, as she was lying to ; and the watch collected together on the fore-castle, and endeavored to derive

amusement from conversation on subjects interesting to seamen, or in repeating strange and wondrous adventures, which they averred had occurred to them in the course of their nautical lives.

Some curious tales were told; when Ben Ridgerope called out with startling energy, "I say, shipmates, did any of you ever see a mermaid?"

"I never did," replied Tom Spun yarn, in a gruff voice.

"Nor I" — "Nor I" — "Nor I" — shouted three or four more rough-looking tritons.

"And what is more to the point," said Tom, "I don't believe anybody else ever did."

"Don't be too sure of that, my hearty!" exclaimed Ben. "Mermaids have been frequently seen on the craggy shores of the Riding Rocks, and the Orange Keys — ay, and *mermen*, too."

"Give us a yarn about them, do, Ben," exclaimed Dennis Mahony, who had a decided turn for the marvellous.

"Yes, Ben," remarked Tom, "spin us a yarn about them, if you have got one; we are not obliged to believe it, you know. But don't be too high-flown, now. We have not, all of us, been to college."

"You may do as you like about believing it," replied Ben; "but I will tell you a story as I heard it, and if it is not as true as a lunar observation taken by old Captain Coffin, of Nantucket, when the sun and moon are only forty-five degrees apart, then I've only to say, it's not my fault."

"Come, heave ahead, then, my hearty," said Tom, "and save the tide."

Ben thrust into his capacious jaws a goodly plug of the Virginia weed, slewed himself round into an easier position on the windlass end, and, without further preface, commenced his story.

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“Well, then, you must know, shipmates, that some dozen or fifteen years ago, the brig Yankee Doodle, bound on a voyage to Havana and Europe, was becalmed in the Gulf Stream for three days, and one bright morning found herself within half a mile of the Riding Rocks. There happened to be no current of any consequence, at the time, and the ship hardly changed her position for several hours. All at once the crew saw some strange-looking creatures crawl up out of the sea, as if to sun themselves on the reefs. At first, the captain thought they were turtles, but, on looking through his spy-glass, he declared they were seals, and ordered the stern boat to be lowered, calculating to have some fine sport in knocking them on the head. But after he had put off, and drew towards them, he found they were not seals, for the upper part of their bodies, and their faces, looked just like Christian human beings; besides which, they had long hair, of a greenish color, and some of them wore beards, which had a marvellous resemblance to sea-weed both in color and material!

“‘They are mermaids, as sure as my name is Nat Nichols!’ exclaimed the captain. ‘Avast pulling, men! Back water with the starboard oars! Give way with the larboard, men! Let us get on board again as fast as possible!’ And sure enough, the cowardly lubbers returned to the brig in as great a hurry as if the sea-serpent himself was in chase of them with his jaws wide open!

“The second mate of the ship was as likely a young fellow as ever knotted a rope-yarn. His name was Jack Robbins. He feared nothing in the shape of man, or woman either, for that matter; and, more than all, he was a true-hearted Yankee, born and brought up among the green mountains of Vermont. He felt anxious to know what kind of animals those were upon the reef; said he had long wanted to see a mermaid.

and asked leave of the captain to scull the boat to the rocks and satisfy his curiosity.

“The captain told him that if he wished to go, he should not object, but advised him to stay where he was, adding, ‘But, if you persist in going, Jack, and get knocked in the head or carried off by those strange and wicked-looking creatures, who are real cannibals, remember the fault is your own. Do not lay your misfortunes at my door.’

“Jack declared that whatever might be the result, he should blame nobody but himself. He refused a pair of pistols, which the captain kindly offered him, and grasping a heaver, which, he said, was as good a weapon as he wished, and one which he knew how to use, he jumped into the boat, and sculled lustily towards the rocks.

“There were about half a dozen of these queer-looking creatures loafing about the reef at this time, and, as Jack Robbins drew near them, he had time to examine their appearance, and arrange his plan of attack. He thought it best to land on the rocks, at some distance from the spot which they had chosen for their lounge, or promenade, or whatever you may please to call it, and then advance towards them cautiously, by clambering over the cliffs. He remarked, with some surprise, that they looked marvellously like men and women; and one in particular, who sported a long and majestic beard, had quite a respectable appearance. ‘I tell you what it is, old fellow,’ said Jack to himself, ‘I hope we shall be better acquainted before we part.’

“He landed on the rocks, made fast the boat’s painter to a projecting cliff with a couple of half-hitches, and, seizing his heaver, warily approached the animals which had attracted his attention. As he advanced towards them, however, they, one after another, disappeared beneath the surface of the ocean — all but two, the one with the venerable beard, and another with a very sweet countenance, whose features and

bust bore a strong resemblance to those of a young and handsome female. Jack saw, at once, that this was a veritable *mermaid*. There could be no doubt about it, for he had read many authentic descriptions of the appearance and habits of these interesting inhabitants of the deep.

“After a short consultation, as it appeared to Jack, between the merman and the young mermaid, the old fellow rolled off the rocks into the sea, and was off like a shot. The mermaid, however, kept her post like a heroine, at the edge of the water, and looked kindly at Jack Robbins with a captivating smile. He now saw it had been arranged that he



should hold a *tête-à-tête* with the fair daughter of the ocean, and being a youth of great gallantry, and a genuine sailor

into the bargain, he threw down his heaver, made a polite bow, and put on his very best looks for the occasion.

"When he had reached a sort of platform, within a few paces of the spot where the mermaid reclined on the rocks, smiling sweetly upon him, with her head and the upper portion of her body out of water, Jack stopped, and thought it was time to commence the parley. He made another bow, — for Jack prided himself on his politeness, — touched his tarpaulin, and in his blindest manner commenced the conversation.

"‘My dear young lady, I am happy to make your acquaintance. I hope you enjoy good health, and can express yourself in good old English, without much inconvenience.’

"The mermaid nodded her head gently, as much as to say that she was in good health, and could speak good old English without any inconvenience whatever. She seemed quite pleased with the adventure, and her eyes sparkled like rubies of great price, which, indeed, they somewhat resembled in color. Jack’s surprise may be imagined.

"‘Do I understand you aright?’ said he. ‘Do you mean to say that you can really understand and speak English?’

"The mermaid looked at him earnestly for a moment, and, then, in a voice more musical than anything he had ever heard before, replied, with an arch look, ‘I assure you, sir, upon my honor, that I can both understand and speak English.’

"‘Well, this beats everything I ever met with before!’ said Jack to himself. ‘The adventure has a comical beginning, any how; and what will be the end of it I cannot even guess.’ Then again addressing the mermaid, he said, ‘Will you be kind enough to tell me your name, if you have any?’

"‘They call me Oolooloo!’ she replied, with a witching expression.

"‘Oolooloo!’ echoed Jack. ‘That is a singular name. I



hope you will not think me impertinent, if I ask you, also, where you live ?’

“ ‘Live!’ exclaimed the mermaid, raising one of her delicate, but well-proportioned arms, and pointing with her finger to the surface of the water. ‘Down—down—Ooolooloo lives far down among the coral caves!’

“ ‘And how came you so far away from your home?’ inquired the wondering sailor.

“ ‘O, we, who dwell in the pleasant retreats, far, far beneath the ocean wave, sometimes like to quit, for a time, our joyous abodes, and mount upwards into the regions of air.’

“ Her voice was melody itself, and resembled the richest notes of a flute; this, added to a child-like simplicity of manner, and a youthful and pleasing countenance, completely charmed our young sailor. He felt convinced that Ooolooloo, as she called herself, was as kind and gentle a creature as ever sported in the waters of the ocean, and that her language was the language of truth.

“ ‘I should like right well to see your habitation,’ said Jack. ‘You must lead a strange humdrum sort of a life away down there at the bottom of the sea.’

“ ‘O, come with me, kind mariner, come with me!’ said Ooolooloo. ‘I will conduct you there with despatch and safety. I will gladly bear you through the depths of ocean to our coral groves, and our magnificent grottos and palaces, where dwell, amid gay delights and tranquil joys, the guileless children of the sea. O, come with me, kind mariner, come with me!’

“ Jack Robbins was a little startled at this invitation, so earnestly given by the interesting Ooolooloo. He was convinced, by actual experiment, that, although he could swim like a duck, he did not possess the faculty of breathing freely with his head under water. He looked at the gentle mermaid as if he doubted the *possibility* of complying with her request. Ooolooloo saw his hesitation.

“ ‘No harm will come to you,’ said she, ‘believe me ; for, in less than a minute after we leave these upper regions, we shall reach the bottom of the sea, where the ocean-spirits dwell. I will show you our pleasant abodes ; walk with you through the forests of coral ; make you acquainted with my dearest friends ; regale you with our choicest viands ; and then, *if you wish it*, return you in safety to this very spot.’

“ When Ooolooloo talked of *walking* with him through the coral groves, he very naturally turned his eyes from her face to that part of her form where the powers of locomotion are usually situated. But he saw there no apparatus for walking. On the contrary, her figure seemed to taper off gradually, and terminated in what appeared to be the tail of a ‘good-sized shark!’

“ ‘I cannot doubt your power to swim rapidly through the water,’ replied Jack Robbins, ‘but you will excuse me for thinking that you must cut a queer figure when walking or running on the land, or dancing a hornpipe.’

“ Ooolooloo laughed heartily at Jack’s remarks, and by this act exposed a set of pearly teeth ‘for which sovereignty would have pawned her jewels ;’ and by thus indulging her mirth, won Jack’s confidence to a greater extent than might have been the case in a conversation of an hour ; for Jack liked a good laugh himself, and believed that there could be no guile in those who freely indulged in hearty laughter.

“ ‘O, I will tell you all about that when you reach my home,’ said she. ‘You may, perhaps, find that mermaids are not such monsters as you sailors believe us to be. Will you go with me ? O, say yes ! If you do not like us, or our dwellings, I will bring you back in a moment.’

“ ‘I have a great mind to go with you,’ said Jack, hesitatingly. ‘You, surely, can have no object in deceiving me, and you look the picture of innocence and truth. But, if misfortune should befall me, what would become of my poor mother ?’

‘ ‘ Misfortune will not befall you, I assure you, on the word of a mermaid,’ said Oolooloo, earnestly. ‘ Come! Come! Come!’

‘ I have already said that Jack Robbins possessed a fearless disposition, as well as a susceptible heart; he was, also, fond of adventure; and there was a charm in the voice and appearance of the mermaid, which he found impossible to resist. He accordingly accepted the hand which Oolooloo extended towards him; the twain plunged beneath the surface, and darted through the water at a rapid rate, nor stopped until they reached the home of the mermaids, at the bottom of the Gulf Stream!

‘ By this time, Jack was nearly out of breath, and some minutes elapsed before he could recover himself sufficiently to look around him. When he did, he found that the lady had kept faith with him; he was in a beautiful palace, or rather grotto, surrounded by splendors of a character superior to what the mind of man can conceive. The grotto was of coral, of the most beautiful description, and of various hues, and it was thickly studded with precious stones, which quietly reflected the soft light that penetrated through the vast waters of ocean. From the roof hung, in countless numbers, clusters of delicate marine animals of the simplest structure, and in front of the grotto was an extensive marine forest, where trees and plants, of a most fantastic character, abounded, and through which were numerous paths, paved with pearls and various-colored shells, forming a rich mosaic, intersecting each other at right angles. Some of them led to a garden laid out with much taste, which yielded fruits and flowers in great profuseness, and of a flavor and beauty far superior to anything which Jack ever met with above water. But what surprised him most, was to see animals, wonderfully resembling men and women in every respect, clad in modest and becoming

garments, promenading through the walks, admiring the productions of the garden, dancing in the grottos, or reclining in the arbors which were seen at the termination of every path.

“Oolooloo witnessed Jack’s astonishment with a smile, and, without saying a word, floundered off with a most ungraceful gait, to another apartment, and left the adventurous sailor to pursue, uninterrupted, his cogitations. Jack marked her as she retired, and could not help uttering aloud a regret, that the fair Oolooloo partook, to such an extent, in her form and proportions, of the nature of a fish; of a fish too, to which sailors have a mortal aversion — a shark. He was wondering what kind of a figure she would make in a cotillon at a ball-room, or in a promenade on Boston Common, when the water-nymph again entered the room. But what a change a few short minutes had effected! She was no longer half a fish and half a woman. The fish had disappeared, and a woman, lovely in form as well as in feature, with limbs exquisitely proportioned, with a foot and ankle which the most graceful belle in Yankee land might envy, picturesquely arrayed in a snow-white tunic, fabricated of a beautiful marine tissue, came skipping gracefully in the room, and stood before him. She was followed by her father, the old bearded gentleman, whom Jack had before seen on the Riding Rocks, and a whole troop of mermaids and mermen, who were introduced to Jack as her relations.

“Jack professed great pleasure at making their acquaintance; and he soon learned, to his great satisfaction, that the fish-like appearance, which had offended him so much, was only an artificial apparatus, ingeniously manufactured from the skin and tail of the deep-water shark (a fish which is well known to be the mortal enemy of mermaids), to assist them in swimming. Indeed, this might be called, with propriety, their *bathing dress*.

“Jack Robbins was treated with the greatest politeness by

these kind people. They seemed to vie with each other in making their residence agreeable to him. They set before him a delicious repast, consisting of various kinds of fish and marine delicacies, the names of which he knew not; and finally asked him plainly, if he were not willing to pass with them the remainder of his life.

“Jack was staggered at first. He admired very much what he had seen of the disposition, and habits, and modes of life, of these strange people. He caught the eye of Oolooloo, too, who looked as if she wished he would make up his mind to remain, and was eagerly awaiting his answer. But when he thought of his native country, of rough but honest New England; of Vermont, amid whose green hills he had passed many happy hours; and when he thought, too, of his mother, old and infirm, who loved him with all a mother’s tenderness, and who was dependent on him for the necessities of life, he no longer hesitated, but told them, at once, that he felt exceedingly grateful for their kind invitation, but was prevented from accepting it by circumstances which it was unnecessary to explain, but which he could not control.

“Oolooloo seemed disappointed, and gave him a look in which tenderness and reproach were mingled. She said nothing, however, to change his determination, but intimated in a grave tone, not altogether void of pique, that she was ready at any time to fulfil her promise of conveying him in safety to the Riding Rocks, whenever he felt disposed to leave them. Jack said he should like right well to pass several days among them, but he feared that the brig Yankee Doodle, to which vessel he belonged, would get a breeze from the eastward, and be off, which would place him in a very unpleasant predicament.

“Oolooloo took the hint, and arrayed herself in her swimming costume without delay, and, grasping Jack’s hand, she clambered with him, awkwardly enough, a flight of steps to a

large sky-light in the roof of the palace — and, then, with far more strength and agility than he had previously believed she possessed, she sprang with him upwards into the vast bed of water which rolled above the homes of the sea-nymphs, and in a few moments Jack found himself and his companion safely landed on the Riding Rocks!

“Jack Robbins spouted like a whale, as dripping wet he emerged from the water. He looked in the offing for the Yankee Doodle, but no Yankee Doodle was to be seen. Even the boat, which he had a few hours before fastened to the rocks, was no longer there. A fine breeze was blowing from the eastward, which led him to suppose, what was actually the case, that the captain, believing him to have been devoured by sea-monsters, had sent ashore and taken possession of the boat, then filled the yards and made all sail to his destined port.

“Jack’s consternation may easily be conceived. His only hope now was that some other vessel would pass that way, within a day or two, and take him off. He intimated to Oolooloo his intention of remaining on the rocks; he told her that he had often been in worse straits than that, and doubted not he should weather the cape without any trouble. He expressed much regret for being under the necessity of parting from her who had treated him so kindly, and bade her farewell. Oolooloo, who had conceived quite a strong affection for the handsome and bold-hearted sailor, sighed as she kissed her hand to him, and disappeared beneath the dark blue wave.

“Poor Jack Robbins seated himself on a high crag and looked out upon the vast expanse of ocean before him, but not a single sail was to be seen. The shades of evening fell, and found Jack sitting there still, forlorn and dismal enough. He began to think it would have been better to have remained among pleasant society in the mermaid’s cave, where, at all events he could have found plenty of grub. The night passed,

and in the morning there were no vessels in sight. Jack felt hungry, but he was on a barren rock, where there were no means of satisfying either his hunger or thirst. This day and a long, solitary, and dreary one it was, also passed away; and the next morning, as, in a forlorn mood, he was leaning against a cliff, looking out towards the horizon, feeling unusually sad and depressed, and with good reason, he heard a noise in the water near him. He turned his head, and, to his great delight, recognized the pleasing features of his friend Ooolooloo.

“He was truly rejoiced to see her again, and she could not conceal her pleasure to find that the interesting sailor had not yet been able to quit those desolate rocks. She asked him if he was *now* willing to go back to the romantic grotto beneath the sea; and Jack, who had an insuperable aversion to hunger and solitude, acknowledged that nothing would give him greater satisfaction. In less than half an hour he was partaking of glorious cheer in the mermaid’s cave, and at intervals was laughing, and chatting, and flirting with Ooolooloo. Jack felt quite reconciled to his situation, for he had no longer any fear of dying from hunger, or of pining away his life in solitude. He felt *grateful* to Ooolooloo, too; and gratitude, especially when entertained towards a pretty woman, although she may have ruby eyes and sea-green hair, is often akin to *love*. In less than a fortnight after Jack Robbins became a resident of the grotto, he had won from the beautiful, but frank and open-hearted mermaid, her consent to become his bride. They were married, and their wedding was celebrated with a grand ball, on which memorable occasion Jack astonished them all with the skill and agility with which he executed that difficult feat, the *double shuffle*.

“Weeks and months passed away, and Jack was as happy as under the circumstances could have been expected. He loved Ooolooloo, and his affection was returned with interest.

He passed his time pleasantly, too, in conversing with the inhabitants of those regions, in joining in their sports and amusements, and in wandering about gazing upon the riches, and beauties, and curiosities, which were to be met with on every side. His thoughts, it is true, would sometimes revert to his native home, and a pang would seize his heart when he thought of his mother, perhaps suffering from want, or dependent on the charity of strangers for food. But a smile from Oolooloo would banish all his cares, and bring to his bosom tranquillity and joy.

“Sometimes, in order to vary his amusements, he would accompany his wife and some friends on an excursion to the Riding Rocks, or the Orange Keys; and, if he saw a strange sail in the distance, his heart would beat quicker, and he felt a sort of yearning to be once more with his own race and kindred. The fact is, Jack Robbins had been used to the ups and downs of life; he was fond of adventure, and was of a bold, enterprising disposition; but there was very little variety in the lives of the inhabitants of the sea, among whom he had taken up his abode. They were happy, it is true, and Jack often thought he was a fool not to be happy too. He had everything he could wish, but he had no employment; his life seemed passing away like a dull, sluggish, smooth stream, as it moves quietly along towards the ocean. This sameness he did not like. It reminded him of a calm at sea. He was formed for the rough and tumble of life, not to rust out his faculties in indolence and ease. But he knew that if he expressed even the remotest wish to quit the society of his kind friends, it would kill his wife — Oolooloo’s heart would break. Besides, it would be a vile return for her kindness and affection. He, therefore, summoned to his aid all the fortitude of which he was master, and resolved to bear his happiness with as good a grace as possible. Indeed, he had pretty much made up his mind to pass the rest of his life among that kind



and hospitable race of beings, when a circumstance occurred, after he had been about a year and a half in his marine abode, which materially changed the aspect of affairs.

“I have already said that the deep-water shark is the enemy of the mermaids; but these sea-nymphs move through the water with such velocity, that the sharks seldom meet with an opportunity to injure any of that race. One day, however, as Ooolooloo was convoying her husband, Jack Robbins, from one of the Bahama Keys, whither they had been on a pleasure excursion, a large shark was lying in wait watching for his prey. Ooolooloo saw him, but, in attempting to avoid this voracious monster, she almost rushed into the jaws of another, which was coming full speed towards her in an opposite direction. She saw that her case was a critical one; and, although she could at once have ensured her own safety by deserting her husband, she nobly preferred to remain by him, and rescue him if possible, but at all events share his fate. She exerted all her strength in this emergency, and, at the very moment when she was about congratulating herself on having escaped the threatened danger, one of these monsters made a dart towards her, seized her by the shoulder, bit out a large piece of the flesh, and crushed the bone. Poor Ooolooloo, after a severe struggle, succeeded in getting out of the jaws of the shark, and by a violent effort made out to reach the coral grottos, but in a bleeding and fainting condition.

“Jack Robbins felt that he was indebted to the beautiful mermaid again for his life, that she had, perhaps, sacrificed herself for him. He fully appreciated her noble act, and cherished a deep feeling of gratitude. He earnestly hoped that she would recover, and he vowed that, if she did, he would never entertain a thought for a moment which should embody the possibility of a separation from his preserver. But poor Ooolooloo did not recover; the wound which she received was a dreadful one, and the mermaids and mermen have never

been celebrated for their skill in surgery. She lingered a few days in great agony, when mortification took place, and the kind and affectionate creature expired in the arms of her weeping husband.

“Jack lamented her death; her tenderness and devotion to him had won his affection, and he felt that he had lost a true and a dear friend. But, after the death of Oolooloo, the coral caves and the marine forests and gardens, lost all their charms in his eyes. Even the conversation of his kind friends seemed to him dull and prosy; and one day, after he had listened to a long rigmorole story from his old father-in-law, he somewhat startled the old man, who still had two unmarried daughters, both of whom were setting their caps for the widowed sailor, by requesting the old gentleman to put him in a way to return to his native country.

“The old merman, however, although something of a bore, was a good old soul. He no sooner found that Jack was unhappy in that delightful place, with nothing to do, enjoying good society, and surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, than, although he condemned his judgment and taste, he resolved to accede to his wishes. Accordingly, the next day, Jack having donned the garments which he wore when he was on board the Yankee Doodle, and ballasted his pockets with a few lumps of gold, and precious stones, and other valuables, took leave of his kind friends and companions, and, submitting himself to the pilotage of the old merman, soon found himself on the south-eastern point of one of the Bimini islands. He looked around him, and was rejoiced to see a sloop just anchoring in a small bay, but a short distance, from him. He pointed out the vessel to his father-in-law, shook hands with him, and bade him good-by. The old gentleman then returned to his home at the bottom of the ocean, and is living there yet, for aught I know. Jack then hastened towards the sloop, which proved to be a ‘wrecker’ from Key

West. He told the skipper a plausible story of being shipwrecked, but said nothing about the contents of his pockets, which he concealed from every eye. The skipper received him on board, and in a few days an opportunity offered to transfer him to a ship bound from New Orleans to New York. He undertook to work his passage, and in about a fortnight arrived safe and sound in the city of New York.

“Jack Robbins lost no time in depositing his treasure in a safe place, reserving a little, however, for immediate use; and as soon as he had rigged himself out with a new suit, he took his land tacks on board, and started off for Vermont.

“The fruitful fields, the wood-crowned hills, and the clear streams of his native state looked beautiful in his eyes, far more beautiful than they ever did before. Jack thought they were a thousand times more precious than all the treasures buried in the fathomless recesses of the deep. And although his bosom heaved a sigh when he thought of poor, affectionate Ooolooloo, he could not help congratulating himself on reaching his home once more, safe and sound; but this, I suppose, is human nature.

“It was a pleasant afternoon in September when he arrived at his mother’s dwelling. The good woman had wept bitterly the loss of her only son. She was, beside, lamentably deficient in worldly goods. Her furniture had been seized and sold for debts which she had contracted, and she had been ordered by her landlord to quit the tenement which she occupied, without delay. Overcome with misfortune, and almost blind with weeping, not knowing in what direction to turn her footsteps next, she was sitting gloomily in a chair, brooding over her sorrows. She was roused from her reverie by the noise made by a person entering the room. She raised her head and beheld her son, whose soul she believed had long since passed away to the regions of the blessed. But she could not be deceived. There stood Jack

Robbins, with the same healthy, happy look, and good-humored countenance of former years. The good woman rushed towards him, fell on his neck, and fainted away.

“Jack Robbins soon regulated matters to his satisfaction, and returned to New York to take care of his treasures. He found himself a wealthy man, thanks to the mermaids, and concluded to let go his sheet-anchor in a pleasant valley in Vermont, where, according to all accounts, he is still snugly moored, and often recurs to the pleasant times he passed with his Oolooloo beneath the dark waters; and sighs when he looks upon the lock of sea-green hair, which he wears in his bosom as a token of remembrance.”

Such was Ben Ridgerope's story of the mermaid; and when he concluded, a dispute arose among his watch-mates whether such creatures as mermaids really existed or not. But before the question was definitely settled, it was eight bells, and the watch was relieved. When daylight broke the Orange Keys were discovered, about eight or nine miles off to the southward. The yards were filled away, and sail made upon the ship, which passed very near the Keys to the eastward. Although the crew looked hard at the rocks as they sailed along, not a mermaid was to be seen.



## WHITE-HEADED BILL.

Now, gallant sailor, hold thine own,  
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown ;  
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
Through bars of brass and triple steel.

SCOTT.

AMONG the crew of the brig *Clarissa*, on her voyage from Salem to Maranham, a number of years since, was a funny-looking fellow by the name of Bill Somers. He was about five feet two in his shoes, and rather stout-built. His features were not remarkable for their comeliness, and, sailor as he was, his appearance, even when rigged out in his best style, with a bran-new spanker, gaff-topsail, and flying-jib, never caused many heart-burnings among the belles on shore. But Bill was a philosopher, and cared but little for such trifles. His face was not long, but it made up in latitude what it wanted in longitude; his eyes were of a rusty lead color, and one was considerably larger than the other, or, as Jack Hunter used to say, one looked like a horse and the other like a horse-marine; his mouth was small and round, looking for all the world like an auger-hole in his face, just beneath his left nostril; but his nose was a noble one, being of the color of black walnut, and sticking straight out from between his well-bleached and rough-looking cheeks, like the handle of a serving-mallet; and, to crown all, although he was not apparently more than five and thirty years old, his head was as white as the ocean foam, and when he wandered

about deck, without his cap, between daylight and dark, he loomed up like Beachy Head in a fog! But Bill was a good seaman, and a kind shipmate. He was well liked by every man on board, notwithstanding his queer looks, and was known by the name of *White-headed Bill*.

One pleasant, moonlight evening, during the dog-watch, as the *Clarissa* was running smoothly along with a gentle trade wind upon her quarter, the crew, all hands being on deck, were engaged, some in chatting, and some in skylarking on the forecastle. Bill Somers, who had been relieving the man at the helm while he got his supper, came forward while they were in the midst of their sport.

"Avast, shipmates; avast there!" cried Ben Harding. "Here comes White-headed Bill. He promised us, the other day, that, the first chance he got, he would overhaul his log-book, and let us know how it happened that old Time emptied a dredging-box upon his head before he had got half-seas-over on the voyage of life."

"That's a bright thought, Ben," said Ned Mulliken. "All hands are on deck, and there is nothing to do. There could not be a better chance; come, Bill, let's have your yarn."

"Well," said the venerable-looking seaman, "I suppose I shall have to tell you some time or other, and the sooner I tell you, the sooner I shall enjoy a quiet life. So bring yourselves to anchor, my hearties, and you shall know all about it."

They gathered around him on the deck of the forecastle. Bill put the forefinger of his left hand on the spot where his chin should have been; and, squinting terribly with his big eye, he cast, with his other, a searching look into the regions of the past. He soon, however, collected his scattered thoughts, and began his narrative as follows:

"It is about ten, or, indeed, it may be twelve, years ago (for I am but a poor hand at dates, and it is of little conse-

quence *when* a thing happens, provided it happens at all), that I found myself adrift in Savannah, with a few shiners in my pocket. I slung my eot at Jim Hubbard's, at the sign of the General Armstrong; and there I fell in with as crazy and merry a set of fellows as ever cracked a flint biscuit, or bolted mahogany beef. They were always up to some fun or other, or kicking up a row, and getting themselves and others into trouble. I was with them one unfortunate evening, when they capsized a barber's shop, while he was shaving a customer, in revenge for his having shaved off the whiskers of some of them rather too closely, the day before, while engaged in taking off their beards. The shop was soon on its beam-ends; but some meddlesome fellows, who lived alongside, and who could not understand a joke, ill-naturedly sent a messenger for the city guard, and a pretty rumpus followed, I assure you, as ever an old man-of-war's man would wish to see. But they were too many guns for us, and the scrape ended by all of us being captured and towed off to the watch-house, where we were put in limbo, and, next morning, we were all carried, in great state and parade, before a stern-looking, iron-faced chap, who, after listening to a long yarn from the captain of the guard, gave us a lecture as long as the main-top bowline, and made us pay roundly for the frolic. And we were lucky to get off so easily.

“ Our frolicking days were soon over. No one could manage better to ease a sailor of his loose cash than our landlord, Jim Hubbard; and, after our purses grew lank and consumptive, he gave us grim and surly looks, making us understand that the sooner we looked out for a ship the better.

“ Well, after overhauling matters and things a little, and going on board half a dozen vessels, and holding long confabs with the captains and mates, for sailors were in demand in those days, boys, I can tell you, and we felt our importance mightily, and strutted about big as midshipmen on leave of

absence, we concluded to ship on board the brig Joseph, of Boston, Captain Allen, bound on a voyage to Gottenburg. We got our month's pay in advance, and promised the skipper that we would get our traps on board, settle all accounts on shore, have a regular-built spree, and come on board on the morrow steady as the south-east trades, and as sober as a struck dolphin.

"And we were men of our word, as all sailors should be. We never promised what we could not perform. We set ourselves to work to do up all our little odd jobs, that we might take hold with a will on the next day, and show the skipper that he had shipped an *honest* set of fellows, who knew what was right, and had courage to do it. That's what I call *plane-sailing*; and foremast hands should never meddle with any other kind of sailing; they would find it better for them in the long run."

"There's no doubt of that," muttered Ben Harding, with a nod of approbation.

"Well, you see, I had a good deal to do. After paying off all scores, I had eight or ten dollars left, and I was as hard at work all the afternoon in laying that out to the best advantage as a Mother Carey's chicken in a gale of wind. At last, I got all the duds and knickknacks I wanted, packed my chest, a dray was sent for, our chests and bedding given in charge to Cuffee, and, with the rest of my shipmates, in tip-top spirits, we conveyed our property on board the brig, and saw it snugly stowed in the forecastle. We then held a consultation, and came to the conclusion that some one ought to sleep on board the brig that night, and, as I was a pretty steady chap in those days, and had got enough of frolicking, I volunteered to do that duty, and prepared my bunk accordingly.

"After a hearty supper at our boarding-house, the rest of the lads started off on some wild spree, determined to have a



real lark, to wind up the last night on shore, and then to conduct like decent, well-behaved men for the rest of the voyage. I sat down in a corner, enjoying a good cigar, in company with Bill Willis, the boatswain of the ship Casket, and a few other clever fellows. We got talking about various matters, and at last the boatswain undertook to spin a long yarn about his love disappointment some twenty years before, which almost capsized him, and was the cause of his going to sea, and giving up all notion of love forever afterwards. And, to tell you the truth, shipmates, I am not sure that the old fellow was not more than half right; for these gals are curious critters, and sometimes make sad work with a man's upper rigging before he is aware of it."

"Well, what of that?" said Bob Jones; "what has that to do with your white head?"

"O, go on with your story, White-Headed Bill," said Harry Handlead, "and let the gals alone. You are a pretty fellow, with such a figure-head, to sneer about the gals. I won't stand by and see them abused, anyhow."

"Don't be frightened, shipmates; I an't going to abuse the gals; though, if the truth was known, *I* never was a favorite among them. You shall have the rest of my story before the cook could sing out *scaldings!* So you see I staid at the boarding-house until half-past ten o'clock; whereas, if I had gone on board the Joseph, directly after I had stowed away my supper, as I ought to have done, I should have steered clear of a terrible fright, and my hair, instead of looking like a frizzled snowball, would now have been as black as Malay Jack's there. Well, I got under way, with a fair wind, and directed my course towards the brig. It was a pretty dark night, but that I did not mind. I had a tinder-box in the till of my chest, and I intended to strike a light as soon as I got on board. I stepped on deck; all was still. I stood a few minutes, leaning against the gunwale, when all at once it

entered my mind that perhaps the old brig was haunted ; and a strange kind of a chill crept over me. I had often heard of such things ; and, more than all that, I had often heard strange and unnatural noises when I was on board the barque *Sobersides*, on a passage to Rio, which no one on board could ever account for, and which was the main reason why myself and three others of the crew ran away, and left three months' pay and most of our duds behind — a thing I 'll never do again, ghost or no ghost. Well, I was thinking about these things, and came to the conclusion that there would be precious little fun in being alone, of a dark night, in the forecastle of a haunted ship ; although you know, shipmates, one and all, that I fear nothing which comes in any civilized shape, whether it be man or beast, so long as it abounds with flesh and blood. Then again I thought I was a great fool to be frightened, and that, after all, it was not likely the brig was haunted. After taking two or three turns on the main deck, I put an extra quid into my cheek, to inspire me with additional courage, and, wearing a stiff upper lip, pressed boldly forward towards the forecastle.

“ I opened the lid of the forecuttle, and was about to go down, when I thought I heard a noise. I listened, and distinctly heard a person breathing ; he was doing it in a style too, as if his bellows' gear was of good size, and in right tune.

“ ‘ O, ho,’ said I to myself, ‘ that must be Sam Heavistarn, the chuckle-headed Dutchman. He has been taking too much schnapps, and has wisely come aboard to sleep it off on the soft lid of a white pine chest.’ Accordingly, I called out at the top of my voice, ‘ I say, Sam ! Halloo, Sam ! ’ No answer. ‘ Why, he is taking off the line finely. He is walking off to the land of dreams like a sloop of war scudding before the wind and sea. Halloo, Sam, I say ; wake up ! ’

“ But the only answer I received was a sort of a loud grunt or growl, or a mixture of both. Thinks I to myself, ‘ I will

soon rouse you out, my good fellow, or you have got more grog aboard than you ever had since I knew you ;' and down into the fore-castle I went. When I got to the bottom of the ladder, I groped about to find Sam, intending to give him a good shaking ; and I soon got hold of a shaggy garment, which I took to be his Flushing pea-jacket. I gave it a pull ; 'Come, shipmate,' said I, 'rouse and bitt.' And he did rouse with a vengeance !

"The object which I took to be Sam, uttered a long, loud, and hoarse growl, and sprung off the chest, amid a huge clattering of chains, and some most diabolical sounds. My heart sunk within me. 'It's a gone case,' said I ; 'the brig is haunted, sure enough ;' and I started back to go up the ladder. But this was not as easily done as said. Before I had



placed my foot on the first step, I was clutched in the grasp of some horrid monster, who hugged me in his arms, as if he

was resolved that we should never part company again. His breath was hot and unsavory ; his claws were long and sharp ; and the garment which I took for a good warm pea-jacket was neither more nor less than the shaggy covering of some grim ghost or ferocious imp !

“ I thought he would have squeezed the breath out of my body ; and for a moment I was so completely taken aback that my tongue lay against the roof of my mouth as stiff as a marlinspike, and it was out of my power to hail for assistance, or make any signals of distress. This state of things did not last long, however ; words soon came to my relief ; and, ship-mates, you may rely upon it, I made up for lost time. My lungs are none of the weakest, as you well know ; and, as soon as I was able to get my jawing tacks aboard, I raised a hulla-baloo which was enough to astonish ghost or fiend. ‘ Murder ! murder ! ’ bawled I at the top of my voice. ‘ Thieves ! Fire ! Don’t squeeze so hard ! Robbers ! O, you will kill me ! Help, or I shall die ! Murder ! Fire ! Merey, good ghost ; have mercy on me ! ’

“ They say that, when a man is frightened, he is robbed of his strength. It was not so with me ; and I defy any man to suffer more from fear than I did at that time. I thought that old Davy Jones himself, with his strong arms and sharp claws, had come for me ; but I was resolved to struggle for life as long as I could exert a muscle ; and while the old fellow was giving me a hug that I thought would crush every bone in my skin, I made a tremendous effort, and got one of my arms loose, doubled up my fist, and let my loving friend have it, full drive, right on the side of his head. The blow was a powerful one, and altogether unexpected by the shaggy, affectionate, but strong-limbed demon. It astonished him so much that he instantly relaxed his grasp ; upon which, by making an extraordinary exertion, an exertion upon which I believed my life depended, I broke away from my attached

companion, and, while he gave loose to his disappointment and anger in a loud and savage growl, I sprang like lightning up the ladder. By this time half of the citizens of Savannah were aroused, and hastening towards the vessel, to see what was the meaning of the horrid bellowing and shouts for assistance which rang along the wharves.

“ ‘For Heaven’s sake, what ’s the matter?’ exclaimed some dozen voices, as I rushed towards the gangway, meeting full in the teeth a throng of sturdy fellows hastening to my assistance.

“But I was in too great a hurry to stop to explain how matters stood; my only wish was to put a great distance between the brig and me in as quick a time as possible; besides which, my tongue had got stiff again, but not my limbs. I made one jump from the gunwale, and landed on the wharf; then I crowded all sail, and carried on tauter and tauter, until I reached the General Armstrong boarding-house. I rushed into the room, which I had left not fifteen minutes before, and where were now seated, smoking and drinking, several of my shipmates, and among them Sam Heavistarn himself. I must have cut a pretty figure; for, as they afterwards told me, my hair stood on end, like feathers on a frightened porcupine, as the player man says; my cheeks were as white as a strip of bleached canvas; my teeth chattered against each other as if they were dancing the double shuffle; my bosom went up and down like a deep-loaded merchantman, lying to under bare poles in ‘The Gulf,’ and my eyes glared fiercely and wildly, and stuck out of my head like the eyes of an overgrown lobster.

“ ‘The brig is haunted! the brig is haunted!’ screamed I, as I rushed into the room. ‘I have seen Old Davy himself, ay, and *felt* him too!’ By this time I was completely done up; I tried to bring myself to an anchor in a chair, but fell fainting on the floor.

“My sudden appearance and terrified looks startled them not a little, as you may well suppose; but it was some time before they could bring me to my senses. This was at last done, however, by Dutch Sam, who dashed a bucket of fresh water right into my face and eyes. During an hour, at least, I was raving away at a great rate; for, to speak the truth, shipmates,” added Bill, solemnly, “I was frightened out of my wits! At last I became more calm, and was able to give a clear account of the ghostly adventure that had befallen me during the time that I was absent from the house. While I was telling my story, I saw the rogues exchanging signal glances with one another, as if they thought it was a capital joke; and no sooner had I finished my tale than they, one and all, burst out into a peal of laughter, so long and loud, so hearty and so musical, as to arouse all hands, and attract to the General Armstrong almost as many of the astonished natives as my loud and furious bellowings drew towards the haunted brig Joseph.

“I was not a little nettled at their unfeeling conduct; for I could not, for the soul of me, see any joke about it; and it was nearly half an hour before the good-for-nothing rascals were able to relieve my fears by explaining the cause of the appearance of *Old Davy* in the brig Joseph’s forecastle. It seems that their fondness for fun and frolic led them to do an act which might have been attended with serious consequences. In their wanderings about town that afternoon, they spied, in a back yard, a young *black bear*, which was chained to a post; and they amused themselves by watching its gambols, and now and then throwing it a lump of sugar, which the beast eagerly devoured. He was very playful, and they thought he would make a pleasant ship’s companion; and, for the frolic’s sake, they laid a plan to get him into their possession, and stow him away safely on board the brig. Accordingly, in the evening, without saying a word to me, they undertook

to carry their plan into execution. While the bear, not suspecting any harm, was busily employed in devouring a good-sized lump of sugar which they threw towards him, one of the men sealed the fence and unloosened his chain; then, taking him in tow, they set off with their prize; and, by the help of a little coaxing, and urging, and threatening, in less than ten minutes they had him safely moored to the bowsprit bitts in the forecastle of the brig Joseph; and, lest he should take it into his noddle to inflict some injury on the person of whoever should attempt to enter his habitation, they very considerably put a muzzle on his nozzle; for which act I, for one, felt exceedingly obliged to them, as it undoubtedly saved my life.

“So you see,” continued Bill, “all hands had a good laugh at my expense; but what, after all, was the most singular point of this affair, in less than three days after the bear gave me such a tremendous hug, my hair began to turn white, and in less than one week my pow was as frosty as old John Anderson’s, and has continued so ever since!”



## THREE-FINGERED JACKS.

“ Give me your hand, Honestus ! ”

“ Hand, sir ? ”

“ Ay, hand ! — you have a hand, I trust.”

“ Two, sir. One for my friends, another for my foes.”

“ What ! Call you this *a hand* ? ”

OLD PLAY.

It was a beautiful summer morning when a fine brig, called the Skyrocket, might be seen hauling out from a tier of vessels to the end of Long wharf, in Boston. There was a great deal of bustle on board, for the brig was outward bound, and nearly ready for sea, as might be seen by the depth of water she drew, by the long-boat stowed over the main hatchway, the sails bent to the yards, and the appearance of half a dozen seamen, active, athletic fellows, running about the decks, clad in bran-new duck trousers, check shirts and tarpaulins, and responding a full-mouthed “ Ay, ay, sir ! ” to the various orders of the officers. It was evident that the Skyrocket was about to be off on her voyage to the Mediterranean.

The pilot, a middle-aged, bronzed-visaged, thick-set, determined-looking man, stepped on board, and gave orders to loose the fore-topsail ; the colors were also displayed, ensign, jack, pennant and all, and the steward was in great tribulation lest he should not be able to receive on board the various stores, trunks, boxes and packages, always detained until the last moment, which the trucks and handcarts, with commendable perseverance, were bringing alongside the ship. The topsails were now sheeted home, the fasts were singled,



the pilot stood on the quarter-deck, with a stern expression on his countenance, caused by the absence of the captain, as the tide had already begun to ebb, and the wind threatened to die away. Indeed, he looked as if he could have bitten off the but-end of a marlinspike without injury to his feelings, or blunting his ivories. He was beginning to find a safety-valve for letting off his indignation, in sundry expletives and ejaculations, more remarkable for their terseness and vigor than for their piety, when a heavy-moulded man was seen running down the wharf with the rolling gait of a true sailor, his arms filled with papers and packages, his pockets stuffed with newspapers, and hurry and anxiety imprinted on his broad features.

"Hurrah, the captain's coming!" exclaimed the mate, with an exulting shout.

"Fill away the main-topsail," bellowed the pilot. "Slack away that bow fast. Take this stern hawser to the capstan. That's it; heave away, men! So — handsomely!"

By this time the skipper had reached the cap-sill of the wharf, and puffing and blowing with his exertions, was passing up his bundles into the hands of Mr. Dickenson, the second officer, and altogether making, in the eyes of the motley crowd of spectators assembled to witness the departure of the Skyrocket, a most undignified appearance, of which he seemed not unconscious; for, calling to one of the men, a tall, good-looking fellow, with the nerves and thewes of a Hercules, who was rushing past the gangway to execute some order given by the pilot, he hailed him in a peremptory tone, telling him to lend Mr. Dickenson a hand in taking those rat-traps on board. "Lay hold of this spy-glass," said he; and, as the man seized it with his left hand, the brig, at the same time feeling the influence of the breeze, began to edge off bodily from the wharf. "Now," continued the captain, "give me your other hand, and help me on board."

The sailor, as it seemed reluctantly, stretched out his right hand to the captain, who seized it with a vigorous grasp, and, giving a spring, stood the next instant on the gunwale of the Skyrocket, and then descended on the deck.

The sailor shook off the captain's grasp as if his hand was stung by an adder, and was rushing aft, with all possible haste, to deposit the spy-glass in a place of safety, when Captain Sinclair arrested his steps by laying hold of his collar. "Stop, my good fellow," exclaimed the skipper, "and tell me who you are. What's your name? — and be hanged to you!"

"Jack Hathaway, sir!" replied the sailor, in a subdued and respectful tone.

"Hold out your flipper, Jack, and let me hold a survey upon it. If it is seaworthy, I am mistaken, that's all."

Jack presented his left hand, and a noble hand it was, with its due proportion of fingers, and a broad, flat palm, and knuckles which would have done credit to a gladiator.

"Not that," said the captain, "it is the other hand I want to see." And Jack, with evident reluctance and an embarrassed look, held out his right hand for the inspection of his commander.

"And what has become of your thumb and forefinger?" exclaimed Captain Sinclair, in a voice of thunder.

"*They were bit off, sir!*" replied Jack Hathaway, in a meek and gentle tone, which furnished a remarkable contrast with the loud and violent language of the indignant captain.

"Bit off! And what do you mean," continued Captain Sinclair, who, though ordinarily thick-headed, was sometimes eloquent when his feelings were excited, — "what do you mean, you long-limbed, slab-sided, hickory-faced" (Jack was slightly poek-marked), "hangdog-looking marine, by palming yourself off upon me as an *able* seaman, when you are nothing more nor less than a rascally impostor, a pitiful Three-fingered

Jack ? I have a great mind to let the anchor go under foot, and pack you off ashore with all your traps, you contemptible, half-handed ragamuffin. But before you get back to Boston, if you don't rue the day that you shipped on board the Skyrocket, to play off your tricks on me, my name's not Jeremiah Sinclair, that's all ! ”

The concluding portion of this forcible harangue was unfortunately lost upon Jack ; for, the pilot having given orders to “ loose the main top-gallant sail,” the poor fellow seized the opportunity to escape from the terrible broadside of grape and canister which the skipper was pouring into him in the most merciless manner, and, before he had concluded his string of affecting admonitions, the maimed sailor, who flew up the rigging with all the dexterity of a magnified monkey, had already cast off the yard-arm gaskets, and was ready to let fall the bunt.

The breeze freshened, and the brig proceeded down the harbor under full sail ; and, after having discharged the pilot, they filled away the main-topsail again, and proceeded on their way through the bay, urged forward by a fine westerly breeze. The captain, after noting the alacrity of the crew in performing their various duties, said to his first officer, “ They are a fine set of fellows, Mr. Sanford, stout, active, good-looking men. They seem able and willing to do their work ; all but one, that Jack Hathaway, as he calls himself ; and he, the good-for-nothing rascal, has had the impudence to ship on board a vessel under *my* command, as an *able* seaman, with only one hand ! ”

“ Only one hand ! Surely, you must be mistaken, sir. Hathaway can lay aloft as quick, and pull as hard at a rope, as any man on board. He's a real smart fellow, that Hathaway.”

“ That may be,” replied the captain doggedly, “ but he is an impostor nevertheless. He has only one hand ; or, what

amounts to the same thing in Greek, his right hand has lost the thumb and fore-finger ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed the mate ; “ I should never have supposed it. How did he lose them ? I wonder.”

“ He *says* they were bit off,” said the captain.

“ Bit off ? *Bit off* ? ” repeated Mr. Dickenson, musingly, “ I wonder *how* they were bit off ! ”

“ So do I,” said the captain, who had a spice of Yankee curiosity, and was, moreover, at bottom, a good-hearted soul, who enjoyed a good story, and more than half believed everything that was told him, “ and it will go hard with him, but I ’ll find out. Call him aft, and I ’ll inquire into the matter.”

Jack Hathaway had probably never heard the story of the famous Brooks Watson, Lord Mayor of London ; at any rate, it never entered his head to exact a written obligation from Captain Sinclair, not to inquire into the *modus operandi* by which he had lost his fingers ; and when the worthy skipper, without any unnecessary circumlocution, asked him how, where, and when, he was deprived of those useful and ornamental appendages, with all the particulars necessary to a full understanding of the subject, Jack raised no objection, but expressed himself ready to enlighten him on the spot ; and, after hitching up his trousers, and placing himself in an oratorical attitude, forthwith proceeded to tell the story of his mishap in the following language : —

#### JACK HATHAWAY’S STORY.

“ Why, sir,” said Jack, “ some nine or ten years ago, I cannot recollect exactly which, when I was much younger than I am now, and as green as a piece of Cape Ann moorings, I found myself on board an old craft, among the islands and reefs of the Pacific, in search of that odd-looking jelly-fish, called *beche le mer*, which John Chinaman loves with

all his heart and soul when converted into soup. Well, we met with indifferent success for a time, and changed our cruising ground pretty often. One fine morning, we found ourselves very unexpectedly close aboard of a low island, not of great extent, covered with wood, and apparently without inhabitants. The cocoa-nut, the plantain, and bread-fruit trees seemed to grow of themselves, and, to confess the truth looked very inviting. Besides, we were in want of fresh water, of which, we doubted not, the shores would furnish plenty. So we lowered the quarter-boat, and the chief mate, with half a dozen hands, including myself (for I was always ready to take the lead in anything which promised an adventure), embarked on a visit to this unknown and *uninhabited* island, calculating upon a good frolic and lots of fun along the white sand beach, among the high grass and flowery shrubs, and beneath the shady trees of this beautiful spot, which seemed to rest on the bosom of old Ocean, like an emerald stone on a tunic of silver."

"Come, no flourishes, Jack," interrupted Captain Sinclair. "That sounds amazingly like poetry, which I despise as unworthy an honest man, or a true-hearted sailor."

"'T is *the truth* what I say, nevertheless," resumed Jack. "The mate, Mr. Dennis, took a musket with him, and a couple of men armed themselves with cutlasses; for we thought there might be game of some kind on the island, and it was possible there also might be some four-footed creatures that would prove ugly customers if we came in contact with them. The captain told us not to stop long, and to stray but a short distance from the beach, and, above all, not to lose sight of the boat, — excellent instructions, and it would have been better for me if I had obeyed them."

"We shoved off, and pulled hastily towards the shore; as we approached it, we found that (as was the case with many of the islands in the Pacific), an outer reef extended along

the shore, distant from the beach some thirty or forty yards, and between which and the beach, in moderate weather, there was a smooth strip of water several fathoms deep. The sea broke on the outer reef, and it was with some difficulty that we managed to get the boat over. We accomplished it at last, and, in a few minutes, crossing the narrow channel, ran the boat ashore on the smooth, coral beach.

"Mr. Dennis ordered one man to stay in the boat, to guard against accidents. He then jumped ashore, followed by the rest of us, and glad enough we were at the prospect of a frolic beneath the trees, and a run upon the shore.

"I soon wandered away from my shipmates, and strolled along the beach for a few cables' length, to gather some of the beautiful shells and pieces of coral which abound among those islands. On passing round a point which screened me from the view of persons near the boat, I spied, to my great astonishment and delight, one of those huge oysters which are sometimes found washed ashore, in these latitudes, after a furious hurricane. This oyster was nearly half as large as a scuttle-but, and, the animal being alive and the shell thick, it must have weighed some sixty or eighty pounds! In this particular I can hardly be mistaken, as I had a good opportunity for ascertaining, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this shell-fish, usually regarded as a very quiet and stupid animal, was by no means what would be considered a *light* weight, and not half so much of a fool as the unlucky fellow who found him. I rejoiced in the idea of capturing such a prize. I walked around it, and surveyed it carefully from every side. I admired its majestic proportions, and wondered how the thing would taste when delicately carved, and served up in an oyster soup, a sea-pie, a stew, or a chowder, and my mouth actually watered at the thought of such a delicious dish. But how to get it to the boat was the next question. It was too large to be carried conveniently even a short dis-

tance, by one man; but the boat could be brought round the point to the oyster; or, as they say in Smyrna, if the mountain could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

"Come, heave ahead, Jack," urged the captain, who was getting rather impatient. "The less you say about Mahomet, or any other of those old Pagan deities, the better; and I should like to know what connection there could be between that Daniel Lambert of an oyster, the patriarch of his tribe, and the loss of your fingers."



"The connection was a very close one, sir, as I soon found out to my sorrow," replied Jack Hathaway, with a sigh. "For, seeing one side of the oyster partly open, and urged

by idle curiosity, I very foolishly thrust a portion of the fingers and thumb of my right hand between the shells, for the purpose of seeing if I could tear them apart, when *they closed upon my hand with a SNAP*; and, to my great embarrassment, agony, and terror, I found myself caught in a spring trap, and my fingers firmly fixed in a vice of forty horse-power!

“Here was a predicament, as Dick Dennis said, when some baboons on Table mountain took him for their brother, and were hurrying him off to the woods! Far away from my shipmates, and out of sight of the boat, I was nabbed for my crimes. The sharp edges of the shells cut to the bone, and caused a degree of pain, of agony, of the most intense description. I kicked, I raved, I screamed, I yelled with anguish; I vainly strove to withdraw my bleeding hand from the animated nippers, which had so tightly closed upon them. At last, exhausted with my efforts to achieve my freedom, I threw myself down on the sand, perspiring at every pore, and heaping anything but blessings on shell-fish of every description, and consigning them, one and all, to the lowest and hottest depths in the crater of Mount Etna.

“But this could not free my fingers, and I felt that something must be done to relieve me of this horrible incubus, which stuck closer to my fin than a sucker-fish to the back of a shark. I sprang to my feet, and looked around for a stone, or any other heavy object with which I could crush the shell of my tormenting associate; but in vain. Nor did the grim, determined, but silent monster seem disposed to relax, in the slightest degree, his ferocious grip. And then I again shouted madly for assistance, hoping that my shipmates would hear my voice and come to my relief. Nearly half an hour passed while I thus experienced tortures which could not be surpassed by any refinement of cruelty practised by true believers of the Roman Catholic faith against those heretics who espoused a different creed.



“At length, while bending my eager gaze towards the point of land which intercepted my view of the boat, I was startled by the report of a musket, followed by a tumultuous yell, so loud, so wild and unearthly, that it made my blood curdle in my veins. I then knew that some strange calamity was about to visit others as well as myself; and that I ought no longer to remain inactive; and I tugged away right heartily to free my fingers from the oyster’s clutch :

‘————— But no —

He would not let his captive go.’

“As a last resource, I determined to make an attempt to carry this islander, who was so strongly bent on keeping company with me, to the boat. This was a difficult job, weakened as I was with pain and anxiety; and I must have cut a queer figure, as I was staggering slowly along the beach, carefully holding the big oyster like a mammoth baby in my arms, groaning with pain, and making grimaces which would have made the fortune of a clown at a circus.

“But when I came in view of the boat, a sight greeted my eyes which made me almost forget my pain, and regret, if possible more than before, that I carried a cumbersome and unsightly jewel at my fingers’ ends. I saw the men running down to the boat in great confusion, in a strange hurry to embark; and the edge of the woods seemed alive with natives, fierce-looking, tattooed, tawny savages, who had been playing possum in the woods, and who shook their spears and brandished their clubs as if they meant mischief, and every now and then raised in concert a yell which, taken in connection with other circumstances, was calculated to strike terror to the boldest heart.

“Mr. Dennis was directing the men to embark and shove off the boat, when, seeing me heave in sight, he hailed me telling me to throw down that useless piece of lumber, and bear

a hand on board, or he should be compelled to leave me to the mercy of the savages, who seemed making demonstrations towards a rush to the boat. But for reasons well known to myself, but which I was unable at the time to explain, I continued to hold on to my treasure, until, out of patience with what he conceived to be my obstinacy, he called out to 'shove off,' and the next moment the boat, impelled by four oars, was rapidly leaving the shore, and the Indians, hurling their spears and breathing fire and fury, were rushing down to the water's edge!"

"You *were* in rather a bad predicament, I must confess, Jack," remarked the captain. "I would not have been in your shoes for a shilling. But how did you get out of the scrape? You got out of it at last, did you not?"

"A true Yankee sailor, sir," continued Jack Hathaway with a grin, "is seldom at a loss for resources, even under the most desperate circumstances. The boat was gone, the sea was before me, the savages behind me. I must swim for it or die. But as for swimming with a dead weight of sixty or eighty pounds fastened to one hand, that was out of the question. So I took my jack-knife from my pocket, opened it with my teeth, and, with a single slice, divided the small portion of skin which now connected my thumb and forefinger to my hand, leaving them as a keepsake with my warm-hearted friend, who had so long stuck to me closer than a brother, and who, I hope, found them what the Frenchmen call a *bonne bouche*. I then plunged into the water, and it was high time, for a spear came whizzing past my head, cutting off one of my starboard love-locks; and another, which fortunately for me was not very sharp, struck me on the larboard quarter; but, instead of arresting my progress, it served as a propeller, and urged me more rapidly ahead. As I could swim like a fish, in a few minutes I was up with the outer reef, where I was picked up by the boat, nearly ex-

hausted with loss of blood and the pain I had so long suffered; and the worst of it was, when I told the mate my story, instead of sympathizing with my sufferings, he roundly rated me for my folly in not having sliced off my fingers when I first found them caught in the trap.

"The captain dressed my wounds with care and skill as soon as I got on board, and they gradually healed; and now, sir," said Jack, with emphasis and energy, "although there may be some few duties on shipboard which come awkward, in consequence of the loss of my finger and thumb, yet, generally speaking, I consider myself able to perform a seaman's work with any man that ever knotted a backstay in a gale of wind, or made a grummet strap in a calm; and if you are not satisfied with my conduct when we arrive in Boston at the close of the voyage, I'll give you leave to kick me from the taffrail to the bowsprit-end, and stop every cent of my wages, that's all."

"That's fair, Jack," exclaimed the captain with a gracious smile, "and I dare say we shall get along very well together. It would have been better, though, if you had told me all about it before you signed the articles. We shall have to favor you sometimes, I suppose, and set you about such jobs as do not require much manual dexterity. And, as I see Mr. Dickenson is about setting the men to sew some pieces of chafing-leather on the topmast backstays, suppose you take the helm, in the mean while, and let Dick Bobus mount the palm and needle."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jack, who stepped aft, and relieved Dick from the helm, saying it was the captain's orders.

Dick Bobus was a good specimen of a genuine old salt. He had reached, and perhaps passed, the meridian of life, but the bronzing, hardening and sharpening effects of change of climate, hardships, tempests, tropical suns, and hard knocks, had so twisted and dyed and transmogrified his features, which

were probably never remarkable for beauty, that he would pass, without question, for an old Triton of threescore. He was a clean-built little fellow, with grizzly locks, a hare lip, and a cross-jack eye. Although no Adonis, he had a fund of good-humor in his disposition, and indulged a spirit of practical philosophy which always kept his features on a broad grin. He was never known to sigh, or indulge in unavailing regrets for the past, or dismal anticipations for the future, but was fond of a good hearty laugh; and, like that funny old rascal, Falstaff, he not only laughed a great deal himself, but was the cause of laughter among others.

"Did you want me, sir?" said Dick Bobus, with what he intended for a *respectful* grin, addressing the captain.

"Yes," said the skipper. "Get your palm and needle, and lend a hand to clap those chafing-leathers on the back-stays in the wake of the main yard."

"I was cast away last voyage, sir," said Dick, with a *deprecatory* grin, "and lost my chest, and all my rattle-traps, and my palm among them; and I have not had a chance to get one since, sir."

"Well, never mind, Mr. Dickenson will furnish you with a palm, I dare say. Ask him."

"But," remarked Dick, with an *expostulatory* grin, "his palm would hardly suit my hand!"

"Why not?" asked the captain, in a tone of mingled surprise and anger.

Dick for reply held out his broad right hand, while a grin of doubt and embarrassment overspread the whole of his convoluted countenance; and the face of the captain grew absolutely scarlet with indignation when he saw that the hand was destitute, not only of that useful and ornamental appendage, a *thumb*, which fully accounted for his difficulty in wearing a palm, but of that important portion of the forefinger

which, in the hands generally worn by able seamen, extends beyond the second joint!

"Another THREE FINGERED JACK! as sure as there is salt in the big pond!" exclaimed Captain Sinclair. "What business have *you* on board my brig, the Skyrocket, with a flipper no better than a seal's, you cross-grained, hyena-looking, grinning baboon? I'll teach you better than to play off your tricks on an old sailor, you dog, I will, and make you grin out of the wrong side of your mouth, before you and I part," continued the excited commander in a voice hoarse with rage. "How came you to lose the complement of your fingers, you smooth-faced and lovely-looking cannibal, you? You thrust them into somebody's mess, when they should have been in your own pocket, I'll be bound, and lost them for your impertinence, and served you right, too. Why don't you speak, and not stand grinning there, like the effigy of a Van Tromp on the rudder-head of a Dutch galliot? What has become of those missing claws?"

"Why, sir," replied Dick Bobus, in a respectful tone, his face still knotted into a broad grin, "it is so long since I lost them that I sometimes forget I ever had any; and, if I had known *you* would have set such a value on them, I should have shown you my hand when I shipped, for it is a hand I never need be ashamed of, and, although it may look a little awkward and one-sided, it belongs to a man who never shirked his duty, or shrunk from any danger in a battle, hurricane or calm."

"Well," replied the skipper, a little mollified by Tom's remarks, "that is not the question now. I ask you again, Dick Bobus," raising his voice, "how you lost your fingers."

"*They were bit off*," said Dick, with a melancholy grin.

"Bit off? Bit off?" repeated Captain Sinclair, his thoughts reverting to the tale he had just heard from Jack

Hathaway. "Were they," continued he musingly, "bit off by a clam or an oyster?"

"Neither the one nor the other, sir," said Dick. "They were bit off by an anatomy."

"An anatomy!" exclaimed the astonished skipper. "What do you mean by an anatomy? A skeleton?"

"It was no anatomy of a human being, sir," replied Dick, "or even of a creature that has legs and arms. Indeed," added he, a *solemn* grin resting on his countenance, "no *Christian* would have had the heart to treat me in such an inhuman manner."

"How was it? what was it?" demanded the captain earnestly, his curiosity overcoming his anger at having a three-fingered Jack imposed upon him for an able seaman. "Give us the yarn, my good fellow; tell us all the particulars. How did you lose your fingers? How did it happen that they were bit off? *What* bit them off?"

"Why, sir," continued Dick Bobus, a *roguish* grin lurking about the corners of his mouth, "they were snapped off by the jaws of a shark!"

"Indeed," said the kind-hearted skipper, in a tone of sympathy; "poor fellow! it was lucky for you he did not get hold of your leg. But tell us all about it, my man. How did it happen that he contented himself with such a tit-bit as that, when he might have crushed off your arm by the shoulder-blade?"

"Well, sir," replied the old tar, "I'll tell you how it was. It is a queer story, and you may believe it or not, just as you like; but it is as true, nevertheless, as the longitude by plane sailing, or the compass at the north pole;" and Dick turned round, and squared himself in front of the captain, looking him full in the eye, his face assuming an expression as solemn as the phiz of a pill-vender when about to humbug a whole community. The captain responded by a nod, which seemed

to say, as plainly as a nod *could* say, "Heave ahead, my lad, I'm prepared to swallow anything you may lay before me, for I have a most capacious gullet;" and Dick, after allowing his countenance to relax into its habitual grin, proceeded in his narrative.

## DICK BOBUS' STORY.

"When I was a youngster, sir, I sailed on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, on board the old ship *Hurlothrumbo*, and on the passage out, when in sight of the island of Lobos, the wind died away, and we had many kinds of fish alongside, and cutting their shines around the vessel, to say nothing of the seals, which showed their pug-nosed faces in great numbers, and stared at us, the impudent heathens, as if they had never seen a blue jacket, or even a square-rigged craft in the course of their lives. During the afternoon we caught eighteen dolphins, three bonitas, and five albigores, besides making fast our harpoon to a young fin-back whale, as big as the quarter-deck of the *Sky-rocket*, which was shying about under the quarter. The whale, feeling somewhat sulky at being thus tickled beneath the ribs, took leg-bail and started off with a rush, carrying away not only our harpoon, but the whole length of the main-topsail halliards, which the mate had fastened to the iron. When last seen, he was pursuing a straight course, E. N. E., at the rate of some fifteen knots, and, for aught I know, he is going still in the same direction, dragging the long rope after him, unless he has been brought up before this by the coast of Africa!"

"Well, well," interrupted the impatient skipper, "let him go to Guinea, if he likes; what has that whale to do with your mutilated paw?"

"Not much, sir, I allow; but you see the fin-back had no sooner scudded off out of sight to the eastward, than five large man-eating sharks, as if they had been waiting near by until

the coast was clear, showed themselves, the rascals, sailing slowly around the ship, not half a cable's length off, with their back-fins and tails proudly sticking out of water, and every now and then casting a sidelong glance towards the ship, to see if there was any prospect of getting a piece of *fresh* grub, in the shape of an old *salt*.

"Of course, sir, you know that every true sailor hates a shark, which, perhaps, is somewhat strange, as the shark loves a sailor dearly, and kindly takes him in out of the cold salt water, and carefully stows him away in the lower hold, whenever he has a chance. For my part, I have never had any love for the scoundrels, since one of them — confound his impudence! — took a huge slice from the thickest part of my old shipmate, Ned Clueline, when he was lazily swimming on his back, along side the brig Dolphin, in the roadstead of St. Pierre, Martinico. Since that time I have declared bitter and bloody war against sharks, and when these five hungry looking fellows made their appearance, I lent a hand to capture them, with a right good will.

"And glorious fun we had, sir, I assure you, for, with a couple of pieces of salt junk, we soon tolled them alongside the ship. The captain sung out for the shark-hook, to the chain of which were bent the peak halliards of the spanker; and a nice delicate piece of pork from the harness-cask being fastened to the hook, and thrown over the stern, soon caught the attention of our visitors, who seemed as sharp-set as a green hand on half allowance. After a little shy manœuvring, two of them made a dash at the pork; the biggest one of the lot grabbed it, but, in trying to bolt it, the hook seized him by the jaw, and he found himself up to the elbows in trouble! He was a heavy-moulded fellow, some ten or eleven feet long, and did not at all like the fun of being taken on board. He said nothing 't is true, but *actions* sometimes speak louder than words; and the manner in which he bounced, and



flourished, and jerked, and kicked, and danced about on the water, splashing it around him, and making the old ocean foam again, was a sight worth crossing the equinoctial in a wash-tub to behold. He threw himself into as many attitudes, and cut as many antics, as Monsieur Sauter, a French gentleman who was passenger with us from Havre last winter to New York, and whose brains, if he had any, they said were stowed away in his heels.

"It was tough work to get him alongside the ship, although all hands had hold of the rope and pulled away with a will; and the captain, fearing that the hook would straighten out or tear away before we could get a bowline around him, told the steward to hand up his fowling-piece, which was loaded with half a dozen buck shot; and, watching for a time when the shark was comparatively quiet, the skipper let drive the whole charge into his head. The old fellow *felt it*, without doubt, for he made a leap about ten feet straight up, and came down with a jerk that freed his man-trap from the fish hook, and down, down he went through the water, which was discolored with his blood, in spiral circles, round and round, until we lost sight of him in the distance, when all hands off caps, and gave three grand hurrahs."

"Well, well," muttered Captain Sinclair, who was somewhat impatient at Tom's garrulity, "what, in the name of tediousness, has this big shark, which your captain shot, to do with the loss of your fingers?"

"Nothing at all, sir," replied old Bobus, with a broad grin. "Lord bless you, sir, we never saw *him* again! But we soon coaxed another shark under the stern, and by towing a piece of salt junk, real mahogany, we managed to get him into the sight of a bowline. 'Handsomely! Handsomely!' said the mate, who was an old hand at the business. 'Stand by, my lads to gather in the slack.' He then gently let fall the rope, and shouted, 'Haul in, men, haul in!' and Pilgarlick was

caught by the tail — fairly noosed — and roused alongside in spite of all his flounderings and efforts to get loose, amid the jokes, the jeers, the laughter, and exulting shouts, of all hands.

“ We had tough work to get him on deck ; and when there, safely landed on the larboard side, we wished him back into the water again ; for he took possession of the waist and kept it for a while, and in the most ungentle and savage manner imaginable, throwing himself into every variety of posture, as uneasy as a fish out of water, and snapping and biting at everything within reach of his jaws. The fore sheet was severed by this furious beast in three or four places, cut off as clean as it could be done by a rigger’s knife. The main clue-garnet was served in the same unhandsome manner ; also, the fore top-gallant halliards, the larboard main bunt-line, the throat halliards of the main spencer, and divers other ropes which unfortunately happened to be in his way. He would grind them off with his teeth, as if they were the whiskers of a squid ; and, when the ropes were removed out of his reach, he seized a spare top-gallant mast between his teeth, and took out a piece as big as my leg, which spoiled the stick forever !

“ ‘ Kill the rascal,’ screamed the captain, when he saw the mischief the shark was doing ; ‘ cut off his tail with the cook’s axe — beat out his brains with a handspike ! ’

“ But the orders were more easily given than executed. The second mate made a furious blow at him with the axe, but missed him, and left a deep mark in the deck. And as to pounding his head with a handspike, why, Lord bless you, sir, it was no more use than to bombard the Rock of Gibraltar, or try to shoot a flying-fish on the wing. He was in a fair way of conquering all hands, and taking complete possession of the decks, when *I* found a way to bring him to his bearings. I seized the cook’s tormentors, and served him as Sinbad, that glorious old sailor, served the one-eyed and long-

eared giant, who wanted to cook and eat him for supper. Watching a chance when the shark was making a dash at the leg of old Joe Tompkins, I thrust one of the prongs of the tormentors plump into his starboard eye; but such a look as he gave me with the other, I shall not soon forget. It was as much as to say, 'If I'm not revenged on *you*, old chap, for this friendly turn, call me a *lobster*, that's all;' and he was as good as his word!

"I did not mind his looks at the time, but punched away at him until I punched out his other eye, when he looked for all the world like a green-horn of a Yankee after a rough-and-tumble fight with a Kentuckian; and as he could not keep a lookout alow or aloft, we had it all our own way—and, although it was mightily against his will, John Shark was at last compelled to give in.

"The captain felt very angry at the mischief which the rogue had done out of sheer spite, and ordered the head and tail to be cut off, and the body to be thrown overboard; a sentence which was executed on the spot. The body flopped about a good deal when we got it on the gunwale, and seemed as lively as a rocket at the idea of being restored to its natural element. Bill Jones cried out — 'Watch ho, watch!' and we soused it overboard. It made an awkward piece of work swimming about without any rudder, and seemed sadly bothered for the loss of its head, and every now and then it looked up towards the ship, as if beseeching us to toss the head overboard, that it might join company, and go about its business!"

"And did you not do it?" eagerly asked Captain Sinclair, who, in the interest which he felt in Dick's story about the persecuted shark, forgot for the moment the missing fingers.

"Do it? No, sir! we knew a trick worth two of it. The tail we nailed to the ship's belfry, and it is there now, for what I know. As for the head, I took care of that myself,

for, as the jaws were furnished with some half dozen rows of remarkably fine teeth, I thought I should like to preserve them as a kind of curiosity like. So I cut off the skin, and as much of the flesh as I could; but the old fellow did not like the operation at all, and made a snap at my fingers several times before I got through with it; for you know, sir, a shark is a monstrous long-lived creature, and is terribly loath to give up the ship. But I was so fortunate as to dodge him every time, and finally got him — that is, the head — into the cook's coppers, half full of boiling water, which I thought would tame him, and take the mischief out of him, if anything would. And it answered the purpose pretty well; for, after boiling the head three or four hours, the jaws remained quiet for a time, and I managed to scrape the bone without much danger to my fingers, and soon had as pretty and clean a skeleton of the jaws — a *real anatomy* — as I could wish.

“ I really felt proud of my success, and, for fear of accidents, carefully stowed away the jaws in the bottom of my chest, intending not to trouble them again until we got safe into port. But it so happened that the next night I got wet through, drenched from clue to earing, by a spray, while twigging out the fore-top bowline, and was obliged to go below at six bells and change my duds. I opened my chest in the dark, and, while feeling down towards the bottom to get hold of a Guernsey frock, thinking of nothing particular, excepting that it was uncomfortably cold, I foolishly thrust my fingers into the open jaws of the shark, — I ought to have known better, especially as this fellow owed me a grudge for the loss of his eyes, — when, presto! in the twinkling of a handspike, the two jaws came together like a steel trap, closing on my fore-finger and thumb with a terrible noise ! ”

Captain Sinclair, who had been listening with exemplary attention to Dick Bobus' narrative, started back aghast at

hearing of the sad and unexpected catastrophe, and involuntarily cast a look at his own broad palm, to see if it was not abridged of some of its terminations, while Dick, with a countenance as serious as a merman's when seated on a rock, brushing his long beard with a porcupine fish, finished his yarn, in the following style :

"I am not ashamed to confess, sir, that I was not only astonished, but absolutely frightened, at this sudden assault upon my fingers, for the rogue took me altogether unawares. Besides, the pain was most intolerable ; thumbserews, such as were used in old times to force good men to confess their misdeeds, were not a circumstance to it. And, although I can stand as much pain on common occasions as most men, yet I could not stand that, but actually roared for help like an alligator with the toothache ; raising a yell in my agony that could have been heard in a calm night at least half a dozen miles !

"This, of course, roused all hands with a vengeance. The watch below, with the cook at their head, tumbled out of their berths, and the watch on deck, with the steward, chief mate, second mate and captain, all tumbled down into the fore-castle, to see what was the cause of the terrible hullabaloo. As soon as a light was mustered, there stood I, poor Dick Bobus, with my hand in the shark's mouth, the blood trickling from my fingers, and screaming right lustily for mercy and for help ! By the aid of a crowbar and a couple of marlinspikes they managed to pry open the jaws of the monster, and get my hand out of the trap. But it was too late — my thumb and forefinger were gone forever, or as good as gone, for the bones were bit through, and they hung only by a piece of the skin. The captain took his penknife, severed the skin, and then tossed overboard the skeleton head and my unfortunate fingers. My wounds were carefully attended to, and in three weeks were entirely healed ; and

now," continued Dick, with a confident grin, "if any man doubts the truth of my story, I should like to have him take a look at the stumps of my fingers, that's all,"—and he held out his mutilated hand, which was admitted by Captain Sinclair, and all hands on board the Sky-rocket, to be positive proof of the truth of his narrative!

The worthy skipper of the Sky-rocket seemed much edified with Dick Bobus's story. He merely remarked to the chief officer, that the longer we live the more we learn, and he had had no idea before that a shark, although a dreadful hard creature to kill, would live so long after he was dead, or after his head was cut off, which amounted to pretty much the same thing! He pondered long and deeply upon the subject, and the next morning after breakfast, while making sage reflections on the extraordinary coincidence that two of the seamen on board should be stinted in their due proportion of fingers, his attention was arrested by a trifling peculiarity in the costume of the man at the wheel, Mike Mullins, a fine-looking fellow and a thorough Yankee sailor. The weather was moderate, for it was a pleasant morning in the month of May, notwithstanding which, Mike wore a thick woollen mitten on his right hand. Captain Sinclair saw it, for he was a close observer as well as a shrewd reasoner, and thought it had a suspicious appearance. "Halloo, Mike!" said he, "what's the matter with *your* hand? Why do you wear a mitten? Hey!"

Mike looked rather confused. "My hand is not much hurt, sir," said he in a hesitating manner, "only jammed a little by rigging out the fore-topmast studding-sail boom last night. It will be well enough in a day or two, I dare say."

Captain Sinclair looked sternly at Mike Mullins, and in a slow but firm and decided tone, said, "Let me see your hand, sir! Off with that mitten, at once!"

Mike saw there was no means of evading or postponing

the execution of this order, and slowly pulled off the woollen covering to his fingers, when not only to the unspeakable astonishment, but to the actual horror of the skipper, *two of the fingers of the right hand were missing!* He started back as if he had grasped an electric eel, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Another THREE-FINGERED JACK, by all that's glorious!"

Captain Sinclair did not fall into a passion, or storm, or rave, or scold. It seemed to be his *fate* to be persecuted by men with missing fingers; and, like a wise philosopher, he concluded to submit to it without further struggling. Besides, a laudable curiosity had some share in teaching him resignation to his lot; and in a tone rather mild than angry, he inquired, "How did you lose *your* fingers, Mike?"

"*They were bit off, sir?*"

"Bit off! Is it possible?"

"Fact, sir," replied Mike. "Taken off in handsome style, too. They went into a mill, where they were ground down in less time than it would take to splice the main brace."

"T was a hard case, Mike," said the sympathizing skipper "and the operation must have been a painful one. Tell us all about it, my good fellow!"

Thus adjured, Mike Mullins transferred something less than half a yard of pig-tail from his pocket to his mouth, cocked his eye at Dick Bobus, who was standing hard by, setting up the mizen top-gallant back-stays, and shot ahead in the following style:

#### MIKE MULLINS' STORY.

"I was born in a place called Vallambrosa, a thriving and populous village on the banks of the Connecticut river, and being, from a boy, of a bold and adventurous disposition, with a hardy constitution, and more fond of frolic and mischief than hard work, I foolishly ran away from a comfort

able home, when only fourteen years of age, and went to sea. For seven years, in succession, I followed a sailor's life, and visited many parts of the globe, when the whim took me, on my return from a voyage to Calcutta, to visit my native town once more, pay my respects to my parents, and astonish the natives by my presence.

"I can say, without vanity, that I was then a good-looking young man, about five feet ten inches in stockings, clean-limbed, and hands somewhat hard and horny; but I had cultivated a pair of glorious black whiskers, had on hand a good stock of assurance,—some called it impudence,—and was fully sensible of the personal advantages I possessed. I rigged myself out in true sailor style: a handsome blue jacket and trousers, white vest, white stockings, and a pair of pumps, a bandanna kerchief tied carelessly around my neck, and a neat-looking, narrow-rimmed tarpaulin hat planted jauntily upon my head. In this costume, fully resolved to make a sensation among the girls of the village, I returned, after an absence of seven years, to the place of my birth.

"I found that my mother, one of the best women that ever breathed the breath of life, had been dead for three years, and my father was married again to a young damsel about my own age. However, he received me kindly, and urged me to quit my wandering mode of life, abandon my unsteady habits, and assist him in carrying on the farm. And when I looked around me, and saw what a contented, comfortable people inhabited that little village, and reflected that they never had occasion to turn out in a gale of wind on a winter's coast to reef topsails or send down top-gallant yards, were never put upon short allowance, or hazed about by a consequential mate, I pretty much resolved to bid farewell to salt water, and anchor for life on the banks of the Connecticut.

"I lost no time in visiting our neighbors, especially those



who had attractive daughters, and, thanks to my personal appearance and engaging manners, was treated with as much cordiality and attention as I deserved — perhaps more. The sins of the mischievous Mike were forgotten. That little urchin was transformed into ‘*Mr. Mullins*,’ a stranger from foreign parts, who could crack a good joke, and spin a tough yarn to astonish the country bumpkins. Being rather flush of money, I thought I would enjoy myself for a spell before I took hold of the plough and hoe, and fairly entered on my farming duties. I spent my time in visiting, in getting up little parties among the young folks, and in trying to make myself agreeable to the girls in the neighborhood, in which I succeeded far beyond my expectations.

“It is a fact, Captain Sinclair, and I don’t believe a man of your appearance has lived so many years in the world without finding it out, that the girls like a sailor better than a landsman” (the captain smiled, and looked at Mike as if he understood him), “especially, if he is a good-looking, harum-scarum sort of a fellow, well stocked with impudence, and somewhat of a vagabond in his tastes and habits.” (The captain looked grave.) “I possessed all these qualifications to a very enviable extent, and there was hardly a girl within five miles of Vallambrosa, who would not have jumped at the chance to join me in a frolic, or accompany me in a ride or a walk, even with the certainty of giving mortal offence to the quiet, patient, plodding, good soul, who had perhaps been dangling after her for a twelvemonth, and whom she had pretty much resolved to make happy with her hand. In the course of the few weeks which I remained ashore, I sowed the seeds of many a bitter quarrel, and have reason to believe that I was the direct cause of many family feuds, dissensions and heart-burnings among plighted lovers, that were not healed for a twelvemonth afterwards, if ever. Mike Mullins made a decided sensation in Vallambrosa.

‘ The prettiest girl in the parish was Harriet Pheasanton — a thoughtless, frolicsome, dashing sort of girl, with blooming dimpled cheeks, and roguish black eyes. I had not been in her company many times, before I took a particular fancy to Harriet, and when I saw her cheerful, sunny face, and listened to her ringing laugh, I could not help thinking that such a bright being, if I could win her affections, and call her my own, would be a very comfortable addition to the furniture of the old farm, and help me in a wonderful degree to bear any irksome and tedious duties incident to a farmer’s life. Besides, Harriet was not only a lovely girl, but she had a handsome little property in her own right; a circumstance which in my eyes added to her charms, and decided me to make a bold push for a wife and a fortune.

“ But there were obstacles in the way which would have discouraged at the outset any youth of a less enterprising spirit, or who had a humbler opinion of his own merits than I entertained of mine. She was already partly if not wholly engaged to a very excellent young man, Ralph Denison, who was not only smiled upon by Harriet, but regarded with favor by her uncle and guardian, Mr. Pheasanton, with whom she lived. And I had reason to believe that her uncle was unable to appreciate *my* merits, but looked upon me as a roistering, dissipated young fellow, to whose care the happiness of no estimable young lady should be entrusted. Indeed, he was a close-fisted, sober-minded, cross-grained-looking chap, who never was known to crack a joke, or even to laugh at one, in the course of his life, and had no more idea of the nature and strength of a tender attachment between two congenial souls, than a Blue Point oyster. I may as well state here that he was somewhat noted for the size and brilliancy of his teeth — and was known in the village by the purser’s name of ‘ Old Ivories.’

“ Despairing of gaining his favor, I resolved to lay siege

to the heart of his blooming niece, press it with vigor, and, if necessary, carry it by storm. And here, thanks to my good looks, my swaggering air, and my modest assurance, I found less resistance than I was prepared to expect. One evening, at the close of a quilting frolic at Colonel Henderson's, after flirting and laughing with Harriet during the whole evening, to the great surprise and anger of Ralph Denison, who had looked heavens and handspikes at me for hours, I made up my mind to wait upon her home. When she got rigged all ready for a start, Ralph, who was standing sulkily by, stepped slowly towards her and mechanically offered his arm. At that moment I glided between the affectionate couple, and without saying a word, thrust Harriet's arm within my own, and proudly walked off with my prize in tow! She seemed surprised, but not at all offended, by my presumption, and, when at a late hour we reached the dwelling-house of 'Old Ivories,' for we walked along very leisurely, Ralph Denison's nose was considerably out of joint.

"Ralph was not deficient in spirit, however, and chose to regard my proceedings as an affront which he was determined to resent; and the next day he called upon me, and, with a savage expression on his countenance, asked me for an explanation of my conduct. I saw what he would be at. Of course I could give no explanation that would be satisfactory to him, and thought it would be as well to settle the matter on the spot. He was a strong-built, muscular fellow, but he did not know how to handle his flippers, and, when we separated, he looked more like a savage than ever, with two black circles around his eyes, and his face ornamented with several fanciful streaks of deep red!

"The affair attracted attention, and it soon became noised about that Mike Mullins and Harriet Pheasanton understood each other perfectly well. Several fair damsels in the village, to whom I had been very polite, and perhaps particular in my

attentions, turned up their pretty noses at the news, and made some disparaging remarks upon my want of taste. Mr. Pheasanton, as in duty bound, he said, talked like a father to Harriet on the subject, warned her against forming a connection with a rattle-brained sailor, who never would be able to earn salt for his porridge, assured her that he would not consent to such an ill-advised copartnership, and wound up by telling her never to hold any intercourse with me again. But Harriet was a true woman, and scorned to be dictated to in an affair which concerned her affections. She met me the same evening in an old apology for a summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, and told me all that had passed between herself and her guardian. She was evidently piqued at his conduct, and began to feel a deep interest in your humble servant, which was undoubtedly an indication of a correct taste on her part. I took advantage of this state of her affections, and, in the most impassioned language, described the intensity of my love. I expatiated on the tyranny of her guardian, and, when I had roused her feelings to the proper pitch, I employed all a sailor's eloquence to induce her to set his authority at defiance, and accompany me to the little state of Rhode Island, where the laws placed no obstacle or delay to the happiness of impatient lovers. There we would fly, and, in spite of the slander or envious whispers of an ill-natured world, secure our own happiness for life, by making that matrimonial splice which cannot be drawn; by tying that nuptial knot which cannot be loosened by a marling-spike, or severed by the sharpest jack-knife."

"That is to say, in plain English," interrupted Captain Sinclair, "you tried to entice the silly girl to run away with you and get married. You need not go such a round-about way to get at it. So heave ahead, my lad, and save the tide."

"Ay ay, sir," resumed Mike. "The long and the short

of it was that Harriet, whom *I* always considered a sensible girl, consented to elope with me the following night. I left her, with an understanding that I would make all the necessary arrangements, and let her know the particulars in the course of the afternoon, when I should be able to appoint the place and the hour at which I was to meet her.

“The next day I busied myself in preparing for my intended matrimonial excursion. My father’s horse, ‘Old Daisy,’ was hardly clipper enough for the occasion, and I finally succeeded in borrowing Colonel Henderson’s famous bay mare, which could trot easily with a chaise at the rate of ten knots an hour; tolerably fast going, on sea or land. I accordingly wrote to Harriet to be in the summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, at half past ten o’clock, all ready for a start. ‘Old Ivories’ always turned in at ten o’clock precisely, and at that hour, or as soon after it as possible, I would be in the adjoining lane, with a fleet horse and chaise, to carry her off in triumph, and make her mine forever. This letter I entrusted to the care of a young cousin of mine, and gave him half a dollar, with the express understanding that he should deliver it into Harriet’s own hand; but the booby, not being able to find my charmer at the moment, gave it into the hands of ‘Old Ivories’ himself, who, the villain, as I afterwards learned to my cost, made no scruple to break the seal, and make himself master of its contents.

“As the hour of my appointment drew nigh, I proceeded towards Colonel Henderson’s, but, to my great vexation, found that his son had forgotten I had engaged the bay mare and she was still in the pasture. Before she could be caught and rigged, and under way, the clock struck eleven. I took my seat in the chaise, cracked the whip, and in a few minutes had reached the lane in the neighborhood of the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. I leaped out of the chaise, and looked carefully around; the night was not very dark

although there was no moon ; but no person could be seen. I then clambered over the fence, and, entering the garden, proceeded towards the place of rendezvous, though not without some misgivings that all was not right.

“ As I reached the entrance of the rickety building, I heard the regular breathing of some person in a deep sleep. I listened ; the loud breathing was occasionally varied with a prolonged and unmusical snore ! Could this be Harriet ? Could she fall asleep at such a time, or could *she* under any circumstances give utterance to such unromantic sounds ? But, said I to myself, if it is not Harriet, who *can* it be ? It must beyond doubt be my charmer, who, tired of waiting for my arrival, has fallen asleep on the seat ; and, bless her bright black eyes and narrow windpipe, has perhaps taken cold by breathing the cold, damp evening air.

“ I stepped forward softly, and groped my way towards her, calling in a gentle tone, twice or thrice, ‘ Harriet ! Harriet ! ’ But her sleep was still undisturbed. My right hand fell gently on a face, but the nose, a masculine Roman, was different from Harriet’s, which was a decided *turn-up*. My fingers slipped from this strange nose into a capacious mouth, which stood invitingly open, and from whose inner depths proceeded the sounds so unlike those of an Æolian harp, which had disturbed my equanimity. In an instant *the mouth closed with a terrible JERK*, and my two fingers were caught, nabbed, immovably fixed between the well-furnished jaw-bones of ‘ Old Ivories ’ !

“ Yes, the remorseless old rascal had fairly entrapped me in a way altogether unexpected by either of us. He had been waiting for my appearance, armed with a good cudgel, until he had lost all patience with my slow movements, and had sunk fast asleep on a seat, with his tremendous jaws extended like a crocodile, when about to catch a delicious dish of flies.

“ The old fellow vindicated his claim to the nickname of

Ivories, for he nipped my fingers to the bone when he first closed his jaws. And, sir, if you have never been taken in, or had your fingers taken in, in this way, you can have no idea of the excruciating pain which is produced by such a terrible grip. I lost all my strength in my agony, and became as feeble and incapable of resistance as an infant. I could do nothing but *roar*, and that I did right lustily. I screamed Help! Help! Thieves! Fire! Robbers! Murder! with all the strength of my lungs, and soon awakened all the sleepers in Vallambrosa, and set the whole village in an uproar.

“In less time than it would take to pipe all hands on board of a man-of-war, more than a dozen active and powerful young men, armed with clubs, pitchforks, hoes, and crowbars, were rushing towards the summer-house from every quarter; but ‘Old Ivories’ held on like a lobster to the heel of a fisherman, and my convulsive struggles to disengage my fingers only caused him to nip the harder; and by the time the frightened villagers, clad in their airy dresses, had reached the summer-house, the old barracooter had actually bitten through the bones, and I had sunk fainting to the floor!”

“Do you mean to say, Mike, that Mr. Pheasanton bit your fingers clean off?” inquired the skipper in an eager voice, and with his eyes protruding from their sockets.

“To be sure, sir. The old ragamuffin took them off as clean as the cook could do it with his chopping-knife; and when his neighbors, who were strongly prejudiced against me, reached the scene of action, and inquired into the cause of the disturbance, he coolly justified his cruel and inhuman conduct, by relating all the circumstances attending my affair with Harriet, and exhibiting my letter; and all the satisfaction I got, was to hear the whole know-nothing set, and Ralph Denison among them, burst out into a loud guffaw, and declare that I was rightly served, and they hoped it would be a solemn warning to me to behave better in future. The sneak-

ing lubbers ! I only wish I was boatswain to a good ship on a pepper voyage to Sumatra, and they formed a portion of the crew ; that's all the harm I wish them !

“ Completely prostrated by disappointment, mortification and pain, I could not say a word in my defence, but sheered off sheepishly, on my way to my father's house, leaving Harriet Pheasanton, Colonel Henderson's bay mare, Ralph Denison, and the fragments of my fingers, to take care of themselves — which I suppose they did, for I never heard of them from that time to this.

“ My love was effectually cured. I found there was a dark as well as a bright side to these frolics with the girls. I conceived a disgust to a farmer's life ; and, as to the people who lived in the humdrum, peaceful village of Vallambrosa, I have ever held them in utter contempt. But, poor fellows, perhaps they are more to be pitied than blamed ; much ought not to be expected of men who never even looked upon salt water. I wish I had the ducking of 'em in it !

“ As soon as my hand was cured, I bade farewell to the village of Vallambrosa and the banks of the Connecticut, hastened to the nearest seaport, and shipped on board the first craft I could find bound on a foreign voyage. The loss of my fingers made me rather awkward at first, but I soon got used to it ; and now, sir, I am not afraid to say that I can do a seaman's duty with any whole-handed man that ever handled a marling-spike or fitted a parrel to a topsail yard.”

“ I have no reason to doubt it ! ” replied Captain Sinclair, with a good-natured smile ; and after communing a few minutes with himself, he turned to the mate and ordered him to call aft all hands. In a few minutes every man on board was standing around the capstan, when Captain Sinclair, like a schoolmaster about to ferule a delinquent class, ordered them to hold out their hands ! He then examined them carefully one by one, but found no more fingers missing than he had already



discovered, with the exception of the first joint of the cook's little finger, which the "doctor" said was *snipped off* by himself one unlucky morning when he was chopping some salt beef to make a mess of lobscouse.

Whether the captain rejoiced at or regretted this result may be a question, although it is recorded that when he ordered the men to attend to their duties again, he said to Mr. Sandford in an under tone, and in accents rather serious than gay, "Well, it can't be helped, but we shall have no more stories this voyage from Three-fingered Jacks!"



## THE WIDOW MORRISON.

————— What is thy name ?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in 't. Tho' thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What is thy name ?

SHAKSPEARE.

ON a visit to a friend, a number of years ago, who resided in a pleasant little town in the country, which I shall call Lausanne, my attention was one morning attracted to a neat cottage, beautifully situated in a vale, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the main road. I passed through a narrow lane, which, winding around a gentle eminence crowned with majestic forest trees, led past the secluded dwelling. It was in the month of June; nature was arrayed in her holiday garments, and the whole vegetable kingdom was rejoicing.

The cottage appeared like the abode of happiness. It was a neat and sufficiently spacious building, with a thick forest in the rear, a murmuring limpid stream in front, and cultivated grounds on either side. This humble dwelling was surrounded with shrubbery; and woodbines, climbing up and clinging to the roof, a neat flower garden beneath the windows, and some geraniums in blossom on the green before the door, with the atmosphere of comfort, of rural elegance, which seemed to surround it, furnished convincing evidence that a *woman* of refined taste and cultivated mind was the presiding genius of the place.

As I looked around, with a view to gain information, I saw a man employed in trimming some rose-bushes, in the adjoining garden, and I thought I would make some inquiries of him, relative to the inmates of this charming residence; but his appearance was so remarkable that I relinquished my intention as soon as it was formed. His complexion was brown, even to swarthinness; his brow was wrinkled with age or sorrow; his face was seamed with scars, giving a sinister expression to his countenance; his look manifested determination, even to fierceness, and one of his arms was maimed, and hung useless at his side.

The appearance of this man did not correspond with the character of the cottage, and the beautiful grounds. It was not in keeping with the place, and the sight of him caused a feeling of disappointment. This man seemed to be at home; perhaps he was the owner of the place. But no, I whispered to myself, that could hardly be. He must be a day-laborer, employed for a brief period only; but the sight of his crippled arm overthrew this hypothesis. I turned to retrace my steps, and had proceeded but a few paces, when I heard the sound of a guitar, and soon afterward a female, with a voice of much melody and richness, sung a beautiful popular song. I lingered near the cottage until the song was ended, when I returned with hasty steps to the hamlet, in the midst of which my friend resided. I eagerly inquired of him who were the residents of the cottage in the lane.

"Cottage in the lane?" said he; "that is Woodbine Cottage, and the residence of the widow Morrison."

"The widow Morrison!" I exclaimed, "and pray tell me who is the widow Morrison?"

"Did you never hear her story?" asked my friend.

"Never."

"That's singular. Her story is well known in these parts,

and has attracted much attention. I wonder that it has never got into the newspapers ! ”

“ But who is the strange-looking man, with a face covered with scars, whom I saw at work in the field, near the cottage ? ”

“ That,” replied my friend, “ is her husband, Captain Morrison.”

“ How ! her husband ? Did I not understand you to say the *widow* Morrison ? If she has a husband living, she surely cannot be a widow.”

“ You are right, my dear sir. She is no longer a widow ; but I have been so long used to calling her the widow Morrison, that I cannot overcome the habit at once.”

“ You excite my curiosity,” said I. “ I should like much to hear something of the story of the widow Morrison.”

“ Your wish shall be gratified,” replied my friend, and he proceeded forthwith with the following narrative :

“ Ira Morrison was born in the good old town of Boston. He was the son of Scottish parents, who emigrated to this country soon after their marriage, with a view to acquire that independence, and secure a degree of comfort, which was denied them in their native country. But, like thousands of others, Mr. Morrison learned, from bitter experience, that America was not the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, which he had been taught to believe, and that to be successful in business required not only industry, capacity, and integrity, but, also, a knowledge of the people, of their habits and customs, and usual modes of transacting business, which can only be acquired by a residence among them for years.

“ He was disappointed, and, too late, found that he had been duped by the tales of selfish and designing speculators ; but, entertaining hopes of improving his condition, and deterred by a false pride from retrieving his error by returning imme-

diately to his native country, he proceeded into the interior, and changed his residence several times, struggling with misfortune, until the moderate funds which he had brought with him were exhausted. He then became utterly discouraged, and resorted to the bottle for solace. His story is soon told : he died in a poor-house, and his hapless wife followed her husband to the grave. Their only son, Ira, was thus thrown upon the charities of the world, alone, unprotected, a friendless and penniless orphan, at the early age of fourteen.

“ But, thanks to the old and excellent system of free schools in New England, aided by strong native talent and application, Ira had acquired the rudiments of an English education, and was well grounded in the principles of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. He early manifested a disposition to adopt a seafaring life, and, on the death of his mother, wended his way to Boston, and, after several fruitless applications, succeeded in obtaining a place on board the ship *Rosamonda*, bound to the North-west coast.

“ Ira Morrison, by his kind disposition, his amiable feelings, his attention to his duties, and his trust-worthiness, gained the good will of his officers and his shipmates. He liked the occupation which he had chosen for a livelihood, and determined to reach the topmost round of the ladder. At his leisure hours, he applied himself to the improvement of his mind, and soon found that here, as in other matters where a strong inclination exists, the work is more than half accomplished. In due time, he became a proficient in seamanship and navigation. In a few years he was promoted to the situation of second mate of a ship, and, ere he reached the twenty-sixth year of his age, Ira Morrison was in command of a fine vessel, engaged in the East India trade.

“ Success now seemed to accompany Captain Morrison's undertakings, as if to compensate him for his sufferings in childhood. By economy, by a judicious management of his

private affairs, he soon acquired a little property, which was constantly increasing. While tarrying on shore at one time, longer than usual, he met, at the house of a friend in the neighborhood of Boston, a beautiful and accomplished girl, named Helen Ogilvy, with whose appearance and manners he was captivated. He then felt, with all the force of truth, what a dreary imagination had often shadowed forth, that man should not live for himself alone, and that matrimony was essential to happiness in civilized society.

“With the characteristic ardor and promptness of a sailor, Morrison urged his suit. It was successful, and, on his return from a succeeding voyage, he claimed Helen’s promise to unite her fortunes with his for life. The holy ceremony which crowned his wishes was performed; and, as they stood together, the smiling bridegroom and the lovely bride, before the nuptial shrine, futurity seemed a pathway through a flowery field, studded with enjoyments; and, surely, the venerable clergyman, who performed the ceremony, never called down the blessings of Heaven on a more deserving couple than Ira Morrison and Helen Ogilvy.

“Some years passed by, and their happiness increased rather than diminished. Captain Morrison purchased a neat dwelling-house, pleasantly situated in the neighborhood of Boston, and two lovely daughters formed additional ties to unite their hearts in the holy bond of affection. There was only one drawback to their happiness. Captain Morrison’s occupation compelled him to be absent a considerable portion of time from his family, from his *home*, around which clustered a thousand delightful associations. But he looked forward with eagerness to the time, which he hoped was not distant, when, possessed of a competence, he might bid adieu to the seas for evermore, and pass the rest of his days in the midst of those whom he loved with an ardent and enduring affection.

“About fifteen years ago, Captain Morrison embarked on what he intended should be his last voyage. He hoped, if fortune should prove propitious, to realize a sum which, added to his previously acquired property, would be sufficient to warrant his quitting a seafaring life, and enable him to settle down quietly and permanently in the bosom of domestic happiness. He had, in company with his wife, once visited this little village of Lausanne, where Helen formerly had some relations, and they were both much pleased with its romantic situation, and the beautiful scenery in its vicinity. A cottage in a lonely glen attracted their especial attention; and, indulging a dream of romance, they declared that, when, favored by fortune, they should be able to seek out a permanent resting-place, they would retire from the busy scenes of life, and — a world to each other — establish themselves in this neighborhood, breathe a rural atmosphere, and engage in rural pursuits.

“Morrison took an affectionate leave of his wife and children; but Helen, as if she felt a presentiment of misfortune, could not conceal her tears at parting. She wept upon the neck of her husband, and earnestly commended him to the protection of the Almighty.

“He left Boston in the good ship *Astolpho*, bound on a voyage to Canton, and directly back to the United States. In due time, Helen received letters from her husband, containing the grateful information of his safe arrival at his destined port, and a prospect of a successful voyage; and devoutly did she pour out her thanks to the Almighty, for extending his protection to her husband when exposed to the dangers of the ocean. Subsequent letters informed her of the progress of his business, and at length she received one containing the glad news that he had completed his business in Canton, and expected to sail for Boston in a few days. In this letter he expressed the utmost impatience to re-visit his

home; complained of the dull, monotonous life of a sailor, estranged from society for months, ay, years, at a time, and deprived of those pleasures which give a zest to life. And, as if he more fully realized the perils which beset the life of a sailor than was wont with him, he introduced into his letter a schedule of his property, with directions to his wife how to proceed, should he never succeed in reaching his home. Helen wept as she read this letter, — it seemed ominous of evil, — and anxiously looked forward to the time when his return might reasonably be expected.

“A week passed by, and the Astolpho had not arrived. Another, and then another week, and not a word was heard from her husband. Her anxiety may be imagined; and hour after hour she watched for intelligence which should bring solace to her heart. At length the ship Griffin arrived from Canton, bringing information that Captain Morrison had sailed from that port about three weeks before the Griffin, and, also, that a vessel had arrived at Canton just before the Griffin sailed, which had experienced a terrible typhoon, or hurricane, in the China seas, and that apprehensions were there excited for the safety of the Astolpho.

“This was sad news for Mrs. Morrison. Her worst fears seemed about to be realized. She would press her children to her bosom, and talk to them of their father, whose safe return she hardly dared to expect. Indeed, after the lapse of some months, and not a word was heard from the Astolpho, it was generally believed that the ship had foundered in the China seas, in the hurricane, and that all on board perished. But hope at times would still whisper a flattering tale; it was possible that the ship might have received damage, and put into some port to repair. After a year had elapsed, however, and intelligence had been received from every port where Captain Morrison would probably have sought an asylum, there could be no longer any doubt of his fate. Helen clad herself



in mourning for the loss of her husband ; and her children, also, wore the garb of sorrow for the death of their father.

“ Mrs. Morrison now proceeded to settle the estate of her late husband, and, in consequence of his methodical habits in the arrangements of his business, it proved to be no difficult task. She found herself in possession of a respectable property, a portion of which, agreeably to the advice of a friend, she invested in stocks of undoubted credit, which yielded her a moderate annual income. With the remainder she purchased Woodbine Cottage, in the Fairy Glen,—the lovely and retired spot which had so charmed her husband and herself in happier days,—and, bidding farewell to the busy world, removed thither with her two daughters, a mourning, and almost broken-hearted, widow.

“ And here she resided, devoting herself to the education of her children, and courting tranquillity and retirement. Time, which brings a panacea for many ills, assuaged the bitterness of her grief, but years elapsed before the weight of sorrow could be removed from her bosom, for her thoughts would be often with the husband of her youth, and she frequently indulged in melancholy conjectures respecting his fate. She thought that if she knew all the circumstances attending his death she should feel less unhappy ; for the *mystery* which shrouded the loss of the ship seemed more terrible than even the most thrilling details could possibly be.

“ Sometimes her imagination pictured him in the midst of the furious conflict of elements, with death staring him in the face, seeking to console his companions in misfortune by his words and his example, or calling down blessings on the heads of his wife and children. Sometimes she saw him on a plank, tossed about on the wild seas, and vainly struggling for life ; or in a boat on the broad ocean, looking with straining eyes around the distant horizon for succor, but in vain, and slowly perishing, a prey to the pangs of starvation.

Again she saw the ship forced by the tempest on some rock-bound coast she heard the roaring of the breakers as they dashed against the shore, and she felt the shock as the gallant ship, urged by a resistless force, struck upon a ledge; she heard the screams of the hapless mariners, and their imploring prayers for mercy to their God, and beheld the mangled corpse of her husband thrown upon the rocks!

“The widow Morrison was beloved by the people of Lausanne. She was ever kind, benevolent and hospitable. She took a deep interest in the happiness of others, and in this way succeeded to a very considerable extent in alleviating her own sorrows. Blessed with a mind richly stored with knowledge, great purity of character, and a refined taste, she not only succeeded admirably in carrying into effect her design of educating her daughters, but she seemed to infuse a new spirit, a thirst for improvement, into the minds of her neighbors; and in a few years, strangers visiting Lausanne, were surprised and pleased at beholding in this hamlet, even in the humblest abodes, the little improvements and comforts, pleasing to the eye and tranquillizing to the mind, which have their source in a perception of the beautiful, and contribute much to the happiness of civilized society.

“She had more than once been urged, under circumstances which, in a worldly point of view, were highly favorable, to change her condition, and again embrace a married life; but she always discouraged, in the most prompt and decided manner, any advances of that description. Years thus glided peaceably by. Her daughters were beautiful, virtuous and accomplished, and promised to equal all their mother's hopes; and the widow Morrison herself, although sometimes a prey to sad reminiscences, appeared to enjoy a larger portion of that rational kind of happiness founded on a contented mind, than falls to the share of most mortals. If a pensive shadow darkened her brow as she gazed upon the portrait of her hus-

band, and indulged in the remembrance of former sorrows, it was soon dissipated by the cheerful smiles of her daughters; but when the tempest raged and the boisterous north wind swept down the valley, she listened to the wild and unearthly music, as if it were a requiem of the departed spirit of her husband.

“One memorable evening, it was the 21st of October, the widow’s family were gathered pleasantly around the fireside, during the raging of a fierce easterly storm. The widow was seated at the table, reading the Holy Scriptures, and her daughters were engaged in plying the needle with unceasing assiduity. A venerable Angola cat, in one corner, by her loud purring, was expressing her satisfaction at having secured such good quarters, while a spaniel, with benignant features, had taken possession of the other. The fire burned brightly, and comfort reigned within, while the cold wind howled mournfully without, and the rain pattered against the casements. A fearful gust swept down the valley, and shook the building; the widow closed the book with a shudder, and raised her eyes to the portrait of her long-lamented husband, which was suspended over the mantel-piece.

“‘It is exactly thirteen years this day,’ said Mrs. Morrison, addressing her daughters, ‘since your father left his home for the last time. And, as he bade me farewell, something whispered to my heart that he would never return; and too truly were my sad apprehensions realized. O, perhaps it was in such a dreadful storm as this that he perished on the distant seas! The winds blew and the waves raged; he was exposed to all the terrors of the storm, from whose fury no human force could screen him, and died a dreadful death, far from those he loved. Bella, my love, sing that little plaintive air which I taught you years ago, if you still remember it. It is suited to my present feelings, and may well be sung by a sailor’s daughter.’ The beautiful girl arose and took her

guitar. With a fine voice, although tremulous with emotion, she sung the following song :

THE FATED MARINERS.

‘ The stately ship glides o’er the deep,  
With treasure richly freighted ;  
’T is sweet to view her gallant crew,  
Their hearts with hope elated.  
The stars shine bright this lovely night,  
The waves have ceased their motion ;  
The gentle breeze sweeps o’er the seas —  
There ’s *beauty* on the ocean.

‘ But see how soon the rising moon  
Behind a cloud is stealing ; —  
The furious blast flies wildly past,  
With loud and fitful wailing.  
The mighty deep, aroused from sleep,  
Appears in fierce commotion,  
While o’er these scenes the storm-king reigns —  
There ’s *terror* on the ocean.

‘ ’T is drear and dark, while o’er the bark  
The thunder loudly crashes ;  
The sea-birds scream — the lightnings gleam —  
Yet on she madly dashes !  
Her fated crew, with death in view,  
Now kneel in sad devotion ;  
Beneath the waves they find their graves ! —  
There ’s *death* upon the ocean.’

“ Bella had hardly ceased her song, and the widow was indulging in all the luxury of grief, when a loud knocking was heard at the door ; which was opened by the youngest daughter, and a person inquired, in a low, but strange voice, ‘ Does Mrs. Morrison live here ? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied Louisa ; ‘ please to come in.’

“ The stranger entered the parlor, and the inmates were startled at his uncouth, unfavorable appearance.

“ ‘Don’t be alarmed,’ said he, in a broken voice, as if laboring under strong emotion ; ‘I shall do you no injury ; I am a poor, unfortunate man ! a sailor, destitute of friends or money, and I solicit shelter for the night from the raging of the tempest.’

“And some assurance of his pacific intentions seemed necessary, for neither his costume nor his countenance was calculated to impress one in his favor. He was a tall, athletic man, clad in a seaman’s jacket and trousers, and his garments, like himself, had evidently seen better days, and were but a slender protection against the wind and the rain. His features were bold and regular, but over his brow was an unseemly scar, an evidence of his having been engaged in bloody strife. His cheeks were seamed with longitudinal scars, which appeared to have been stamped there by the hand of art, and gave to his countenance a singularly wild and ferocious expression. Exposure to the tropical sun, and to the inclement weather, had cast a swarthy shade over his features, which were emaciated by suffering or disease.

“The widow Morrison gazed upon the strange figure for a moment, and the apprehensions which his first appearance had excited gave way to an emotion of pity, as she saw that he was indeed a stranger, a seafaring man, too, and in distress. She offered him a seat by the fire, rebuked Fido for uttering an inhospitable growl, urged the way-worn traveller to make himself comfortable and at home, and directed her daughters to prepare him some refreshment.

“ ‘You seem to have travelled a long way,’ said she.

“ ‘Yes,’ replied the stranger, ‘I left Boston this morning.’

“ ‘Indeed !’ exclaimed Mrs. Morrison ; ‘in the midst of such a severe storm, too ! Your business must have been urgent. Have you lately arrived from sea ?’

“ ‘Only a few days since,’ was the reply. ‘I was last from the East Indies, where I have lived for many years.’

“‘From the East Indies! And you have ruined your health, and braved all the perils of the sea, evidently for a poor compensation,’ continued Mrs. Morrison, a tear glistening in her eye. ‘My husband was also a sailor; — he sailed to the East Indies, and there — he perished, many years ago!’

“‘Are you certain he perished?’ inquired the sailor, in a low, but distinct voice.

“‘No, not certain, for I never heard the exact manner of his death. He sailed from Canton for Boston, and has never been heard of since. The ship was old, and doubtless was lost in a hurricane which swept over the China seas soon after he left port.’

“‘Perhaps he was cast away upon some island inhabited by savages, and was not allowed to depart. Perhaps he may be still living in some distant land, a prey to sorrow, with all his hopes and thoughts centred upon his home.’

“‘O, bless you! — bless you for those words!’ cried the widow, rising from her seat and seizing him by the hand. ‘Bella! Louisa! this stranger has recently arrived from the East Indies, and he says that it is possible your father is still living.’

“The girls came to the side of their mother, and gazed with much interest and curiosity on the sailor; but incredulity was legibly written on their features.

“‘If he should be still living,’ resumed the stranger, ‘although broken down with sorrow and suffering, poor, friendless, infirm, crippled and prematurely aged; if he should, through the kindness of Providence, after the lapse of so many years, again reach his native land, would you welcome your husband with a smile of gladness?’

“‘Would I? — God knows my heart. It would be the happiest moment of my life. But O, it is cruel to conjure up visions of happiness that can never be realized! I have

long since relinquished all hope of ever meeting my husband again on this side the grave. Only a few years, and I shall be with him.'

"Mrs. Morrison was much moved by her conversation with this weather-beaten mariner, and did not attempt to restrain her tears. When she again looked upon him, she met his eyes fixed upon her with a look expressing joy, tenderness and



affection. For a moment she seemed bewildered, when a well-known voice uttered the single word, 'HELEN!' The truth flashed upon her like an electric shock, and she fainted on the bosom of her husband!

"It was thus that Ira Morrison returned to his native land, to his wife and his children, after an absence of many years in foreign climes.

“The narrative of his adventures is soon told. The Astolpho encountered the dreadful hurricane, a few days after she left Canton, was driven on the coast of Borneo, and wrecked on the north part of that island. Captain Morrison and two of the crew succeeded in reaching the shore, and were seized by the fierce and inhospitable natives, and subjected to the most cruel treatment. His two companions sank under their afflictions, but he found means of making himself serviceable, and, after a time, was treated with favor. He underwent the process of tattooing, was adopted into the tribe, and distinguished himself in several obstinate engagements with a neighboring tribe of savages, with whom they were at war.

“Captain Morrison anxiously awaited an opportunity to escape, and return to his home. But that part of the coast of Borneo was not frequented by the vessels of civilized nations, and it was seldom that a ship by accident came near enough to be seen from the shore, and at such times he was carefully watched. One morning, however, a ship was seen within a few miles of the coast, and, the wind dying away, the vessel was unable to get far from the land during the day, and was in sight at twilight, not more than seven or eight miles off. This was an opportunity not to be lost, and he resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape.

“In the early part of the night he armed himself, left his hut, and proceeded to the beach. He saw that he was watched, and followed by one of the natives, who was ready to give the alarm, as soon as he was certain that their adopted brother intended to give them the slip. Morrison turned upon him suddenly, when he reached the beach, and struck him to the earth with his war-club, then seized one of the canoes, launched it upon the waters, and, in a few minutes, might be seen paddling off at a rapid rate in the direction of the ship.



“He knew that he should soon be missed, that the alarm would be given, and that the sea would immediately be covered with their canoes, seeking for him in every direction, and he exerted himself to the utmost to gain a good offing before his escape should be discovered, and, being possessed of superior physical powers, and stimulated by a wish to preserve his life and gain his freedom, he succeeded in rapidly increasing the distance between himself and his pursuers. After exerting all his strength and skill, for an hour, guided by a bright and particular star, he relaxed somewhat in his exertions, and cautiously looked around the horizon as he advanced. It was not long before he saw a dark object in the distance, which he knew was the ship of which he was in quest. His heart beat quicker as he drew towards her, and, without reflecting on the effect which his strange and sudden appearance would produce on the minds of the crew, he paddled alongside, and, seizing a rope, lightly ascended the side, sprang over the gunwale, and, in a few seconds, was standing on her deck.

“This ship proved to be the *Laughing Belle*, of Providence, in the United States, from Manilla, bound to London; and the consternation of the officer, who was lazily walking the quarter-deck, casting a sleepy look occasionally towards the sails, as they flapped heavily against the mast, may be imagined at seeing a half-naked savage spring suddenly on board. He screamed out lustily, ‘Savages! savages! The enemy is upon us!’ and at the same time seized a boarding-pike, which was standing against the capstan, and made a ferocious thrust at poor Morrison, who appeared to have only escaped the jaws of the tiger to fall into those of the lion; and then rushed aft to the companion-way, screaming at the top of his lungs, ‘Captain Watson! Captain Watson! the Indians — the bloody-minded Malays — have boarded us on

the starboard gangway, and are coming on board by hundreds !’

“All was tumult and confusion. The watch on deck seized their cutlasses and boarding-pikes, the men tumbled up from the forecastle, ready for a serious tussle. Captain Watson leaped from his berth, and dashed up the companion-way with a pistol in one hand, and brandishing a cutlass in the other. ‘Where are the rascals?’ shouted he. ‘Cut them down ! Skewer them with your boarding-pikes ! Throw them overboard, every mother’s son !’

“Still no enemy was to be seen, and no signs of any one, excepting a canoe floating lightly on the surface of the water, a short distance off. But a groan was heard in the waist, and, on investigation, Morrison was found lying in the lee scuppers. The thrust from the boarding-pike of the second mate had taken effect in his shoulder, inflicted a severe wound, and stretched him fainting on the deck. The unfortunate man was carried aft, and, in a few minutes, he was able to tell them who he was, and to claim their protection.

“At daybreak, several war-canoes and proas full of savages were seen coming towards the ship, but the long wished for breeze springing up at that time, they were soon left astern, and the *Laughing Belle* proceeded on her way with Morrison on board, whose wound proved to be a severe one, indeed, and, for a time, his recovery was doubtful. Before the ship reached the English channel, the wound was healed, but his arm hung uselessly by his side, — he was maimed for life.

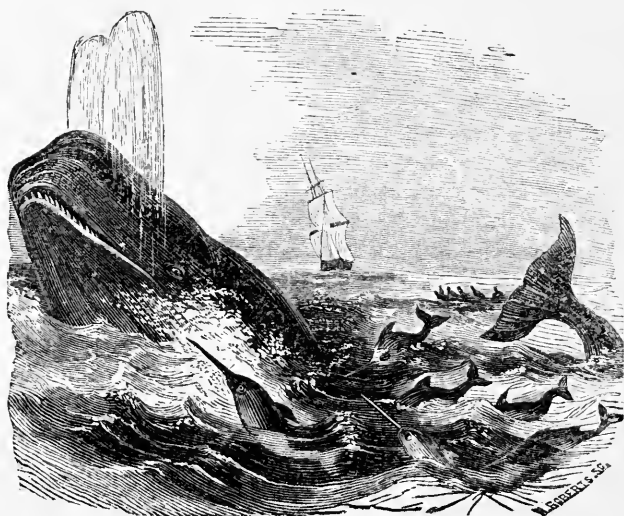
“Nor did his misfortunes end here ; the ship was cast away in the channel, having run on to Beachy Head in thick and tempestuous weather. The vessel went to pieces, and the crew were glad enough to get ashore alive, but lost all their clothes and baggage. Morrison was thrown upon the hands of the American consul at London, who sent him to his native

country in a vessel bound to New York, where, in due time, he arrived, and landed in a destitute condition, indeed, without money, clothing or friends; and his seamed and tattooed visage, and dark brown complexion, were not calculated to impress strangers favorably in his behalf. After several vain applications, he succeeded in persuading the master of a coasting schooner to give him a passage to Boston, where he found himself still a stranger. New faces met him at every turn; and his old friends and employers, from whom he hoped to receive aid or information, were no longer to be found. Some had died, some had removed from the city, and some had lost all their property, and were almost as poor as himself. He inquired for his wife, and it was not long before he accidentally met a person who still resided in the neighborhood of his former residence, and was able to tell him that Mrs. Morrison, after the death of her husband, had removed, many years before, to the village of Lausanne. But whether she still resided there, or, indeed, whether she was still in the land of the living, was altogether unknown to him.

“Morrison, however, determined to proceed without delay to the village of Lausanne, where he hoped to obtain some information respecting his wife and his children. He left Boston in the morning, in the midst of a furious north-east storm, and the shades of evening had spread a gloom around, before he reached the ‘Double-headed Swan,’ a tavern located in the centre of the village. Here, with an anxious heart, he inquired for widow Morrison, and received the proper direction to her residence.

“And thus the wanderer returned to his native land. He returned maimed and disfigured, with a broken constitution, and almost worn out with pain and suffering. But, more fortunate than some poor, long-absent mariners, he found in his native land a *home*, — a kind and happy home, — a *wife* ever true, faithful and devoted, who cherished his re-

membrance with the fondest affection, and who continued to love him for 'auld lang syne,' and for the sufferings he had endured, and the eventful scenes through which he had passed, — and *children*, too, who had ever been taught to revere his memory, and regard him as a father. And there, in that happy home, his wanderings have ended; he finds in domestic enjoyments, and the blessings of competence, a genial ray of happiness, to illuminate the closing years of a life whose meridian was gloomy and tempestuous."



## JERRY MARLINSPIKE'S RIDE.

“ Give a ship cable enough, and she will be sure to bring up at last! ”

SAILOR'S PROVERB.

THE clumsy old ship *Atalanta*, which deserved to be as celebrated for her dull rate of sailing, as her beautiful namesake was for her symmetrical proportions and swiftness in the race, was, one afternoon, poking along on her way from Havana for Cowes and a market, with a heavy cargo of sugar and coffee on board. The wind blew hard from the south-east, and, being about abeam, the yards were rounded in a little, and the sheets were flowing. The topsails were double-reefed; but there was no great sea on, and the old ship made more fuss in going five or six knots, than other vessels would in going ten or eleven. On looking over the bows, and listening to the noise she made, and seeing the tremendous big white bone which she carried in her mouth, you would think she was going a dozen at least.

A sailor dislikes a dull-sailing vessel. A leaky ship, a brutal commander, decayed provisions, short allowance of water, poor sails and rigging, &c., &c., are bad enough in all conscience, but a *dull-sailing vessel* is the worst of all. Jack can easily forgive many bad qualities in his ship, and even put up with bad usage with a tolerable grace, if the vessel in which his fortunes are embarked, sails fast. In his view, a clear run, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, while a dull-sailing vessel, although extremely comfortable in other respects, is his utter aversion.

On the afternoon in question, the starboard watch of the *Atalanta* were snugly coiled away under the weather bulwarks, amid-ships, busily employed in knotting rope-yarns, while Mr. Hopkins, the second officer, was walking the quarter-deck and watching the weather, which looked rather greasy to windward. The captain was quietly taking an observation below in his state-room.

The watch were grumbling about the slow progress they made, and calculating that, if the wind held fair, in about sixty days longer the *Atalanta* might arrive in the English Channel. She had already been out thirty-five days. The whole crew seemed exceedingly impatient and cross, and grumbled away in the most approved manner, excepting one little queer-looking fellow, whom they used to call Jerry Marlinspike, on account of his sharp and peaked visage. He was about four feet eleven inches in height, thick-set, and spry as a cat aloft. His eyes looked in half a dozen directions, apparently, at the same time; his mouth was twisted, as if he had been the victim of a paralytic shock; his face was seamed with several scars, and his nose stood all askew, as if it had been knocked off, and afterwards a part of it stuck on with a piece of putty, but in the wrong place. Indeed, his whole visage spoke, as plainly as a face could speak, of horrible encounters, of combats dire, by flood or field, either with animate or inanimate objects.

Jerry listened for some time with a grim smile to the remarks of his shipmates. At length, after turning over his huge quid two or three times, and making some attempts to pucker up his mouth in such a sort as to convey articulate sounds to the ears of the listeners, he addressed his watch-mates in a croaking, bull-frog kind of voice, something after the following fashion:

“I tell you what it is, shipmates, the old barky goes along fast enough. She’s a good, comfortable craft, and we are

“treated as well on board of her as we deserve, that you’ll all allow; and the more months the more dollars, you know. I expect to go to sea all my life, or, until my timbers become so case-hardened that I can’t go aloft; and I find myself so well off, with a good ship under my foot, good provisions, and plenty of them, kind officers, and a clever set of fellows for a crew, that I shan’t trouble myself about the end of the passage, until it begins to grow shoal water in the harness-cask, or the bread-room becomes empty. It will be time enough to grumble then about long passages, according to my reckoning.”

“That’s all true, Jerry,” said Tom Haines; “but then, you know, ’tis a dreadful trial to a fellow’s patience to see a stout ship crawl along so slowly with a fair wind, and plenty of it. She puts me in mind of a seal trying to dance a horn-pipe, or a Gallapagos tortoise in search of a guana. I wonder Captain Spriggins don’t station a man on the taffrail all night to keep a bright look-out astern, lest some decent sailing craft should run us down. There would be more sense in that than in making such a fuss about a sharp look-out on the fore-castle.”

“Well, Tom,” rejoined Jerry, “the lazy *Atalanta* sails fast enough for me. I am sick of your clippers. I used to like quick going on sea or on shore, as well as any of you, but I got enough of it about five years ago (pointing to his battered face), and have never wanted to go faster than four or five knots an hour since, either on the land or on the ocean.”

“How was it, Jerry? Tell us all about it,” exclaimed two or three of the watch, hoping to get a yarn on stretch, of a different kind from those they were busied in knotting.

“Why, you see,” said Jerry Marlinspike, “I had just returned from an eighteen months’ voyage to Calcutta; and, being an India blade, with plenty of shiners in my pocket, I thought it but right to cut up a few shines on shore, just to

astonish the natives, you see. So, on the morning after I got ashore, I felt all alive for a spree, and determined to have a ride. 'That's right,' said Jim Wilder; 'hire a hack, and I'll go with you.'

"'Avast there, shipmate,' said I; 'I intend to go a horse-back.' At this determination, they all laughed, and asked me if I was ever on a horse in my life. I told them no, but that was no reason why I should never mount one; that it was never too late to learn; that riding on horseback was good for one's health; that I wanted exercise, and felt convinced that a good rattling gallop would do me good. And away I posted down to a livery stable.

"After a long confab with the stable-keeper, and depositing a hundred dollars to pay for the horse, in case I killed him, or ran away with him, the horse was brought out. He was a strapping fellow, and had a sharp and roguish eye. I believe the rascal knew that I was a green hand at such business. I did not like his looks. The owner told me how to hold the reins, and steer him, by pulling one to starboard or port, as occasion might require. 'But,' said he, 'he is a high-spirited animal, and you must look out that he does not run away with *you*.'

"'That would be a good joke,' said I, 'and I should not hear the last of it for six months. But I know how to put a stopper on that business at once.' So I led my horse down to the wharf, where my old ship was discharging, and asked the mate to lend me the small boat's grapnel, and a piece of rattling stuff, which he did; for Mr. Ramsay was a clever fellow, although he used to bother us a good deal in his watch in trimming the sails and bracing the yards. I fastened the rope around the horse's neck, then made a snug coil of the rest on the bow of the saddle, and on the top of all I put my anchor, ready to let go, and bring up my craft all standing, if she got too much way on. But I was always as fond of



going fast, as any of you chaps on board the *Atalanta*, and did n't believe there was much danger.

"After getting everything ready, I was helped up to the horse's back, and I never felt so queer in my life. A horse knows a thing or two. The cunning creature lifted up his head and gave me a look over the larboard shoulder, as if he would say 'I'll fix you, my lad, before we get back;' and I would have given fifty dollars to have been at that time standing on the *Flemish* horse at the end of the Montezuma's main-topsail yard, reefing topsails in a gale of wind. But it was too late to alter my plan, and 'neck or nothing' was then my motto; so I determined to heave ahead, and save the tide, especially as I had my anchor at the bow, all ready to let go, if I found myself getting among the breakers.

"I'll tell you what, shipmates, this riding on horseback is a serious thing, unless you are used to it. Such pitching and rolling I never met with before nor since, not even when sending down top-gallant yards in a gale of wind off the Falkland islands. They told me how to steer him, by hauling hard on the starboard rope, when I wished him to go more to starboard; and on the larboard rope, when I wished him to go to port. If I wished to heave to, I must bring an equal strain to bear on both the ropes, and take a strong pull.

"We started off, and seemed to understand each other very well for a while. The horse did not seem inclined to go fast, and I managed to keep my perpendicular pretty well; but the boys shouted and the men grinned as I rode along the street, and, having gathered courage, I, like a fool as I was, resolved to clap on more sail, and get out of town, where I should find plane sailing, and be able to crowd on every stitch of canvas. Accordingly, I gave my good friend a touch with my whip, and off he started with a jerk, that came near tumbling me over the taffrail; and just then some little powder-monkeys—

bad luck to them!—set up a hideous yell, which frightened him, and away he went, kicking, and sprawling, and galloping, at the rate of fifteen or twenty knots, with poor Jerry on his back!

“I clung to him like a wet Guernsey frock to the back of a sailor, and although at first rather tickled than otherwise, at the idea of going at such a furious rate, I soon found I could not stand it long, for my ship was mighty uneasy, and plunged as if scudding against a head sea, immediately after the shifting of the wind in a hurricane. Such a jolting and pounding as I got has seldom fallen to the lot of a poor Jack tar. My tarpaulin was soon left behind, and I felt as if every timber about me would be shaken out of place. I dropped the whip, grabbed the reins, and pulled with all my might; but it was of no use. I might as well have tried to sway up the main-topsail by pulling upon the main-topgallant-stay. Indeed, the more I pulled, the faster the creature went.

“The town I soon left far astern, and passed by fields, and bushes, and pastures, and trees, and houses, and carts, and men, and women, and children, who all looked on with open mouths and staring eyes, as if they had never seen a horse running away with a sailor before. More than once I was within an ace of being pitched heels over head into the jungle alongside of the road, notwithstanding I had by this time dropped the bridle, and clung to the horse’s mane. I grew dizzy, which you know, shipmates, is a disagreeable feeling, and was in hopes that my cutter would soon shorten sail, and allow a fellow a little time to breathe. But no, on he went, over bridges, hills, and valleys. Nothing seemed to stop him or lessen his speed, and at last I came to the conclusion that it would be as well to bring the ship to an anchor.

“We soon came to a spot where the bottom was muddy and rocky, which I thought must prove to be good holding-

ground. I took my rigger's knife from the sheath, although, while so doing, I had like to have gone overboard, head first. I cut the stops which fastened my ground tackling to the saddle, and sung out, 'Stand by the anchor!' 'Ay, ay, sir.' By hauling taut upon the larboard rein, I brought my ship up into the wind, in true sailor fashion; but, with all my seamanship, I could not manage to check the ship's way. 'Let go the anchor!' shouted I, at the top of my lungs; and overboard it went, and made such a rattling about the heels of the runaway, that he bounded faster than ever.

"Thinks I to myself, old boy, your race will be soon run ;

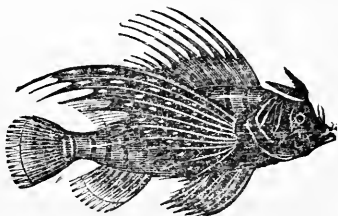


but I found, to my sorrow, that the cable had all run out, and the holding-ground was good for nothing. The anchor

dragged, and, for a time, did not check the rate of the beast any more than a kedge and towline would a ship of five hundred tons, when in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, during a pampero. I began to think that it was a gone case with poor Jerry, when the anchor caught behind a big rock, slewed the bow of the ship right round, and *brought her up all standing!* I was not prepared for coming to so suddenly, and away I went, like a sky-rocket, about fifteen or twenty yards further, and landed among the rocks!

“The shock was so violent that all my seven senses were completely knocked out of me. When I came to, I found myself lying on a bed, with my hull and upper works pretty well battered, and a doctor hard at work, paying and calking the seams, and repairing damages. That was no easy matter, shipmates, you may rely upon it; for three of my ribs and my collar-bone were broken, and I received a severe wound on the side of my head, which the doctor said would have finished me, if my skull had not been uncommonly thick. My face was bruised and cut, so that not even my own mother would have known her darling Jerry if she had been on the spot; and my nose was completely unshipped, and lay keel out on the starboard side of my face!

“The doctor had a tough job of it, as well as myself; and it was a long time before I was able to do duty on board ship. My nose, and, indeed, my whole phiz, was put sadly out of joint, as you see, — and I have never been in a hurry since ’



## A TALE OF THE WINTER'S COAST.

Hoarse through the cordage growled the threatening wind,  
Portentous of the storm. The expanse of heaven  
Upheld by murky columns, seemed convulsed  
With one wide waste of elemental war.  
From every point along the bounding surge  
Rolled the black phalanx of electric fluid,  
Borne on the pinions of the maddening blast !

OLD PLAY.

Few persons are aware of the hardships and perils that are sometimes encountered by our gallant mariners, when bound to a port in Massachusetts Bay in the winter season. The rock-bound coast, the thick weather and the storms which prevail, the freezing temperature, and the difficulty of the navigation, owing to the numerous headlands and sunken dangers, all unite to make the experienced sailor dread the idea of coming on the "winter's coast" of New England.

Any person who is familiar with maritime adventures will easily recall to his recollection many instances of melancholy disaster, of fearful and prolonged suffering, of fatal shipwrecks, experienced by our mariners, when bound to a northern port during the season of frost and snow-storms. It is in the midst of such scenes as these that a genuine sailor often manifests a firmness, an intrepidity, a presence of mind, and an ingenuity in devising expedients, which, if they could be appreciated by landsmen, would elicit unqualified admiration. But those who are quietly reposing in the lap of luxury on shore, who glide smoothly and gently down the stream of life,

are too apt to consider the task of sailing and navigating a ship, even in a stormy sea, or on a dangerous coast, as an operation, hazardous, it may be, but altogether mechanical; that a knowledge of the rules of seamanship and navigation, and some little experience, are all the requisites for a good shipmaster. This is a great error. Any person who is conversant with the various vicissitudes of a sailor's life, knows, full well, that the situation of commander of a ship at sea is not only one of great responsibility, requiring constant care and attention to manifold important duties, but that emergencies often arise, calling for the exercise of the noblest faculties of a well-disciplined mind, such as a sound judgment, a quick and almost intuitive perception of causes and effects, prompt decision, indomitable courage, unflinching energy, and exemplary fortitude in scenes of suffering and misfortune.

These, it will be acknowledged, are qualities of a high order, and such as must lead to success, perhaps eminence, in any pursuit, but are, perhaps, more desirable in a commander of a ship than in a person devoted to any other civil employment. I do not mean to say that these qualities are indispensable, for I have known an excessively stupid fellow, by dint of a little assurance and smartness on shore, and some extra good luck at sea, acquire a happy reputation as a shipmaster. On the other hand, I have known incidents to occur on the ocean, which have elicited from those in command, having charge of many lives and a great amount of property, mental manifestations of a character worthy the respect and admiration of their fellow-men; and which, if they could be known and appreciated, would place these bold mariners high in the list of heroes who have achieved glory, not by wading to empire through a sea of blood, as the poet hath it, but by an exhibition of qualities which reflect honor on human nature.

Disasters of a serious character sometimes occur on the

ocean, which no human foresight can prevent, and which no human wisdom can remedy. It is also true that the origin of many sad, even fatal disasters, if carefully traced, will be found in the incompetency, imbecility, or unfaithfulness of shipmasters, although this reason is seldom alluded to in the accounts of the disasters which appear in newspapers.

But enough of this. I have a story to tell, of the disasters which once befell a ship, when bound to a port in Massachusetts Bay, in the winter season, and which, while I hope it will prove *entertaining* to some of my readers, while enjoying the comforts and luxuries of *home*, may serve to point out a few of the dangers of the "winter's coast," and illustrate the importance to a shipmaster of possessing some of the high qualities which I have enumerated.

It was some twenty or twenty-five years ago, that the ship *Coriander* was on her way from Rio Janeiro, bound to Boston. The crew had been absent from home for twelve or fifteen months, during which time they had luxuriated in warm and genial climates, and had experienced none of the frosts or freezing storms, which are so often met with on the northern coast of America or Europe in the winter months. They shuddered at the idea of reaching Boston Bay in the month of January, especially as their ship was deeply laden, and had a habit, even when in ballast trim, of taking in a little water, during a strong breeze, without regard to circumstances, or the comfort of any person on board. Beside this, their clothing was adapted to a warm climate, and they had but few garments calculated to keep them dry and warm when approaching the coast. But, with a sailor's proverbial philosophy, they solaced themselves with the anticipation of a short passage home, a good run through the South Channel, and a lucky slant of wind after getting round Cape Cod, which would take them safely into Nantasket Roads.

"We shall have a good time, I *know* we shall!" emphati-

cally exclaimed Bob Haskell, as he was burrowing through a miscellaneous collection of articles at the bottom of his chest, in the vain hope of finding there a pair of dilapidated mittens. It is not *every* vessel that meets with the rubbers between George's Bank and the Great Brewster. It is as pleasant sometimes in December off Cape Cod, as in the Bay of All Saints in January; and I have known the air as mild, when fishing for halibut on Cashe's Ledge, on Christmas-day, as it is in Rio Janeiro at the present date. Hurrah for Boston Bay! Who's afraid?"

"Not I!" growled an old Triton, known by the name of Bill Stubshot. "Yet, lads, you must not believe that it is *always* fine weather in the neighborhood of Cape Cod. I've seen some tough times in the bay, both in going on and coming off the coast; times that would make a man's hair stand on end until it pushed his cap off! But this is a lucky ship, we have a lucky captain, and we are all a set of lucky fellows. Besides, I was once becalmed for forty-eight hours at a stretch, on Christmas-day, in sight of Thacher's Island. The captain declared we should have *a goose* for dinner on that day; and he was as good as his word, for he shot a gannet, which every green-horn knows is a soland goose, and we had it made into a sea-pie, and a capital mess it was, too." —

"That will do, Bill! that will do!" said the chief mate, Mr. Stanchell, who had stepped forward to give some necessary order, and had overheard Bill's remarks. "That was a *long* Christmas-day! Forty-eight hours, — hey, Bill? A long day, that!"

And the hearty laugh which attended this exposition of a discrepancy that reflected a doubt on Bill Stubshot's veracity, put an end to any further speculations for the time.

The Coriander was commanded by Captain Nicholas Chestree, a man about thirty-five years of age, and a good



practical seaman, for he had gradually worked his way along from an uneducated cabin-boy, without friends or relations, to the top of the ladder. He was a man of few words, and of a very mild and unassuming deportment, especially on shore. Those who did not *know* him, and who were apt to judge from appearances, were apt to regard him as deficient in that energy and spirit, which are acknowledged to be important qualifications in a ship-master. He was of medium height, but not remarkable for the excellence of his physical proportions, his frame being rather slight, and his complexion pale. There was nothing of the bully about him; and many persons wondered how such a sober, milk-and-water character as he appeared to be, could manage to make such short passages, and successful voyages, and keep his crew in such excellent discipline, as he had the reputation of doing.

But Captain Chestree, notwithstanding his ordinary appearance, was, so far as his head and heart were concerned, a *man*, — every inch of him. He possessed kind feelings, cherished an instinctive desire to do justice to all, and, in cases of emergency, exhibited great determination of character. He treated his sailors like beings possessed of the ordinary attributes of humanity. His conduct towards them was firm, decided, humane and just. He exacted from them nothing of an unreasonable character, and never interlarded his orders with abusive or profane language, or allowed his officers to do so. He gave them distinctly to understand, at the outset, that certain rules and regulations must be observed, and that above all things he should expect strict and prompt *obedience* to his orders. He forbade all grumbling or growling, with or without cause; but told his men that if they had any grievances, if they were dissatisfied with their treatment or provision, or wished for any especial indulgences, to come aft upon the quarter-deck, and explain the matter in plain and respectful language, and it should at once be attended to. If their com-

plaints were just, they should be remedied ; if their requests were reasonable, they should be granted.

In a few days after leaving port, his crew would be able to understand their captain thoroughly. They learned to *respect* him for his good sense, for the knowledge which he exhibited of his duties as a ship-master, and for the fidelity with which he executed those duties ; and they learned to love him for the kindness of his disposition, and for the interest which he manifested in their welfare while under his care. They felt convinced that he would dictate to them no task or labors, from a feeling of caprice, or a tyrannical spirit ; and it followed, almost as a matter of course, that whenever an order was issued to make sail, or take in sail, every man was eager to be foremost in executing the order. No such a feeling as ill-humor or discontent on board his vessel, was ever manifested by the crew ; all was sunshine in the cabin and in the forecabin. There were no sulky looks, insolent answers, provoking actions, revolts, or mutinies, on the one part, or oppressive mandates, profane oaths, floggings and fightings, on the other. Every order was cheerfully obeyed the instant it was given ; and quiet, harmony, and strict discipline, prevailed on board the *Coriander*, as well as on board every ship which was commanded by Captain Chestree.

Such was the character of the man who commanded the ship *Coriander*, on the voyage from Rio to Boston, on the occasion to which I have alluded.

The *Coriander* sailed from Rio in the latter part of October, with a full and valuable cargo. She experienced a good passage and pleasant weather through the latitudes of the trade winds, and until she reached the latitude of the "vexed Bermoothes," better known to seamen as Bermuda, and notorious for the sudden and violent squalls that are met with in that vicinity at all seasons of the year. In this latitude the *Coriander* met with a succession of westerly gales, which

lasted several days. The good ship, under close-reefed topsails, and reefed courses, plunged madly along through the water to the northward, scattering the spray over the decks in every direction, and more resembling in character one of Bushnell's submarine machines, than a good, wholesome, well-educated ship, which ought to move along *over* the surface of the water, instead of scrambling *through* it like a right whale in a flurry!

The crew got wet jackets, as a matter of course. This they were used to, and did not mind it much. But what was worse, and which disturbed their equanimity a little, the fore-castle sprung a leak about the timber-heads and bowsprit-bits; and, at every plunge into the head sea, streams of water would rush into their berths, and saturate their mattresses and blankets with the briny fluid, placing them in a hydropathic condition, that would have rejoiced the heart of a Preisnitz, or any of his cold-water disciples, could they have seen them. The weather, fortunately, was not very cold, for the ship had not reached soundings; but as Ned Skysail was wont to say, "wet clothing on deck, and a perpetual salt-water bath below, will not increase the comfort of any human being, excepting a grampus or a mermaid."

Captain Chestree expected some heavy weather on the coast, and took all proper precautions to guard against serious consequences. He had the flying-jib-boom taken in, a stump main top-gallant mast fitted, and the fore and mizen top-gallant masts sent down. He allowed no useless studding-sail booms, or top-hamper of any kind to remain aloft. He gave orders to have the stoutest sails to be bent, the topsail sheets and ties, the fore and main tacks and sheets, and indeed all the most important of the running rigging, to be overhauled and put in good condition. He caused spilling lines to be roved, to aid in taking in a topsail or course, if necessary in a heavy snow-storm; the boats, spars, galley, &c., to be secured by

additional lashings ; and, indeed, he omitted no precautionary measure, which prudence, and his experience as a seaman, would suggest.

It was on the morning of the 21st of December that the ship entered the edge of the Gulf Stream, as indicated by the increased temperature of the water, in the meridian of George's Bank. The wind, after shifting about for several hours, settled at south-east, and began to blow furiously, and the rain came down in earnest. It was in good truth a pelting, pitiless storm, and the penetrating drops, not content with saturating the fibres of the stoutest garments on board, moistened the skins of the wearers, and gave all hands a pretty thorough soaking. Captain Chestree, during this gale, was at his post on the quarter-deck, for, at any critical period, he would not trust to a subordinate officer. The ship was running along at the rate of some eight or nine knots before the wind, under close-reefed fore and main topsails, and fore-topmast stay-sail. The wind, as it came in fierce puffs or squalls, moaned and yelled among the rigging, and sometimes came with a violence which threatened to force the sails from the bolt-rope. But Chestree was sensible of the value of a fair wind at that season of the year, and being almost certain that it would suddenly change to the north-west, he resolved to carry on as long as he thought the canvas and spars would stand.

Through the whole of that day and the early part of that night, Chestree kept his station on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, regardless of the gale and the torrents of rain which were descending from the clouds. He occasionally gave a direction to the man at the wheel, and sometimes he cast a look astern, and remarked with a shrug the heavy, black clouds, piled upon each other, which seemed to contain within themselves materials for a hurricane of a week's endurance. But his gaze was most constantly fixed at the horizon in the

direction of the larboard bow, or between the points of west and north-west. He watched with much eagerness the appearance of the heavens in that direction; — his experience taught him to expect a sudden change of wind in those latitudes, after a heavy storm from the south, in the winter season; and he anxiously sought for the earliest indications of the change.

About nine o'clock, the fury of the storm seemed to increase. The sea was running high, and the crest of a combing wave would occasionally break over the quarter of the laboring ship, drenching with *salt water*, by way of a change, the helmsman, officers, and any other poor fellow, who happened to be in that vicinity. The ship was tolerably lean aft, and scudded as well as could be expected; but she was deep, and, in spite of the utmost care, would broach to, two or three points, at times when struck with a sudden and fitful gust. The temperature of the water, by this time, had changed; it was many degrees colder than was usual in the Gulf Stream, and Captain Chestree knew from that circumstance, and also from the change in the color of the water from a clear blue to a dark and dirty green, that the ship was on soundings off the entrance of the South Channel. As the wind increased, he came to the determination to take in the fore-topsail, and lay the ship to the wind, fearing that she might broach to, and ship a sea in the waist that would sweep the decks. But just as he was about to give the necessary orders, he thought he saw, through the dark curtain of mist, spoo-drift and rain, an uncertain *gleam*, along the western horizon. At this moment, the gale seemed to increase in fury, as if it had reached its climax, and was resolved to bear down all opposition; but Captain Chestree, who knew that this was a desperate, expiring effort, called to the chief mate, who was standing near him, "Mr. Stanchell, let all hands be called. Tell them to be lively, and muster on deck at once."

The echo of the loud and sonorous call of "All hands ahoy!" had hardly ceased in the forecastle, when the star-board watch came tumbling up. The braces were manned, and all the crew stationed, ready to act as circumstances might require.

By this time the "gleam" in the north-west became more marked and definite. "We shall soon catch it," said the captain to Mr. Stanchell; "but we are well prepared."

Another fearful rush of wind threatened to split the sails from clues to earings, attended with a rattling volley of rain, and then the south-east wind, as if compelled to give way before a stronger power, reluctantly but rapidly died away. A calm ensued; the heavy, wet sails flapped against the masts as the vessel rolled heavily in the trough of the sea; and the "gleam" in the north-west constantly grew higher, and extended further on each side. And now was experienced that peculiar and beautiful appearance of the waves, which is witnessed previous to any sudden change of the wind. Although not a breath was stirring, the water around was in the most violent commotion; it was thrown up in perpendicular jets in every direction, and was hissing and spitting as it lashed into an ungovernable rage. At such a time the face of the ocean, when seen by the light of day, presents a most singular and fantastic appearance, and reminds one of an agitated and impatient spirit, vainly striving to break the chains which confine it to its narrow bounds. This was another certain indication of a sudden change of wind.

The calm was only of a few minutes' duration. The rain still fell from the dark clouds in the zenith, although the scud, or low light clouds, like winged spirits, now began to fly over rapidly from the north-west. The helm was put "hard-a-port," but the ship had not steerage way, and still headed to the northward.

"Brace round the fore yard!" shouted Captain Chestree.

‘Haul in the larboard fore and fore-topsail braces. If the wind catches her aback,’ said he to himself, ‘we must box her off.’

This order was no sooner executed than the main yard was braced in the required direction. A light air was now felt from the north-west, and a noise was heard as of the roaring of many winds and waters. ‘It is coming!’ shouted Chestree, ‘and *but-end foremost, too!* Stand by!’

The ship felt the force of the faint breathings from the north-west, and gradually fell off a couple of points. ‘Let go the larboard fore-braces,’ cried Chestree, in a loud voice, ‘and brace round the head yards!’

This order was promptly executed, and just in time, too. For the yards were hardly trimmed, ere the fierce wind from the north-west came with a whiz, and careened the noble vessel far over on her side. Captain Chestree would have taken in the fore-topsail, and hove his vessel to, under the close-reefed main-topsail, at once, but, with the mountainous waves from the south-east, he dreaded his ship’s falling off into the trough of the sea, which would have been the case had she been lying to under a single sail. But with his two topsails and fore-topmast staysail, and main spencer, he was able to keep steerage-way on his vessel, and she jogged along slowly to the eastward, but labored and strained in the cross-seas to an alarming degree.

Indeed, the *Coriander* was in an awful predicament. What with the rushing waves from the south-east, striking the ship on her starboard quarter, and occasionally leaping fiercely on the deck, and the strong wind and rising sea from the north-west, the ship was exceedingly uneasy, and seemed like a huge giant struggling convulsively with the elements. The hull was a great part of the time enveloped in spray, and her decks were full of water; indeed, she sometimes seemed water-logged, until the bulwarks and quarter-boards were

washed away, giving full sweep for the water athwart her decks.

With the change of wind came also a change of temperature. The ship was now on soundings off the south-western portion of George's Bank, at the entrance of the South Channel; and the crew soon found the difference between a southerly gale from the warm Gulf Stream, and a furious hurricane from the icy hills and lakes of New England and Canada. There was no longer any rain; but the dark clouds, which followed each other in quick succession, pelted the shivering crew unmercifully with hail-stones, as if to chastise them for their temerity in approaching the inhospitable domains of the ice king.

The water, as it was thrown upon the rigging, began to freeze, and before an hour had elapsed, the whole of the rigging, from the tops to the plankshear, was covered with ice; and, when daylight broke in the east, the decks and rigging of that vessel presented a gloomy prospect, and the situation of the poor fellows on board was unpleasant in the extreme. With their garments wet and frozen, they suffered exceedingly from the cold, and the forecastle was so leaky and uncomfortable, that Captain Chestree made the men come aft, and take temporary lodgings in the steerage and cabin. But the ship now leaked considerably, requiring the pumps to be constantly tended; and other necessary work on deck demanded the presence of half the ship's company at all times, and occasionally all hands.

It is in such times as these, when the hurricane is furiously blowing, and cataracts of salt water are ever and anon poured upon the heads of the seamen, drenching their outer and inner garments; when they are standing half the time knee-deep in water on deck, and the ice is gathering on their jackets and whiskers, and covering the hull of the vessel and the ropes with a crystalline covering; when the vessel labors, leaks,



and apprehension whispers that she may founder at any moment; it is in such times as these that the "old salts" look grim and blue, and the green hands sigh for the enjoyments of home, and deplore their folly in thus abandoning such comforts, and indulging a romantic desire to *go to sea*.

The gale from the north-west continued without intermission through the night, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, the sky looked as if the wind would not change or moderate for a week. By this time the hull of the ship was loaded with ice, and the running-rigging had increased enormously in size. The weight of the ice made the ship less buoyant, and she lay almost like a log on the water, the sea making a clean sweep across her decks; but the waves were now tolerably regular from the north-west; the old sea of the morning and the night before having been nearly beat down by its more powerful antagonist.

Captain Chestree now saw that he could adopt with safety the course which he had sometime previously determined on, namely, to run off to the southward, reënter the Gulf Stream, the warm temperature of which would soon disencumber his vessel of the ice, and restore the exhausted energies of his men. The helm was put up, and, with much difficulty, owing to the ropes being stiff and the blocks choked with ice, the yards were squared. The ship fell off slowly, but, fortunately, without shipping a heavy sea, and was soon bowling it off to the south-east at a great rate. Before twelve o'clock that night she was in another climate, and the ice soon disappeared, as if by magic, before the warm temperature of the Gulf Stream.

The wind hung on at the north-west for several days; and nearly a week elapsed before the *Coriander* again reached soundings. She had been blown, during the prevalence of the gale, far to the eastward, and in consequence was compelled to go round the eastern side of George's Shoal. The wind

was now unsteady, but blew mostly from the westward, and the ship was under short sail nearly all the time, and occasionally lying to under her close-reefed main-topsail. The weather was exceedingly cold, and the ship was wet and uncomfortable ; but, the sea being regular, the ice did not form so fast or so thick as during the memorable gale at the entrance of the South Channel.

The crew exerted themselves to obey the orders of their commander, but their physical energies became exhausted, owing to the cold, the wet, the want of sleep, and a scanty supply of provisions ; for, although there was no deficiency of beef and pork on board, it was seldom that a chance offered for cooking anything to eat ; the galley having been knocked to pieces in the gale, and the bulwarks washed away. Still it was necessary to be active in making and taking in sail, according to circumstances, and thus improve to the utmost every opportunity which might offer of gaining a little towards their destined port. This was felt by every man on board, and, without a murmur, the crew strove to perform their various duties, and by their alacrity in a great measure supplied their deficiency in physical strength. But their sufferings were great. One night, while all hands were on the fore-yard, hauling the foresail, two youngsters, Sam Hawkins and Ephraim Sawyer, found their feet so badly frozen, when they came down, that they were unable to do any duty afterwards. Their agony was intense ; indeed, no one can conceive of the thrilling pain, for days and nights, admitting of no alleviation, which is caused by frost-bitten limbs.

This unfortunate event reduced the numbers of the crew, but, by dint of perseverance, and by beating and boxing about for several days, encountering heavy gales from the westward, followed by baffling winds, they succeeded, on the afternoon of the thirty-first of December, by taking advantage of a slant

of wind from the southward and westward, to run in towards their destined port, until they could see, some twelve or fifteen miles off, in the south-west, the lighthouse on the highlands of CAPE COD.

This was a cheerful sight, and the familiar object, as it stood proudly erect and majestic on the barren sand-hills, looking, as it were, with a friendly eye upon the vessels in the offing, warning them of their danger, or inviting them to approach, was hailed by the crew of the *Coriander* with three hearty cheers. The sight inspired them with vigor, and renovated their failing energies. They began to entertain hopes that all their toils were over, and that they should soon share the comforts of the landsman, and taste the fire-side enjoyments of life.

There is hardly any sight more pleasant to the sailor than a well-remembered headland, when first seen, on approaching home, after a long voyage, and a beacon or light-house erected on the spot awakens the most interesting associations, and gladdens every heart. It seems to assume the guise of a dear friend, and is the bearer of joyful tidings, announcing to the wanderer his approach to his native shore, and giving him a hearty greeting. It is many years since I abandoned the occupation of a mariner for other pursuits, but even now, when, travelling on the sea-coast, I catch a glimpse of a light-house in the distance, my heart bounds within me, and I gaze with a strange delight on the familiar object, with its coat of dazzling whiteness, and its tapering, cylindrical form, with the lantern on its summit, the faithful monitor to the wary navigator.

When the *Coriander* approached the north side of Cape Cod within eight or ten miles, the wind died away, but the heavens looked serene, the sea was smoother than it had been for weeks, and everything, apparently, promised a speedy and happy termination of the voyage. Captain Chestree took

advantage of this favorable opportunity to get the anchors in readiness to let go, and a range of the cables overhauled; and, aware that he had not yet reached a snug harbor, and that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," he caused some repairs to be made in the running-rigging, some blocks, that had been split by the ice, to be replaced, a fore-topmast backstay, which was ascertained to be stranded, to be knotted. Desirous, also, of being able to carry a good press of canvas, if the wind should become fair, to enable him to reach his port before another gale should arise, he had the main-top-gallant yard sent aloft, and studding-sail booms shipped on the fore-yard, so that if he should be favored with a light air from the eastward, he might carry topmast and lower studding-sails.

When the sun sunk down in the west that evening, the sky was not obscured with a single cloud. But the heavens, especially in the western horizon, exhibited that dull, yellowish, brassy appearance, which, although it ordinarily causes no apprehension to the mind of the inexperienced mariner, whispers to the man who has watched the signs of the weather with eagerness for years, that the calm is deceitful, and the elements will soon be again in wild commotion.

That evening the crew of the *Coriander* were seated around their kid of beef, washing down their coarse fare with a pot of coffee, when Bob Haskell, with a smile, remarked, "Well, my hearties, we have been knocking about at a great rate, for a fortnight past, and I suppose that all of us would be glad to be safe-anchored in port. There's no *fun* in coming on the winter's coast, after all."

"Not the least," replied Jack Riddle, holding up his left hand, and displaying his swollen, frost-bitten fingers. "I would rather remain a week on the equinoctial line, than the whole month of January in the waters which wash Cape Cod."

"Never mind," said Silas Switchell, jumping up and cutting a pigeon-wing, "we are within forty miles of Boston light, at least, and it will be a hard case if we don't get safe alongside Central Wharf before to-morrow night. A breeze will soon spring up, boys; and then, pack on the muslin, and hey, for Boston bay!"

Old Bill Stubshot, who had been quietly listening to these remarks, shook his head. "I tell you what it is, lads, we are not moored yet, and I'm afraid we shall have another flurry before we reach port. I never knew it fail in all my going to sea, man and boy, for thirty-one years, that when I dreamed of horses or women, racing about, a terrible gale was sure to follow within eighteen hours."

"Well," anxiously inquired Jack Riddle, "have you dreamed about any such animals to-day?"

"In the morning watch," replied Old Bill, with all the gravity of a Delphic Oracle, "I dreamed that I saw at least a dozen girls, frightened out of their senses, their hair streaming behind them like a burgee signal, and running for their lives, chased by a troop of wild horses, which were close upon their heels! Now, shipmates," continued Bill, "if a dream about either horses or women running about is always followed by bad weather within eighteen hours, what must we expect when I have dreamed such a dream about horses and women *both*? Mark my words, lads, we are going to have a real *sisserara*!"

Some of these bold mariners looked thoughtfully at this prediction, but Silas carelessly remarked, "Why, Bill, if it's going to blow, it *will* blow, and we shall soon find it out. But it's folly to borrow trouble; and I pity the man who, with plenty of sea-room, is ever fancying he sees breakers ahead. I've no faith in your dream, Bill. Women! pshaw! I've dreamed about them every night for a whole voyage, and I am always glad to have such dreams. While the dear

creatures are hovering around my head, even in imagination, I always feel sure that no evil is impending. Your dream is all nonsense, Bill. I'll bet any man a good dinner of beef-steak and onions — and my mouth waters at the thought of it — that we shall be inside of Boston light-house before eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Yes, perhaps before twelve o'clock to-night."

"Well, well, my boy," said old Bill, "the Lord send that it may be so. But it's useless to talk any more about it."

While this scene was going on in the fore-castle, Captain Chestree was pacing the quarter-deck with hasty strides, casting an anxious glance, ever and anon, around the horizon. He felt by no means easy in regard to the weather. The new moon looked strange and portentous, and was surrounded by a livid halo; his barometer also told him, in language which could not be mistaken, that a very considerable change in the weather would soon take place.

About eight o'clock the haze began rapidly to increase; the stars, one by one, disappeared, and a strange darkness overspread the whole face of heaven, like a funeral pall. The clouds did not seem to rise from any particular quarter, but were created, as it were, by some magic power, in opposition to the recognized laws of nature. Not a breath of wind disturbed the surface of the deep, and the light on the highlands of Truro, surrounded by a lurid haze, threw its dim and uncertain rays across the waters.

It was about half-past eight o'clock, when a light air, gentle as a zephyr, was felt from the eastward. The ship was put before the wind, the sails were properly trimmed, and the main top-gallant-sail set. Under ordinary circumstances, it is probable that Captain Chestree would hardly have ventured to run into the bay, while the weather looked so threatening; for all sailors have an involuntary dread of a lee-shore in a gale of wind. But he had been a long time at

sea, his provisions were getting short, his sails were in bad condition, his standing rigging was stranded in several places, the ship leaked badly in heavy weather, two of his crew were severely frost-bitten, and unable to move about the decks, and others had been dealt with very severely by the spirit of the north; all of them were nearly worn out with toil, watching and suffering. He, therefore, thought himself justified in risking something to reach his destined port; and, being sure of his position, when the first symptoms of a breeze were manifested, he determined to run for Boston harbor, hoping to see Boston light before the storm commenced, and run into Nantasket roads.

The wind was baffling for a time, and it seemed uncertain at which point it would ultimately become fixed. But by nine o'clock it was blowing a stiff breeze from north-east, and the *Coriander*, under whole sail, was running along at the rate of six or seven knots an hour. The wind increased rapidly, and came in squalls, as if it were in earnest, and a few flakes of snow began to fall occasionally, the sure forerunner of a driving snow-storm.

"This comes on faster than I expected," said Captain Chestree to Mr. Stanchell, the chief mate. "But in one hour more, unless it should prove extremely thick, we shall make Boston light, and then in an hour and a half we shall be in a safe anchorage. But, Mr. Stanchell, the wind increases. We will furl that main top-gallant sail."

The sail was taken in, and it soon became necessary to take a couple of reefs in the topsails. The main-sail was also hauled after a severe trial, and the spanker was reefed to be ready to set in case it should become necessary to haul to the wind. The gale began to come in fierce and chilly blasts, and the air became thicker with the driving snow. It was a critical time. Chestree realized to its full extent the responsibility of his situation; but whatever he might have *felt*, he

manifested by his language or demeanor, no alarm or anxiety. All hands were on deck, and, having full confidence in the judgment and skill of their captain, calmly awaited the result. At a few minutes past twelve o'clock, one of the men from the fore-topsail yard cried out, "Light ho! right ahead!"

The helmsman was then steering west-north-west. "Keep her up, north-west and by west," cried Captain Chestree; and he added, addressing Mr. Stanchell, "we have had a strong current setting to the southward."

The light was hardly visible from the deck, and, owing to the density of the atmosphere, it could not be seen then at a greater distance than ten or twelve miles. But in a few minutes it became totally obscured by a furious snow-squall; the wind hauled a couple of points to the northward, and rapidly increased to a terrific gale, with a short and a dangerous sea. The *Coriander* was at this time under double-reefed topsails and foresail; but Captain Chestree ordered the fore and main topsail halliards to be let go, and the mizzen topsail to be clued up. But before a rope could be started, the weather fore-topsail sheet parted near the clue, and the sail, after a few heavy flaps, was forced from the boltrope, and seen no more!

The ship, being loaded deep, was steered with some difficulty in a fresh breeze, going large; and usually carried, at such times, a strong weather helm; but the loss of the fore-topsail, and the increased violence of the wind, caused her to broach to suddenly, until the sails, after being shaken with tremendous violence, were nearly taken aback. It was now that the want of a sufficient and active crew was felt. But one thing could be done at a time, when many things were required to be done immediately. The mizzen-topsail was clued up with all possible despatch; then the fore-yard was braced well up, and the ship, the helm being hard up all



the while, gathered head-way and fell off, until her sails were full.

The snow now fell fast and furious; the wind howled mournfully among the ropes, and the spray and the seas inundated the decks. The light, of course, could no longer be seen; nor could it, had it been within a quarter of a mile of the bows of the ship; and, in consequence of the mishap, which had just occurred, the true bearing of the light was no longer known. Captain Chestree now felt compelled to relinquish his bold project of running for the entrance of Boston bay. He felt that the risk was altogether too great, and that it would be folly or madness to attempt it. In a clear voice, he called to his men to be active, and summon all their energies to their aid, for that their lives depended on prompt obedience to his orders. His object now was to carry sail on a wind, as long as possible, to keep off the lee shore.

To the double-reefed main-topsail, whole foresail, and fore-topmast staysail, he added the main-spencer; and the old ship, careering to the blast, until the main-yard arm nearly touched the seas, creaked and groaned as she was thus driven along through the water, heading up as high as north-west by north, and north-north-west. But Captain Chestree knew that he could not stand long on that tack; that, if the wind continued, it would soon be necessary to wear ship; that, in the mean time, she was making much lee-way, and drifting rapidly to leeward. It may be interesting to consider the situation in which the *Coriander* was now placed.

She was in the bay, at probably about eight or nine miles from Boston light-house, which edifice bore from west to west by north, at this time. To the northward lay the whole iron-bound coast, from Cape Ann to Baker's Island, and other islands off Salem harbor, and the bold and rocky promontory of Marblehead, which last was not more than ten miles off, bearing nearly north-west. Still nearer, and a couple of

points under the lee, were the rocky shores of Nahant, and the cluster of dark and savage-looking rocks called the Graves, over which, in an easterly gale, the breakers roll with tremendous force. On her lee beam were the islands at the mouth of Boston harbor, and the fearful shoals off Point Alderton, and Nantasket beach; and still further to the southward, the sunken rocks called the Hardings. About six or seven miles in a direction nearly south were the Cohasset rocks, lying some miles from the main land, and justly dreaded by mariners. It will thus be seen that the *Coriander* was, indeed, in a perilous situation. She was heading directly for the land, with fearful dangers ahead and under her lee, towards which she was hastening at the rate of two or three knots.

Captain Chestree thought he would stand on with his starboard tacks on board for a half hour longer; for if he wore ship at once, he should hardly be able to clear Cohasset rocks, on the other tack; and he thought it not likely that the wind would blow any harder; for he had already got the whole force of an old-fashioned north-east snow-storm.

That was a terrible night in the bay. On board the *Coriander*, which vessel was nobly struggling with the waves, as if her existence depended on her efforts, the crew were grouped on the after part of the quarter-deck, shivering with the cold, and feeling not altogether comfortable in other respects. "Well, my lad," said Bill Stubshot to Silas Switchell, "what do you think now? Will you believe an old sailor another time,—one who went to sea long before you wore jacket and trousers? Hey!"

"You are an old Jonas," exclaimed Silas, "with your nonsense about women and horses, and I think it would be a good plan to give you a toss overboard, for a fair wind and pleasant weather!"

"Wait a bit," said old Bill, "and there will be no occasion to throw me overboard. I may get there without your assistance, and find myself with some company, too."

"Come, none of that," replied Silas; "we are in a bad scrape, I allow—bad enough; but the 'old man' will bring us safe out of it; let him alone for that."

Captain Chestree now thought he would try to get the ship round on the other tack. It was a difficult undertaking, and, if delayed, it would be too late—there would not be room to wear. But, if he should be so fortunate as to succeed in the manœuvre, and get his sails well trimmed, he should have a good drift, and, if the wind should lull, might be able to weather Cohasset Rocks. He accordingly resolved to make the attempt.

The main-spencer was taken in, and the helm was put hard up; the ship, however, fell off but slowly, and when manning the weather main-brace to shiver the main-topsail, the rope slipped from the belaying-pin, the yard was forced fore-and-aft, and snapped short off in the slings! The sail, of course, after a few heavy flaps, was reduced to ribbons! The ship now fell off rapidly. When before the wind, the fore clue-garnets were hauled up, and the yard braced round; but, in the act of getting down the larboard fore-tack, a furious gust came and split the foresail, which, in a few minutes, was in the condition of the main-topsail!

The ship, however, was brought to the wind, but Captain Chestree no longer entertained hopes of weathering the South Shore, or Cohasset Rocks, for the wind was fixed between north-east, and east-north-east, and now being able to carry but little sail, the ship was drifting fast, almost dead to leeward. The main-spencer and spanker were set, to keep her up to the wind; but the mainsail got loose, having been blown from the gaskets, and baffled all the attempts of the crew to furl it. The ship was thus lying in the trough of the sea,

lurching heavily; the short and combing waves were washing across her decks, and a dangerous shore was but a few miles under the lee, towards which they were rapidly drifting.

“Mr. Stanchell,” said Captain Chestree, “the gale blows as hard as ever, and will, undoubtedly, continue through the night. The attempt to keep off shore, with our sails, will be useless. Unless something is done to prevent it, we shall be among the breakers in less than an hour, when the lives of all on board, and the vessel and cargo, will inevitably be lost. Therefore we’ll go to work with a will, *and cut away the masts, and bring the ship to an anchor!*”

“What did you say, sir?” inquired the mate. “Cut away the masts, and bring the ship to an anchor, here in the middle of the bay?”

“To be sure! It is our only alternative. If she rides out the gale, the loss will be comparatively trifling, when we take into consideration the valuable cargo, to say nothing of the lives which will be saved. And if she drags her anchors, and goes ashore after all, we shall be no worse off than we should be without making the attempt. But we have good ground-tackling, and shall now see the advantage of it. It will save us from shipwreck. Get all ready to cut away the masts!”

The crew appeared utterly exhausted by their exposure to the inclement weather, and their constant exertions to execute the orders of their commander. But when they heard the order issued to cut away the masts, — an order never given except in cases of extremity, — they seemed inspired with renewed vigor and energy to meet the important occasion.

When sitting in a pleasant room, warmed by a furnace, or a good anthracite coal fire, with all the comforts of life around us, this act of cutting away the masts of a ship, in a gale of wind, appears to be a very simple and feasible operation. This, however, is not the case. It is an operation

which must be conducted with skill and courage, and is always attended with great difficulty and danger. The harassed crew of the *Coriander*, led on by their officers, undertook the work, and, fortunately, accomplished it without the loss of lives or limbs.

The weather laniards of the shrouds and backstays were cut away, and the masts fell, one after the other, breaking off just above the deck. The fore-and-aft stays and lee rigging were then cut away, and the ship, which had been kept a little off the wind, and was surging ahead at the time, after giving the wreck a few hard thumps, fortunately got clear of it, and then lay like an unresisting log in the water!

The bower anchors were in readiness to let go, and ranges of the cables overhauled. The stream cable was also bent to a large stream anchor, and even the hawser was attached to the kedge, for Captain Chestree was determined to get a strong hold on the bottom, if possible.

The lead was now thrown, and the depth of water was found to be twenty-five fathoms. "We will hold on a little, until we shoalen our water," said Captain Chestree.

The situation of the men on board of that unmanageable hulk during the interval between cutting away the spars and letting go the anchors, was not an enviable one. They were grouped together on the quarter-deck, standing knee-deep in water, with the spray dashing over them, and exposed to all the disagreeable effects of an old-fashioned north-east snow-storm; a dangerous coast stretched along under their lee, upon which, if they were cast, destruction was their inevitable doom. Yet, if the countenances of those men had been examined at that time, they would have exhibited no symptoms of fear. Some traces of thought and of suffering might be seen, but nothing of craven spirit — nothing which denoted an abandonment of hope. Indeed, one would have supposed, from their composed features and their conversation with

each other, and the promptness with which they executed or replied to any commands of their officers, that they did not realize the perils of their situation. Still, some of that little gallant band may have cherished solemn thoughts at that time, and have sought successfully to fortify their hearts against adversity and peril, by mentally addressing a fervent prayer to the Almighty.

The storm raged fiercely around them, and the conflict was terrible between the winds and the waves; but soon an awful sound was heard, at a distance, above the roaring of the elements, and the fearful cry of "Breakers!" burst from the lips of the crew.

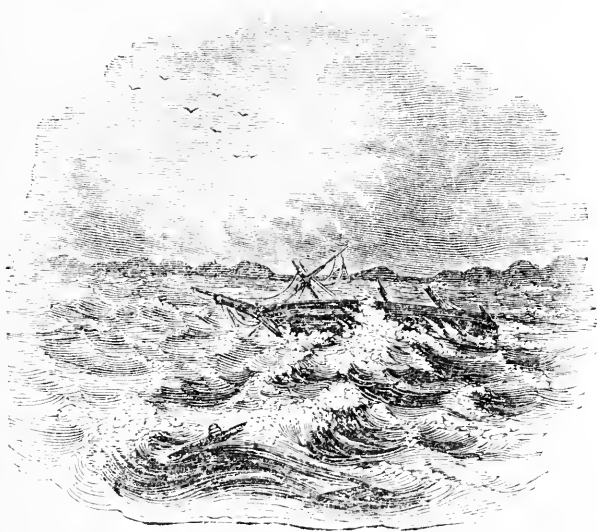
"Now," exclaimed Chestree, in a voice of thunder, "cut away the anchors from the bow!"

The shank painters and stoppers were severed; the cables ran out through the hawse-holes with incredible velocity, nor could they be checked by any deck-stoppers, until they were brought up by a clinch around the foremast, the lower part of which was still standing. The stream anchor and the kedge were also let go, but the ship continued to drive towards the shore, and seemed reluctant to come head to the wind; meanwhile, the sound of breakers under the lee became more distinct, and was calculated to strike terror into the heart of any man, except an intrepid sailor.

It was ascertained by the lead that they were in fourteen fathoms of water! "Never mind," said Captain Chestree, quietly, "she will soon bring up, now! As we shoalen our water, the anchors will catch, and hold on, too."

And so it proved. In nine fathoms of water, the ship swung head to the wind, and the anchors retained their hold of the bottom. The gale was now regular, but although the ship pitched heavily, and the seas sometimes came in over the bows, and swept fore and aft the deck, yet so little surface was presented for *the wind* to act upon, that, albeit the

holding-ground was not remarkably good, the *Coriander* rode at her anchors in safety. And now the captain felt that he had resorted to the last expedient to save the ship, that nothing more remained for him to do. He put his trust in Providence, and, with Christian resignation, calmly awaited the result.



It was about half-past three o'clock, on the morning of the first day of January, that the ship began to ride safely at her anchors. The gale continued through the remainder of the night, without any abatement, and it may easily be conceived that, to the crew, stiff, weary, and cold, serenaded, too, by the dashing of the foaming waves on the beach, or against the rocks, the hours until daylight seemed interminably long. They knew that if either of the bower cable should part, or

again relinquish their hold of the ground, no human power could save them from destruction. But, even in this unenviable situation, a portion of the crew, coiled away among some trunks and barrels in the steerage, courted "tired Nature's sweet restorer," sleep! Bill Stubshot even forgot himself so far as to *snore*, much to the indignation of Silas Switchell, who gave him a furious punch in the ribs. "You unlucky old wretch!" said Silas, "you want to be *dreaming* again, I suppose. But, as sure as my name is Switchell, you shan't have another chance to dream about horses and women, if we are out six months longer!"

Daylight now broke in the east, and gladdened the hearts of the crew; for it must be confessed that darkness adds to the inconvenience of a storm at sea, and greatly increases the perils of a lee shore. It is recorded of Ajax, the famous Grecian warrior, that he had a great dislike to darkness; he wanted to *see* his foe; and many a bold seaman can well appreciate his feelings, when he utters the following prayer:

"————— Lord of Earth, and Air!  
O, King! O, Father! Hear my humble prayer;  
Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore;  
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!  
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey;  
But let us perish in the face of day."

After sunrise the wind began to moderate, and the snow-storm abated. The crew felt that they were saved; but some hours elapsed before they were able to see the breakers and the land astern.

It was about nine o'clock, when the clouds broke away, the snow and the mist were no longer seen; but the whole extent of coast was visible, from Point Alderton to Cohasset, against which the waves were dashing with a fury and a madness which it is impossible to describe. The dismasted ship was riding at anchor, about half way between the Hard-



ings and Cohasset rocks. The next day, the wind hauled to the southward, and the weather was pleasant. The Coriander was towed into Boston in safety.

She was a good ship, although deeply laden, with clear decks, not lumbered up with round-houses, hurricane-houses, poops, or any incumbrances so common in these days. She had an experienced and skilful captain, and an active and willing crew. Her sails and rigging were in good condition, and she was well found in every respect. And yet the sufferings and perils which the crew of that ship encountered on the "winter's coast," were of a character which might well appal the stoutest heart.

The masters of our ships are generally skilful seamen, and cool and collected in the moment of danger. There are exceptions, however. And what must be the condition and fate of vessels bound into Boston Bay, during heavy weather in the winter, — and we have many such, — whose decks are lumbered with houses and wigwams of every description, whose sails and rigging are tattered and old, whose crews are weak, discontented, and subject to no discipline, whose provisions and water are nearly exhausted, and whose commanders, deficient in skill, courage, and energy, cannot command the confidence or respect of their crews; and, perhaps, although habitually temperate, resort on such a dreadful emergency to *the bottle*, expecting to find in its contents not only a solace in danger, but wisdom and courage!



## SEA DOGS.

“ One that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him even as one would say precisely, ‘*Thus I would teach a dog.*’ ” — SHAKSPEARE.



THE brig Sylphide, an ungainly, clumsy-looking craft, with a run like a Dutch galliot's, was once bound home from St. Ubes, with a cargo of salt, in the fall of the year. Off the Western Islands she encountered a severe gale, and lay to under close-reefed main-topsail. She was deeply laden, and was as lifeless as a log in the water, and the sea made a fair

breach over her. For two days there was no such thing as cooking on board, although the "doctor" tried hard to boil a piece of junk; but the sea had stove in the sides of the galley, and all his labors were fruitless. The lads in the fore-castle were consequently rather badly off for grub; but, to make up for it, they were pretty well soaked with salt water, for on deck the brig was a sheet of spray from stem to stern; and the fore-castle, — their home, their dwelling-place, their house of refuge, their castle, — resembled a shower-bath, constructed on the most approved principles. This was rather tough, to be sure; but the "old salts" did not seem to mind it much; they consumed a double allowance of the "filthy weed," and bore their trials like true philosophers. A young fellow on board, however, — a green hand, who had never been out of sight of land before that voyage, — was disposed to mourn over his unhappy lot, and, while the salt water trickled down his back, the salt tears trickled down his cheeks, and he solemnly declared, in the bitterness of his heart, that, if Providence would allow him to reach his home once more, he would never again tempt his fate on the seas, but would rest contented in his own dear home, where he could always find plenty of good provision, kind friends, and pleasant weather; where there was no reefing topsails, sending down top-gallant yards, or lying to in the trough of the sea in a gale of wind. Poor fellow! the "sailor was killed" within him.

On the third day, the wind abated a little, and the sea became more regular, and, after a hard trial, the cook succeeded in keeping a fire in his galley long enough to boil a piece of beef for the men, and make a stew of a half-drowned chicken for the cabin. In due time the beef was deposited in the "kid," and the men, with eager appetites and well-sharpened jack-knives, were about to fall to, when the captain, who, at that unlucky moment, poked his head above the companion-way, called out to them to take a pull at the weather

fore and preventer main-braces. His orders were obeyed; and after the ropes were coiled up, the famished crew were about proceeding to discuss the beef, when, to their great astonishment, perplexity and dismay, *it had disappeared*. An old vagabond cur, named Faithful, who was kept on board by the captain, for no earthly reason, it would appear, unless for his gaunt and ugly appearance and thievish propensities, had watched with looks askant the delicious morsel, and being two-thirds starved, had seized the opportunity, while the kid was left without a guard, to seize the beef, smoking hot, as it was, and bear it in triumph away into the lee scuppers, where, while the water was washing it merrily to and fro, he was deeply engaged in tearing off liberal portions to satisfy his craving appetite.

Before Faithful had got well engaged in this culpable and ungenerous act, he was discovered, and the indignation of the crew may be easily imagined. The poor dog had to suffer; handspikes, capstan-bars, billets of wood, and coils of rigging, were showered upon the culprit's head, and, after a few rather loud notes of anger, expostulation and pain, he relinquished his prey, and retired, yelping and limping, into the darkest recesses of the half deck. The men picked up the beef, which bore the marks of Faithful's teeth, but it was too compact, being of the color, and nearly of the consistency, of mahogany, to be torn in pieces by any natural machinery. They again ranged themselves around the kid, and entered seriously and earnestly on their work; and while slice after slice of this main-stay of a sailor's diet disappeared, along with a proportionate quantity of sea-biscuit, which had seen its best days, the conversation of the crew naturally fell upon the subject of dogs, and their good or bad qualities.

"For my part," said Bob Binnacle, "I do not see what Captain Soundings keeps such a whelp on board for. He's just good for nothing, except to rob a fellow of his grub.

He's a lazy, ill-natured, know-nothing brute, neither a watch-dog nor a water-dog. If I had my way, I'd rig a spritsail yard across his bows, and give him a sea toss. If he's not missing some of these dark nights, I lose my guess. I remember that, when I belonged to the *Aldebaran*, we had a dog on board that was worth his weight in gold. He was honest, and well-behaved, and the crew all loved him like a brother, and would have divided with him the last morsel of their allowance. He was a sensible dog, too, and knew what was going on as well as any man in the ship. I really believe he could understand every order that was given. One day, while we were crossing the Grand Bank, on a passage from Liverpool to New York, Mr. Gifford, a passenger, was amusing himself in trying to catch some of the hagdens that were flying around, by a line and hook, baited with a piece of pork. He, very foolishly, got into the lee mizzen-chains, when the ship gave a heavy lurch, and threw him souse into the water. At that moment I would not have given this piece of junk for his life, for the ship was running off with the wind free, eight or nine knots; and the fog was so thick that you might have almost cut it with a knife. But *Cæsar* saw Mr. Gifford fall overboard, and, quick as lightning, sprang upon the quarter-rail, and plunged in after him. The captain sung out 'Hard down your helm! back the main-topsail!' which was no sooner said than done. We lowered the quarter-boat as quickly as possible, and the second mate, and three men beside myself, started off to try to pick the poor fellow up. We pulled off in the direction of the wake of the ship, to a considerable distance, but were unable to discover anything that looked like man or brute. We shouted, but no answer was returned. We were about going back to the ship, whose position we knew by the sound of the bell, which they kept ringing, when all at once we heard the stifled whine of a dog. 'That's *Cæsar*,' said the second mate; 'give way, lads, and

we'll save them yet.' We did so, and after pulling about for four or five minutes, guided by the sound of Cæsar's voice, we reached the spot where Mr. Gifford lay almost senseless on the surface of the water, sustained by Cæsar, who had fast hold of the collar of his coat. They were both of them nearly gone, but we hauled them into the boat, and, after a pretty severe pull, we reached the ship. Mr. Gifford was so grateful to Cæsar for saving his life, that he declared nothing should part them, and offered the captain any sum which he asked for the dog. The captain said that he would not sell him; but, after a while, when he found that Mr. Gifford had set his heart on having Cæsar, he generously made him a present of him, and I've no doubt," added Bob, "that Cæsar has lived ever since upon soft tack and fresh beef, and had nothing to do, not even to stand a dog watch."

"Well, Bob," said Caleb Capstan, "I must say that Cæsar was a dog worth having; but he was hardly equal to a dog named Somno, which we had on board the brig *Three Deb-bies*, on a voyage to Havana. He was the best watch-dog I ever saw; nobody could come alongside the ship without his knowing it. In the day-time, however, Somno was quite peaceable, and although he sometimes looked rather black at the savage-looking Spaniards, who came on board, he showed no wish to trouble any one, thinking probably that while the sun was above the horizon, we could look out for ourselves. But at night, when the captain went below, after having told Somno to keep a good look-out, it was dangerous for strangers to attempt to come on board. Somno would eye them closely as they came over the gangway or the gunwale, without saying a word; but the moment their feet reached the deck, he would give one short, quick, loud, angry bark, by way of alarm, and then, without offering any apology, seize the intruder fiercely by the throat, throw him to the deck, and there hold him until somebody came to give him a spell, or

until another stranger appeared entering the vessel, when he would give his captive a severe grip of the windpipe, and leave him, to go through with the same ceremonies with the last comer.

“The captain had a quarrel with a Spanish gambler, at a billiard-table, one day, and gave him a decent thrashing, which he undoubtedly deserved, but for which the cowardly rascal threatened to take his life ; and it was owing to Sommo that he was not as good as his word. The captain, when on shore, was always on his guard, and accompanied by friends ; and the bloody-minded villain resolved to have him assassinated in his berth, and sent off, for four successive nights, a hired desperado, to do what he had not the courage to do himself. Yes, four of these scoundrels swam on board on four different nights, and were every one seized by Sommo, before they could do any mischief, and pinned to the deck. The captain tied their hands behind them, and shoved them into the run, which was as dark as a shark’s mouth, and as hot as the cook’s galley in a calm on the equator. He meant to have punished them a little in this way, by close confinement and a short allowance of grub, and to have set them on shore when ready for sea ; but, unfortunately for them, he did not order them to be searched, and the day before we were ready for sea, they managed to get their hands loose, and, of course, feeling rather cross and full of fight, got quarrelling among themselves, and at last fell foul of one another with their knives in the dark, and a true Spanish affray was the consequence. When the scuttle was opened, a few hours afterwards, to give them their scanty allowance of prog, a shocking scene presented itself. Two of these miserable wretches were already dead, and the others were so dreadfully mangled and stabbed, that they died in a few hours. The captain was dreadfully frightened lest the dons should get wind of the affair.

"If they had, it would have been a bad case for the skipper. But we sailed the next day, and the bodies were thrown overboard soon after we got outside of the Moro, and I dare say the sharks made a noble feast upon them."

"Somno was a good dog in his way," growled old Ben Bobstay, with a voice as harsh as the croaking of a bull-frog who had caught cold in the marshes; "but the queerest four-legged brute that I ever met with, was when I was with Captain Andrews, in the ship *Dulcinea*, of Portland. We had a dog on board that ship named Watch, and his name agreed with his nature, which was something remarkable; for he was the best hand to look out that I ever saw on the deck of a merchantman. He was dull and heavy through the day, lying about deck, so that one who did not know him, would take him to be a lazy, stupid, useless cur, not worth his salt. But the moment the sun was buried in the ocean, Watch was all alive; he did not appear to be the same animal, but seemed aware that the duty of looking out for strange sails or land fell upon him; and a faithful look-out he would keep until after daylight the next morning. If the captain was running in for land, he would never heave to in the darkest night; for he depended altogether upon Watch, and Watch never deceived him. When the ship drew near the land, he grew fidgety and uneasy, and when we got within six or eight miles of it, he would set up a hideous *howl*, that could be heard in every part of the ship, and this howling he would keep up, with hardly any cessation, until the ship was hove to, when the rascal would place his fore-paws on the gun-wale, and sticking out his long nose towards the land, and his tail, as long and as stiff as a capstan-bar, in another direction, would snuff the breeze, until daylight would show us our whereabouts. O, he was a jewel of a fellow, that dog, Watch! He was, indeed, a watch-dog!

Poor Watch fell overboard in the middle of the Atlantic



Ocean, one unlucky stormy night, when he had climbed up on the gunwale, howling and barking, and trying, in every way that a poor dumb beast could think on, to tell the captain that there was danger close aboard. But it was so dark you could not see your hand before you, and the captain thought Watch had lost his reckoning, and was telling a cock-and-a-bull story about the land, which he knew must be a lie. The ship took a weather lurch, overboard went poor Watch, and, before we could heave to and lower a boat, a ship, under full sail, going at least seven knots, run slap into our quarter, and shattered our stern in as beautiful a manner as one would wish to see on a stormy night. If she had struck us in the waist, we should have gone to the bottom like a lump of lead. As it was, poor Watch was forgotten in the hurry and confusion of the moment, and was never after seen. He died nobly, like a faithful sentinel doing his duty at his post. The captain cried like a child when he found Watch was lost, for they had been shipmates together six voyages, and I really believe he loved Watch as he would have loved his own son."

"No doubt of it," said Jack Footrope, who, by the way, was a great wag, and who, like some good folks I have known on land, would never suffer himself to be outdone in a story. A roguish grin lighted up his weather-beaten phiz, as he continued, as follows:

"Watch *was* a noble dog, and he died like a man. If I had been captain of the ship, I would sooner have lost the mainmast in a typhoon than have lost Watch. But the best of dogs, as well as seamen, must die at last; and, shipmates, if we are only as well prepared for it as Watch was, it will go easy with us when we join a taunt ship in a future state, under a commander who will give every man his due. Therefore we should avoid all improper conduct, and, above all, we should avoid lying, or aught that looks like it, as we should a

lee shore in a gale of wind. If there is anything I despise from the bottom of my heart, it is a liar. That story which Caleb told us about the Spaniards, looked rather suspicious. I confess I can hardly gulp it down; but it may be true, for dogs are curious creatures, and cut strange capers sometimes.

“I recollect that when, about a dozen years ago, I was on a voyage to India, in the ship *Burrampooter*, Captain *Hardalee*, we had a dog on board, which we called *Tom Towser*. He was a strange chap, and I always thought he must have been an old sailor disguised; for he not only kept a first-rate look-out, at sea or in a harbor, but could do a seaman’s duty almost as well as any seaman on board. You stare, ship-mates, but ’t is true as the longitude by dead reckoning, for all that. He was a stout, shaggy fellow, and could pull and haul, cast off or belay a rope, as well as any man belonging to the ship. And, more than all that, he was always on hand. If a royal was to be taken in, *Towser* was up on the jack cross-trees, ready to furl it before it was well clued up. If the word was given, ‘Ready about!’ *Towser* was at his station at the weather cross-jack braces, in a jiffey, and the moment the captain would sing out, ‘Let go and haul!’ he would cast off, and spring to the weather main-brace, with an alertness and an energy which the captain often told us was an example to all hands. When a topsail was clued down to be reefed, *Tom Towser* would be the first man on the yard, and invariably hauled out the weather earing. The knowing rascal knew the compass as well as I did, and would steer his trick by night and by day, unless when the wind was blowing heavy, or we were near the land, at which times the captain thought it was best to let a two-legged Christian take the wheel; otherwise, if any accident should happen, the underwriters might say they were not liable, and make a fuss about it, and refuse to pay the policy.

“Coming round the Cape of Good Hope, the old ship strained

heavily, and leaked like a sieve, and we should have found it hard work to keep her on the top of the water, if Tom Towser had not taken his spell at the pump, and done noble service; for he was pretty long-winded, and could ply the pump-brake twice as long as any other man on board. The only things lacking about Tom Towser were these,—he would never drink his grog, but always kept sober and quiet, and *he could not talk!* With regard to the grog, we tried hard to make him like it, but it was no go: the more we said grog, the more he made wry faces, and we were obliged to give it up as a bad job. I believe, though, that he was more than half right, after all. As for talking, he showed a disposition to learn, and was an apt scholar; but he sometimes made horrible work in trying to tell what he wanted, his language being something between a yell, a howl, and a bark, with a little intermixture of the human voice. While lying in the roads in Batavia, he frightened a Malay into fits one day, by trying to tell him, in his unintelligible jargon, to cast off the long-boat's painter. Poor Tom! I verily believe we should have taught him to speak English, or, at least, *dog latin*, tolerably well, if we had not lost him on the passage home."

"How did you lose him?" asked two or three of the crew.

"Why," continued Jack Footrope, in a solemn tone, and with a wee-begone look, "one dark night, when we were a few degrees to the northward and westward of the Cape, the larboard watch were busy brailing up the spanker, and squaring the after yards, when eight bells came round, and the mate told Towser to go forward and call the starboard watch. Tom was glad of the chance; but it was his first attempt at that business, and, unfortunately, in his zeal to rouse his snoring shipmates, he thrust his snout down the scuttle, and made such a hideous bellowing as would have awakened one of the seven sleepers,—ay, or roused a dead man to life; and Ben Block, who was blessed with a hot, ungovernable

temper, jumped out of his berth, in a rage, rushed on deck, and gave poor Towser, such a rap over his head with a handspike, as stretched him dead upon the deck ! Ben was sorry for what he had done, the moment he gave the blow, and he was more sorry still a few minutes afterwards ; for the moment the murderous act was known, there was a general burst of indignation from the whole crew. For my part, I could not stand it, and I fell upon Ben with my two fists, which you know, shipmates, are as big as balls of spunyarn, and as hard as serving-mallets, and gave him a drubbing which disabled him from duty for the rest of the passage, and from the effects of which, I 'll be bound, he will never recover until his dying day."

All comments on Jack's story, by his admiring shipmates, were prevented, and their yarns unceremoniously cut short by a huge fair-weather sea, which came rolling lazily along from the windward ; and, as the ship fell off from the wind, it broke on the weather gangway, and inundated the deck. All hands got a thorough drenching ; their bread and beef were washed overboard, and along with them went a few scattered pieces of plank, some small spars, &c. But what yielded the ill-natured fellows inconceivable delight, in the midst of their petty vexation, was this : the prowling, canine thief, Faithful, had ventured to sneak on deck, while they were expatiating on the virtues of his brethren, and, while slyly watching a chance to pilfer the beef, or a portion of it at least, a second time, the sea fairly lifted him off his legs, and carried him far away, along with the rest of the useless lumber. The crew of the Sylphide, on seeing this, shook the water from their shaggy pea-jackets, and indulged in a hearty laugh ; then, waving their tarpaulins, gave three tremendous cheers, as a parting salutation, to the poor struggling Faithful, who sunk beneath the waves, and was seen no more.

## FOPPING THE QUESTION.

“ The time I’ve lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing,  
The light that lies  
In woman’s eyes,  
Has been my heart undoing.”      MOORE.

THE good ship True Blue, heavily laden with West India produce, was wallowing along one night across the tail of the Newfoundland Bank, on a passage from Boston to Antwerp. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from the south-west, and the light sails were taken in. Thick clouds obscured the stars; and, at short intervals, showers of mist and fog swept across the decks of the ship. It was such a night as a landsman would pronounce cold, damp and dreary, and calculated to conjure up a legion of “blues” to bewilder the imagination, and destroy the comfort of any one but a light-hearted sailor.

It was in the middle watch. Old Ben Tomkins was at the wheel, and laboring hard to keep the head of the vessel due east; but she made a terribly crooked wake, and seemed obstinately inclined to go in every direction but the right one. Mr. Sheavehole, the first officer, was pacing the quarter-deck, and whenever a flaw struck the ship, and she seemed inclined to take a broad sheer, he would gruffly admonish Ben to “steer small, and not let the ship cut such queer capers, like a struck dolphin, or a monkey shot through the head.” The remainder of the watch on deck, with their pea-jackets

girt firmly around them, and old-fashioned tarpaulins or south-westerns, attached to their cocoa-nuts, were moving to and fro on the forecastle, stamping their feet to keep them warm, humming some antiquated song, wondering what kind of weather would come next, or eagerly listening for the word, at the expiration of each half hour, to "strike the bell."

"I say, Frank Granger, were you ever married?" abruptly exclaimed Jack Dale, a fine-looking, athletic young seaman, to a case-hardened, weather-beaten sailor, who was leaning pensively against the windlass bits.

"Married? No, I never was married, Jack. What put that in your head?"

"Why," said Jack, with a sigh, "sometimes I cannot help thinking it must be vastly more pleasant and agreeable to be living on shore, with a comfortable roof over one's head plenty of shot in the locker, and a snug little wife for a companion, than to be keeping watch on a dark, cold, rainy night at sea; or reefing topsails, or sending down top-gallant-yards and masts in a gale; or riding out a hurricane on a lee shore. I have sometimes thought, if I could come athwart the right kind of a girl, I should have no objection to be spliced."

"Be careful what you do, my good fellow," replied Frank, in a warning voice. "Do nothing rashly. Recollect there are two sides to a question, and if there are advantages in getting married, there is some comfort also in being a bachelor. Marriage is a lottery, and it is not every man who ventures, that secures a prize. There was Dick Dallas; we were shipmates together last voyage in the Marcellus. He had been married twelve years, and he told me he had repented of it but once, and that was ever since the parson tied the knot. He said there were more thunder-storms and rain-squalls in his house than he ever met with in the Gulf Stream; and that

he could enjoy more peace and quiet in a good ship, tossed about in the Gulf of Mexico, by a furious '*norther*,' than when snugly moored in the same harbor with his wife and children, and surrounded with all the *enjoyments of home*."

"Come, come, Frank," said Jack, "that won't do. I know Dick Dallas. He is a cross-grained old stick, full of whims and oddities; and his wife is a queer woman, of an uncertain temper, and will have her own way. Besides, I don't believe you are telling us your honest opinion. If you are, it is because some girl has given you the 'go by,' and you are soured by disappointment. Tell us now, truly, did you always have such a dislike to matrimony? Did you never try to get spliced?"

"To be sure I have," replied Frank, "and more than once, too; but I was young and foolish in those days, and it was lucky for me that the strands would never stick together."

"How was it?" eagerly asked Jack. "Let us have the particulars."

"Ay, ay!" chimed in Tim Gibson; "tell us all about your matrimonial scrapes, Frank. 'T will do to keep our eyelids apart, and may serve as a useful lesson, you know; for I've been told, by those who ought to know, that woman's heart is a chart which it is difficult for even a practised navigator to understand."

"I don't know about that," said Frank; "but *I* could never understand it; and, as far as my experience goes, the man who has the least to do with it is the best off. And, lads," continued he, in a patronizing tone, "if my experience can be of any service to you, you are welcome to it, although I have got nothing very strange or diverting to tell you."

"That 's right, Frank," exclaimed Jack, "heave ahead, and save the tide; and, mind ye, spin nothing but a plain matter-of-fact yarn."

Thus conjured, the hard-visaged old tar commenced his narrative as follows :

“ You must know, that although I am a rough and ungainly-looking object now, having met with many hard knocks and weathered many tough gales in the course of my life, I was once quite a good-looking youth, and fond of the society of the girls. My father was an honest farmer, who resided in Cranberry village, in the interior of Massachusetts, and I was the eldest son. At an early age I was instructed in all the mysteries of chopping, hoeing, mowing, ploughing, taking care of stock, and other duties which devolve on a farmer ; and at the age of twenty-one, I was able to cut as large a swath as any man within five miles ; and at the raising of Deacon Jones’ barn, when the wrestling ring was formed, I threw every man who could be brought against me. Well, a few days after this, it was in the latter part of the month of November, my good mother, one day, taking an opportunity when we were alone, spoke to me something after this fashion :

“ ‘ Frank, you are now grown to man’s estate. You are a stout, well-grown lad, of steady and industrious habits, and, thanks to your father, know how to work. It is time for you to be looking out for a wife, for I am growing rather infirm, and work does not come so easy to me as it used to. What do you say, Frank — should you like to be married ? ’

“ I was taken all aback at this plump question, and stammered out something in reply, I hardly know what.

“ ‘ Well, Frank,’ continued my mother, ‘ I’ve been thinking, for some weeks, which of the girls in these parts would suit you best, and have come to the conclusion that Hannah Hartshorn will be the very damsel. You know her father, Major Hartshorn, don’t you, Frank ? ’

“ ‘ To be sure I do, mother,’ I replied ; ‘ and her brother Tom, too.’

“ ‘ Well, then, you’ve no objection to Hannah, of course.



She's the prettiest girl in the parish, and, although rather too fond of fun and frolic, is a smart and good girl, and will make you a capital wife.'

"Now I'd often looked at Hannah's pretty face in meeting, and took rather a fancy to her; and more than once had half resolved, when I saw her leaving the meeting-house in the afternoon for home, to offer my services to see her safely housed, but I could not muster courage enough. Therefore, I was not displeased with my mother's proposition; but I did not feel very confident of success, as I knew I was not the only young fellow who admired her.

"'But, mother,' I replied, while I could *feel* that my face was as red as the jacket of a boiled lobster, 'although I may have no objection to Hannah as a wife, it is by no means certain that Hannah will have me for a husband.'

"'O, fiddle faddle!' cried the good woman; 'faint heart never won fair lady, and, even if she should give you the "mitten," you'd be none the worse for it. But she's not such a fool as to throw away such a chance; she'll snap at you as a pickerel snaps at a frog.'

"'I hope she'll not serve me in the same way, mother,' replied I, with a grin.

"'Never you mind that, Frank; I dare say she will make a good and loving wife. And the sooner you go and see her, the better. Indeed, there is no reason why you should not visit her this very night, and see how the land lies. Go, put yourself in decent order, and catch the old colt, and before the sun goes down, be on your way to Major Hartshorn's. I dare say the whole family will be glad to see you, and Hannah will be quite delighted.'

"'But, mother,' I replied, taken all aback with the boldness of the proposition, 'I should not know what to say. I should act like a fool; I would rather wait till next week, — or — or — next month, or — or —'

“ ‘Pish ! nonsense !’ said the old lady, impatiently. ‘The sooner the matter is arranged, the better for all parties. While you are dilly-dallying, some more spirited fellow may step in, and bear her off. There’s many a slip between the cup and the lip, and I remember that last Sabbath, Colonel Doolittle’s son, Hiram, cast sheep’s eyes at Hannah Hartshorn, which were very suspicious ; and she seemed more pleased than offended.’

“ I found that my mother, having set her mind on this darling object, and meeting with no serious obstacle on my part, would grant no reprieve, but was resolved that I should go a-courting that very night ; or, as she expressed it, ‘strike while the iron is hot.’ I accordingly proceeded, in a state of great mental agitation, to change my every-day dress for my go-to-meeting clothes. I put on my pepper-and-salt pantaloons, and, although I had worn them on great occasions for three years, they were still almost as good as new, with the exception that my legs had increased some six inches in length since the pantaloons were made, which gave the garment an odd and somewhat awkward appearance. I wore a stylish bandanna around my neck, which concealed a portion of my enormous shirt-collar, — a *genuine* article, for ‘dickeys’ were not known in those days, — and over my dashing, striped, swansdown waistcoat, I threw my sky-blue coatee ; and after I had carefully combed my hair, and smoothed it down, according to the latest fashion, with a tallow candle, I looked in the glass, and was tolerably well satisfied with my appearance. Thought I to myself, if Hannah Hartshorn rejects a fellow about my size, she is not the sensible girl I have always believed her to be. She may go further and fare worse.

“ The old colt was soon saddled. I shook hands with mother, who bade me not be afraid, but keep up a good heart and behave like a man, mounted my steed, and departed on the expedition.

“Major Hartshorn lived at the distance of five miles, and, as I rode leisurely along the road, I had abundant time to reflect on the startling character of the expedition in which I had so suddenly embarked; and, the more I reflected, the more I felt afraid that I should make a nummy, a complete boot-jack of myself; and I would gladly have given up the project, or postponed it for a time, were it not for giving offence to my mother. O, how I wished that she could go with me, and take all the management of the affair off my hands, or at least give me some useful advice with regard to my conduct! She had already been through the mill, and knew how the business was done; and talked about it as glibly, and as coolly, as if the project was only to send me into the woods to gather a few sprigs of hemlock for a broom. But it could not be. Custom required me to go alone, and shape out my course as well as I could by myself.

“And I tell you what it is, shipmates, it is a serious, an *awful* thing, for a modest young man to go a-courting for the first time. It is a very pretty matter to talk about, but to talk and to do, are different things; and I never felt my head so light, and my heart so heavy, as when I was trotting off slowly on the old colt to visit the major's Hannah. I wished myself at the bottom of the frog-pond before I reached the house. And when I found myself opposite the comfortable-looking old mansion, which then contained within its walls my chosen one, I could not summon the resolution to stop, but went forward at least a couple of miles further, and then returned slowly, step by step, like a thief going to the whipping-post. But by the time I again reached the dwelling, I had, by a great exertion, made up my mind to go in and dare the consequences of looking in the face a beautiful, high-spirited girl, and whispering in her ear tender things.

“I hitched the colt to the horse-shoe nailed to the butter-nut-tree, at the end of the house, and went in, my heart, the

whole time, beating in my bosom, for all the world, like a partridge drumming behind a stump. I found the family coseyly seated around the fire; the hearth was nicely swept, and everything looked as neat and comfortable as wax-work. The major seemed a little surprised at my entrance, but gave me a cordial grasp of the hand; and his good wife said she was delighted to see me. As for Tom, he grinned, and looked knowingly at Hannah, as he jocularly asked me what on airth led me to visit them that time of night.

“Hannah, herself, looked a little flustered, and I thought I had never seen her cheeks so rosy; but she sat as stiff and upright in her chair as a martingale; said but little, and that was addressed to the children; and seemed as quiet and demure as a cat when intent on stealing cream. The old folks, however, were sociable enough, and I talked away as if for a wager, uttering much nonsense, I dare say, about the weather, the late season, the crops, the fall of stock, the rise of hay and grain, &c., &c. The major and I agreed wonderfully, for whatever he would say, I would repeat, and go forward on the same tack. So, by the time I had been half an hour in the house, I began to feel rather comfortable, and was inclined to think that it was not so terrible a thing to court Hannah Hartshorn as I expected.

“But my ague returned when I saw the considerate old lady making preparations for leaving us together. The younger children were first sent off; and one of them, a saucy little chit, about eleven or twelve years old, as she was leaving the room, threw a knowing look first at me, and then at Hannah, and burst out into a laugh. The old lady frowned, Hannah blushed and looked angry, and I felt more like a fool than ever. Tom, after some admonitory winks from his mother, also disappeared; and the major, after muttering something about being up late the night before, and having to rise bright and early the next morning, shuffled out of the room, and was

soon after followed by his better half, who, as she left the apartment, gave me an encouraging, motherly smile, and then, thinking she was unobserved, slyly shook her dumpy finger at her daughter.

“Thus, at last, we were fairly left alone together. I trembled in every limb, and I’ve no doubt looked as pale as a ghost. I felt, at the time, that I would rather have faced a grisly bear in a cave on the Rocky Mountains, than have remained half an hour in that room, with no one present but the finest girl in the parish. I wished that my mother had been engaged in better business, when she *talked* me into the



project of going a-courting.’ My first impulse, after the sound of the closing of the door died away, was to start up and run

off; but I seemed pinned to my chair, and could not rise; and there I sat for several minutes, looking earnestly into the fire, which burned clear and brightly, and, with the aid of a candle made of bayberry tallow, cast a cheerful light around the room. I wanted to say *something*, but I could find neither ideas nor words. At length, by a desperate effort, I raised my head slowly, and cast a sidelong glance at my charmer. There she sat, about three feet off, as firm and collected as if nothing extraordinary was taking place; but I thought she looked rather solemn and disappointed. I again directed my look to the fire, making an inward determination to say *something* soon, when we were both startled by a coal, which, with a loud *snap*, flew from the back-log to the further corner of the room.

"Hannah, affrighted, sprang from her chair with wondrous agility; but, on seeing the cause of her alarm, quietly resumed her seat, remarking in rather a sarcastic tone, 'Well, *that* spark has got some *life* in him, anyhow.'

"This *hit*, evidently intended for me, increased my confusion. I succeeded, however, in forcing a dismal 'ha! ha!' and, feeling in every limb the necessity of bringing the affair to a crisis, with wonderful temerity, hitched my chair sideways towards her. 'Ha-a-nnah,' said I, in a faltering voice, 'Ha-a-nnah, — *Ha-a-rtshorn!*'

"'Well, Mr. Granger,' replied she, rather pettishly, 'I hear you.'

"This was a damper; nevertheless, as my courage was roused, and I had got fairly started, I determined to go on.

"'Ha-a-nnah, — I — think — the old folks — were ve-ve-ry kind — to go off — to — to bed, — Don't y-y-ou?'

"Her only reply was a stare, which seemed to send an icicle, pointed with steel, right through my bosom. But as I had succeeded so well in getting out a few words, I was resolved to remain dumb no longer, and, putting on a tender

and die-away look, I continued, ‘Wh-a-at *do* you-n think the o-o-ld folks went off—to bed, and le-e-ft us to-ge-ther for? He-e-y!’

“‘So far from responding in kind to my tender look and manner, her beautiful brow seemed slightly wrinkled by a frown, as she rapidly replied, ‘I suppose they went to bed to sleep, and I think the best thing I can do is to follow their example. Hi-ho-hum!’ and the provoking jade actually gaped in my face.

“‘Why, Hannah,’ I replied, in a faint voice, for my courage was ebbing at a rapid rate, ‘I came all the way from our house, through the Green lane, on the old colt, to see *you*, and for no other earthly reason. And, more than all that, mother not only said I might come, but *told* me to come.’

“‘Your mother told you so, did she? Ha, ha, ha!’ exclaimed my fair one, with a scornful laugh. ‘O, you are a good boy, and a bright one into the bargain! You shall have a wife when you get married!’

“I was thunderstruck. A fearful shudder passed over my frame, for I saw that the sweet girl, whom I had chosen for my bride, was actually making fun of me, and that, as my mother would have said, ‘my cake was all dough.’ I leaned back in my chair, and, while my limbs shook, and my teeth chattered, I looked her imploringly in the face, with a view to remonstrate against her incivility. ‘Why, Ha-a-nnah, — dear Ha-a-nnah!’ said I, in a hollow and dolorous tone, and it is possible that I might have said something more, when the chair, which was old and rickety, came down, and I in it, with a terrible crash.

“This unlucky incident and my wild looks frightened the poor girl almost out of her wits. She jumped from her chair, screaming, ‘O, he’s in a fit!’ and, seizing a large pitcher of water, that was unfortunately on the table, dashed its chilling

contents full in my face and bosom, and darted out of the room, crying aloud for help.

"Her parents, *en dishabille*, rushed in at one door, crying, 'What's the matter?' and Tom entered at another, shouting, 'Where is the rascal? let me come at him!' just as I recovered from my consternation, and had extricated myself from the wreck. I made a run for the front window, threw it up, and darted through the aperture, with the nimbleness of a harlequin, mounted the old colt, who had been patiently standing beneath the tree all the time, and, applying my heels to his sides, accompanied by sundry thumps and jerks of the bridle, soon succeeded in urging him into a gallop down the Green lane; but not before Tom, who had mistaken the cause of his sister's alarm, had rushed out at the front door, and, seizing a stone of goodly size, let it fly at my back, with all his strength, exclaiming, 'There, take that, you rascal, and may it teach you better manners in future!'

"I reached home without meeting with any more adventures; but what with the cold bath administered by Hannah, and the rubbing down from the hands of Tom, and the excitement of the interesting occasion, combined with the disappointment of my hopes, and the mortification at my ungentle treatment from the village beauty, I was attacked the next day with a violent fever, which lasted for more than a week, and, before I recovered, the whole affair, through the malice of Tom, and perhaps of the fair maiden herself, got wind. I found that there would be no longer comfort for me in Cranberry Village, and, packing up a few of my duds, I started off for Boston, shipped on board the first vessel I could find bound on a foreign voyage, and, with the exception of a few visits to my native village some years afterwards, have stuck to the blue water ever since."

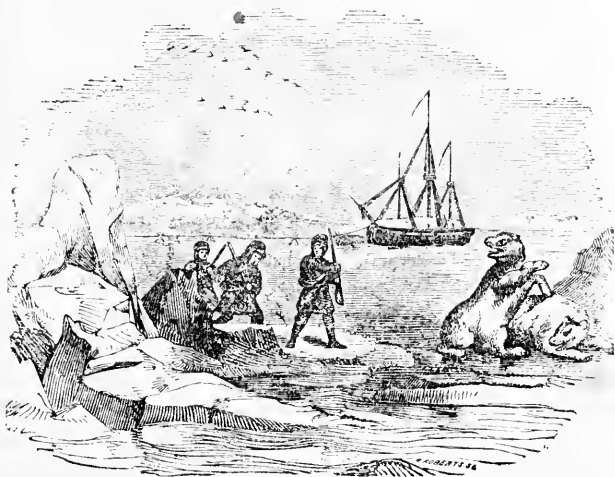
"You were a lucky fellow!" exclaimed Tim Gibson, after Frank Granger had concluded his narrative, "to get quit of



Hannah so easily. If you had married that girl, she would have led you a dance, indeed."

"I don't know that," said Jack Dale, who had exhibited a deep interest in Frank's narrative. "She was a fine spirited girl, and, in my opinion, served you right, old fellow. But come, Frank, this is not the only courting scrape you have met with. Out with it all; make a clean breast."

But before Frank could reply, the hoarse voice of Mr. Sheavehole was heard, exclaiming, "EIGHT BELLS! CALL THE WATCH!" And soon the unwelcome sound of "LARBOARD WATCH, AHoy!" was heard by the sleepers in the fore-castle, who were thus unceremoniously aroused from their slumbers, and, in the course of some fifteen or twenty minutes, the starbolins were comfortably turned in, and, in the arms of Somnus and Morpheus, no longer thought of Hannah Harts-horn, her father the major, or her brother Tom.



## WHISTLING JACK.

“An’ he had been a dog that should have *howled* thus, they would have hanged him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come after it.” — SHAKSPEARE.

It was a dark and rainy night, when, several years ago, the good ship *Chimborazo* was lying snugly at anchor in the lower harbor of Charleston, S. C., laden with a full cargo of cotton and naval stores, and bound for Liverpool. The wind was unfavorable for proceeding to sea, and, soon after dark, the captain ordered the yawl to be manned to convey him to the city, where he could pass the evening more in accordance with his taste and inclination than on shipboard, with no other associate than his mates, and confined within a small cabin, half filled with bales of the staple commodity of South Carolina.

The boat, manned with four stout seamen, after a long pull, reached the end of Magwood’s wharf, when the captain jumped ashore, and, after having ordered the men to remain in the boat, and not leave it on any account, as it was uncertain at what time he might wish to go on board, he passed rapidly up the wharf, and, without doubt, soon found a snug harbor, with pleasant accommodations and attractive company, where he remained, indulging in conversation, wine and cigars, hour after hour, unmindful of the honest and obedient tars, who, reclining on the stern seats of the boat, exposed to the peltings of the storm, were haply thinking of home, or wondering how

long the skipper would be absent, or longing for a chance to change their duds, and turn in, after a hard day's work.

But the skipper came not. The rain came on thicker and faster, the wind also increased, and was soon heard to whistle mournfully through the rigging of the ships moored further up the wharf.

"I wish the captain would come!" exclaimed Ned Alanson, impatiently. "The storm is getting troublesome; my tarpaulin's leaky, and my monkey jacket wants a collar."

"Never mind that," remarked Ichabod Watson. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence. But hark! how the wind howls and whistles! It is playing a tune among the standing rigging of the Hyder Ali; a melancholy tune though, which reminds me of the plaintive moan of a ship-mate I once sailed with, whom we used to call 'Whistling Jack.' Heaven send that the sad music bodes no evil!"

"Whistling Jack!" exclaimed Simon Singleton, with a sepulchral yawn. "Who was Whistling Jack? He must have been a queer fellow."

"He *was* a queer fellow," replied Ichabod, "and, if I thought I should have time enough, I would tell you about the last cruise we had together."

"Time enough!" growled Ned Alanson. "We shall have time enough, never fear, even if your story is as long as the maintop-bowline and the flying-jib downhaul spliced together. You'll have time enough, and to spare; so heave ahead, and spin us the yarn about your cruise; that's a good fellow."

"Well," replied Ichabod, "I've no objection, and it may serve to pass away the time. As for taking a snooze on the stern seats, that's out of the question. One might as well try to sleep with his head in a bucket of water. So here goes!"

"It was somewhere about the year 1822 or '23, I don't

recollect which, for I never was a good hand at dates, being in this port, and my money all spent, — I was a great hand at spending money in those days, — I shipped on board the brig Priam, a neat little vessel, on a voyage to Belize in Honduras. The brig was laden with a choice variety of Yankee notions, and, among other things, as I learnt afterwards, had a considerable quantity of gunpowder, in kegs, stowed away in the run. The name of the captain was McGregor. He was a fine-looking man, and a thorough sailor; and, although he was a strict disciplinarian, he was no bully, but treated his sailors like *men*, and had a noble heart in his bosom, which is more than can be said of some captains I have sailed with.

“Mr. Hammond, the mate, was a good enough sort of a fellow, quiet and well-meaning; but one who would never astonish the natives by his talents or genius, or set the ocean on fire, as the white bear said to the iceberg. He knew how to write the log, take a meridian altitude of the sun, and keep a good watch; and he could also splice the main-brace, and chew tobacco with any man living. There were four men before the mast beside myself, stout, able-bodied fellows, who were able and willing to do their whole duty as sailors, and scorned to ask a favor of any man. Three of them were natives of New England, but had been knocked about the world so long, and treated so roughly, that they retained but few traits of the Yankee character, excepting open hands, generous hearts, and a contempt of danger in whatever form it might present itself. The other, whose name, according to his protection, was John Johnson, but better known on board as ‘Whistling Jack,’ was a strange character. He was rather advanced in life, being somewhere between forty-five and fifty years of age; quite an old man, for a seafaring occupation is a great shortener of life. No one knew where he was born, or to what country he belonged. He had doubtless passed

through many eventful scenes ; had sailed under many flags, and braved the battle as well as the storm, in different hemispheres. He was illiterate, the victim of prejudices, and exceedingly superstitious, rather self-willed, but shrewd, good at expedients, fearing nothing, ready at all times for whatever might occur, and endowed with a good share of common sense, fortified by experience and observation. Nothing was known of Jack's history excepting that he lost his parents at a very early age, and when only nine years old commenced his nautical career in the capacity of cabin-boy. Since that time, he had never returned to his home ; he had been a vagabond on the waters ; he had never enjoyed the sweets of domestic society ; he had never known how pleasant it is to listen to the voice of kindness or affection from a relation, or even a friend.

“And yet Jack was not unhappy, and would have felt indignant at being regarded as an object of sympathy. His home was the fore-castle ; and he loved dearly to tread the main or fore-castle deck of a ship, while the wind was howling and whistling through the rigging. At such times he experienced as much enjoyment as the enamored swain, accompanied by his lady love, wandering through flowery paths and shady groves. On shore he was out of his element, and having no taste for rational enjoyments, and entertaining a supreme contempt for land-lubbers, spent his money as quickly as possible, and away to sea again. When old Jack stood on the fore-castle, in a dark and gloomy night, keeping a look-out on the weather bow, the good craft plunging furiously along through the waves, and scattering the spray in showers over the decks, with a grim smile he would try to take a survey of the world of waters around him, and exult in his good fortune while he pitied the poor fellows doomed to a dull and monotonous life on shore all their days.

“Old Jack was an excellent *whistler*. His pipe was aston-

ishly clear, and its tone as rich and musical as the voice of a mermaid. This musical gift was by many supposed to have been conferred by the kind act of a good-natured Frenchman, who widened his mouth some one or two inches more than nature intended, by the thrust of a boarding-pike, as Jack, at the head of a score of brave fellows, was climbing up the side of a French vessel of war, with the praiseworthy intent of carrying her by boarding. Be that as it will, the slit in Jack's face, called by courtesy a mouth, was enormously long, a little on one side, and all askew. It rather added to than detracted from the generally unfavorable appearance of the honest sailor's phiz.

"Jack was surnamed 'the Whistler;' but there was nothing frivolous, lively and cheering in his style of whistling. It was of a mild and plaintive character. He did not often whistle; but when he indulged this singular gift, there was no impatience, as is usual, manifested by the officers or men; all listened to his outpourings of 'lillebulleroo,' with the closest attention. When anything occurred to give a melancholy tone to his reflections, Jack would whistle for an hour at a time, while walking the forecastle. It was also remarked by those of his shipmates who knew him well, that a furious storm was never known to burst upon the heads of the ship's company, unless they had been previously serenaded by Whistling Jack. Indeed, after his strange gift became familiar to a ship's company, he was regarded with a sort of mysterious awe by the seamen, and with interest by the captain, who listened to his melody with misgivings, as to the unerring indicator of a tempest, or some other fearful disaster.

"On one occasion, during a voyage from New Orleans to Havre, in the months of January and February, when his frequent and prolonged bursts of melody were succeeded by terrific storms, the crew were disposed to regard him, not merely as the foreteller, but the *cause*, the producer, of tempests, and

held a serious consultation whether it were not advisable to give him, like another Jonah, a sea-toss into the briny deep ! And this they would have done without ceremony, had they not feared that disastrous consequences to themselves would have followed the commission of such an act.

“ Just as we had cast off from the wharf at Charleston, two passengers came on board ; Mr. Calderon, who had been established as a merchant at Belize for several years, and his daughter Margaret, who had just completed her education at a boarding-school in New England. Margaret Calderon was a lovely and interesting girl, about seventeen years of age, of a slight and delicate figure, and a sweet but pensive expression of countenance. She seemed all kindness, gentleness and purity ; in a word, she was a noble specimen of *woman* ; and no one but a cold-hearted, unfeeling brute, — a *landsmen*, of course, — would have hesitated to risk, ay, *sacrifice* his life to avert from her any impending evil, and contribute to her happiness. Such gentle beings are out of place at sea, where the comforts of life are few, where society is rough and unpolished, and appalling perils are sometimes met with on every side.

“ Well, we sailed from Charleston. The weather was delightful, the sea was smooth, and the brig was an excellent vessel of her class. Captain McGregor, too, was kind and attentive to his passengers, and made himself particularly agreeable to Margaret. Indeed, all was harmony and frolic on board. Margaret Calderon was charmed to find everything so different from what she was prepared to expect, and, with the relish which youth and innocence impart, truly enjoyed this *poetry of the sea*. During the greater part of the quiet moonlight nights she would remain on deck, watching the course of the vessel as it glided almost noiselessly over the surface of the ocean, or gazing with surprise and pleasure on the phosphorescent track, illumined by dazzling flashes of light, surpass-

ing in brillianey the rays reflected from the purest gems of the East.

‘We had a favorable run to the island of Abaco, whose sandy shores and wild, uncultivated soil, covered with tropical shrubs, elicited the admiration of our fair passenger. We passed the ‘Hole in the Wall,’ a well-known natural curiosity, which for ages has been a land-mark for navigators. We rounded the Berry Islands, and entered upon the Great Bahama Bank, where the sea is always smooth, and the water shoal, and so transparent that every object on the bottom can be distinctly seen, and where, owing to the disintegrated white coral limestone, which rests upon the bottom, the waters resemble a vast ocean of milk, so far as the eye can reach. We passed quite near the dangerous rocks on the edge of the bank, known as the Orange Keys, which are much dreaded by seamen, and made the Double Headed Shot Keys on the Salt Key Bank, without meeting with any occurrence calculated to interrupt the pleasure of the voyage.

“The night previous to our reaching the Salt Key Bank, while gently gliding over the Great Bahama, the passengers being on deck enjoying the tranquil scene, Whistling Jack struck up one of his plaintive tunes, which attracted the attention and excited the admiration of all on board. He was listened to in silence, and when he was inclined to cease with his music, Captain McGregor, at the solicitation of Margaret, urged him to proceed, and whistle another tune. ‘Thinks I to myself, my kind friends, if you knew as much about Whistling Jack’s music as I do, you would rather hear in full chorus a menagerie of wild beasts, or a glee sung by donkeys with the frying-pan accompaniments, than listen to a solo at sea, performed on the whistling pipe of old Jack.

“The next morning Captain McGregor was walking the quarter-deck, while I was at the helm. ‘Captain,’ said I.



‘we shall have trouble before we are twenty-four hours older.’

“ ‘Why so, my lad?’ said he.

“ ‘Because I have never known old Jack to whistle as he did last night in the first watch, without its being followed by mischief; and if you don’t fall in with a pirate, encounter a hurricane, or run the good vessel hard and fast ashore before another day, then I’m a false prophet, that’s all!’

“ ‘Pooh, pooh, Ichabod!’ said he; ‘I thought you had more sense than to encourage such idle fancies. I never seek to foretell evil, or to borrow trouble; it is bad enough when it comes.’

“The wind was now from the south-east, blowing a fresh breeze, with a brassy, hazy atmosphere. The sun shone dimly through the vapors, and his rays seemed to have been dipped in bronze. The wind gradually increased, as it hauled further to the southward, and compelled us to brace up the yards. In the afternoon it blew strong from the south-west, and we were obliged to haul on a wind, furl top-gallant-sails, and take a reef in the topsails. The last rays of the sun were seen through an angry-looking, coppery sky; and soon after that luminary had disappeared beneath the horizon, a severe gale commenced from north-north-west, and we were compelled to gather in the muslin as fast as possible, until we hove to under a close-reefed main-topsail. The wind increased until it became a furious hurricane, a ‘norther,’ as such a storm in those latitudes is called, and we could show nothing to the tempest but bare poles. Our main-topsail was blown from the yard; our courses were forced from their gaskets, and torn into ribbons; the brig was blown over almost on her beam-ends, and the seas were striking against her broad-side, and rushing across her decks, straining every joint in the old Priam’s hull, and opening every seam, from the garboard streak to the plank-

shear. We eased her a little by cutting away her topmasts, but still we were in danger of foundering, and knew she had considerable water in the hold. We might have got her before the wind, and she would have scudded along as dry and as safe as a duck in a pond, but alas! the whole northern rock-bound shore of Cuba was under our lee, from which we were not distant more than thirty or forty miles, and towards which we were rapidly drifting!

“The ‘norther’ continued nearly through the night without abating one capfull of its violence; and a terrible night it was for all on board, but especially for the poor passengers in the cabin, who had never before experienced the discomforts and perils of a hurricane at sea. That beautiful girl, if she should live a century, will never forget that dreadful night on the coast of Cuba.

“The wind died away towards morning, and when daylight broke in the east, and our plight could be seen, it was miserable enough. Our sails were nearly all blown away; our topmasts were lying alongside; our decks were swept fore and aft; our bulwarks, long-boat, caboose, spare spars, &c., washed overboard, and there was a large quantity of water in the hold. Our men were completely exhausted and worn out with the arduous duties and labors of the previous twelve hours. Our vessel was thus unmanageable, and, to crown our misfortunes, we could see through the morning mists the breakers dashing against the rock-bound coast of Cuba, at a distance of only a few miles. With a tremendous sea or swell heaving directly on shore, there seemed to be nothing to prevent our being shipwrecked on the reefs, in the course of a few hours. But what sudden vicissitudes occur in the life of a sailor! As the mists cleared away, every heart was rejoiced to see under our lee the Spanish flag waving over the Moro castle, the frowning fortress that commands the entrance into the harbor of Havana!

“We were saved from destruction. The helm was put up; the yards squared, and, in a short time, instead of being dashed on the rocks, we were snugly anchored in one of the finest harbors in the world!

“Some weeks passed away before the *Priam* was put in a condition to continue the voyage. In the mean time our passengers had time to recruit. But the dangers which threatened our vessel during the hurricane were not easily forgotten, and rumors of piracies in the Gulf of Mexico and off the Isle of Pines had a tendency to awaken serious apprehensions in the minds of the passengers. Mr. Calderon shuddered when he looked upon his daughter, and thought of her fearful fate, should she fall into the hands of the pirates, and at one time concluded to send her back to the United States, which project, in consequence of the remonstrances of Margaret, who longed to see her mother and other members of the family, from whom she had been long separated, he afterwards abandoned.

“Mr. Hammond, the mate, who had got some inklings of the musical foreshadowings of evil on the part of Whistling Jack, and who regarded him as a doubtful character, that quite likely had entered into a sort of co-partnership with his cloven-footed majesty, strongly urged Captain McGregor to turn him adrift. This Captain McGregor refused to do, and Hammond predicted that all sorts of evils would occur during the passage to Balize. ‘He is a real Jonah,’ sir, said he, ‘and if he goes with us we shall have to throw him overboard before we pass Cape Antonio.’

“Captain McGregor shook his head, and, with a significant smile, replied, ‘Mr. Hammond, I shall turn no man out of my ship, but if any one wishes to leave me, even *yourself*, sir, I shall make no objection whatever.’

“The mate was silenced, bit his lips, and turned away. But, on the eve of departure, he told old Jack there was to

be no more whistling on board; 'and,' said he, with due emphasis, 'I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellow, if you screw up that ill-looking potato-trap of yours, for the purpose of whistling dismal tunes to give us all the blues, and raise old Davy Jones himself from the bottom of the ocean, I'll find some way to take a sheep-shank in it, which will keep you from whistling again as long as you live.'

"Jack replied not, but twisted his 'potato-trap' into a grin, and ogled the mate with his cross-jack eye.

"We sailed from Havana. The good old brig, as she passed the Moro Castle, looked as neat and trig as a maiden rigged out for a ball. We left the harbor with a fair wind, and pleasantly and gracefully the gallant vessel again danced and bounded over the dark blue sea. Again hope cheered the bosoms of all on board; our beautiful lady passenger seemed to have renewed her buoyant spirits, and proudly walked the deck, supporting herself on the arm of the captivated McGregor, and rallied her father on the sad forebodings in which he had indulged before leaving the port.

"Sailors may say what they please about having women on board ships as passengers. It cannot be that the charming creatures should always bring bad luck. It is much more likely that, with their sweet smiles, their gentle dispositions and pure hearts, their presence would avert threatening dangers, or prepare the hardy mariners to meet them with resolution and energy. And, indeed, if the worst should come to the worst, I would rather sink *with* them than float *without* them.

"Before we came up with the Colorado reef, the breeze died away, and, for some two or three days, with a strong current against us, we hardly gained any to the westward, the wind being light and baffling. On the fourth night out, as I lay in my berth thinking about home and my kind mother, and regretting that I had been such a fool as to go to sea for

a living, which, whatever Whistling Jack might say, is really but a 'dog's life' after all, I fancied I heard Jack's musical whistle on deck. I was startled at the sound, which I felt in my heart portended some dreadful disaster, and sprung from my berth, and hastened on deck. Sure enough, there sat the old fellow, coiled up on the bowsprit, between the knight-heads, and whistling away one of his most dismal tunes, as if for a wager. I was irritated, and determined to put his pipe out, and spoil his music for a time at least. Accordingly, I took a bucket of salt water, and walked gently forward, until I got into reaching distance of this musical forerunner of peril, and gave him, with a hearty good will, the contents of the bucket on his distorted phiz, a fair portion of which must have entered his tunnel-shaped mouth, and found its way down his windpipe, for his mellifluous whistle was on the instant transformed into a suffocating splutter; and while he floundered off the bowsprit on deck, blowing like a grampus, I quietly dove below, grinning at the success of my undertaking! But who shall escape his destiny? Jack's whistle, interrupted as it was, involved sad consequences. Although I will not undertake to dispute that the same events would not have happened, if Whistling Jack had never had existence.

"On the fifth day after leaving Havana, with a light baffling winds and a strong current rushing through the narrow strait which separates Cuba from Yucatan, we found ourselves some twenty or thirty miles to the northward of Cape Antonio, in the Gulf of Mexico. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a fine breeze sprang up from the east-south-east, and we crowded all sail on a wind to the southward, with the expectation of soon passing the Cape, already notorious for the many piracies which had been committed in its vicinity, and, entering into the Caribbean Sea, and reaching our wished-for port in the Bay of Honduras.

“This prospect seemed to cheer the hearts of all on board. Even Whistling Jack, by a sort of diagonal grin, manifested feelings of delight, and Miss Calderon could hardly contain her transports. She clapped her little hands for joy when she saw the noble vessel urged rapidly on her way by a fresh and delightful breeze. She would pass along the deck to the bow, and watch with delight the ever-varying ripples constantly forming by the motion of the vessel, or sit on the taffrail, and gaze at the lingering wake,

‘Which, like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along.’

“Since leaving Havana, we had seen several vessels, passing in different directions, which, at a glance, were known as merchantmen engaged in errands connected with commerce. The sight of a stranger on the ocean, when it conjures up no fears of an enemy in war, or a pirate in peace, forms a pleasant interruption to the monotony of a sea voyage, and our fair passenger had derived much gratification, in gazing on their snow-white sails and graceful movements, as, obedient to the controlling power on their decks, they glided noiselessly over the surface of the sea, towards their wished-for ports; but during the last day of the calm, no strange vessel was to be seen; the *Priam* seemed alone on the ocean.

“On the memorable afternoon, on which the breeze sprung up, and while we were rapidly approaching Cape Latouche, intending to keep as far from Cape Antonio as possible, I was ordered aloft by Mr. Hammond to put a new seizing on the Flemish horse, at the starboard foretopsail yard-arm. After I had completed the job, I took a look around the horizon, and, shipmates, I must confess, a chill crept over me, when I saw, about four points on the weather-bow, a vessel steering in a direction which would soon bring her close aboard. She was a small schooner, sitting low on the water, with raking

masts, and only three fore-and-aft sails. There was nothing in itself alarming or even suspicious in her appearance. Indeed, she resembled a friendly pilot-boat, such as are fallen in with off the Capes of the Chesapeake or Sandy Hook, and are greeted with cheers of gladness by the tempest-tost mariner on approaching his native shore, after years of absence in distant seas. But the appearance of such a vessel in the Gulf of Mexico, carried with it associations of a different character, — piracy and murder, — and it is probable that the tone of my voice might have betrayed my apprehensions, when I shouted, ‘Sail ho!’

“I indicated the direction in which the vessel was seen, and described her rig, at which, I fancied, a cloud passed over the countenance of the captain. He took his spy-glass with him to the fore-yard, and examined the stranger long and narrowly. As we rapidly neared each other, the schooner could be seen from the deck, and became an object of scrutiny to every person on board. From the grave countenances around, and the serious, speaking looks which were exchanged, it was clear that the strange vessel was not regarded as an object of welcome or delight.

“Margaret Calderon looked up in her father’s face, but saw there nothing to allay her rising suspicions of danger. She turned to Captain McGregor, but he seemed watching the motions of the schooner with fixed and eager gaze, as if he was determined to penetrate the veil which concealed the character of the vessel.

“‘Captain McGregor,’ said Margaret, earnestly, laying her hand on his shoulder, ‘do tell me what you think of that vessel. Is there cause for alarm? Do you think — do you *really* think — O, tell me the truth! — do you think it is a *pirate*?’

“McGregor turned round, and with a forced smile and a gentle voice, replied, ‘I will not conceal from you, Miss Cal-

deron, that the general appearance of that vessel in these seas, and the course which she is steering, combined with the many rumors which were in circulation in Havana when we left that port, furnish some cause for suspicion that all about her is not exactly as it should be. Nevertheless, our suspicions may be unjust, and the schooner may be engaged in some honest commercial undertaking.'

" 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Calderon to his daughter, 'she is a Yankee schooner returning to New Orleans, after supplying the Cubanos with a cargo of notions.'

" 'Or,' said McGregor, 'perhaps she is running down to Sisal, the bearer of important intelligence from some American house in Havana.'

" Whistling Jack, who, with the others of the crew, had been silently listening to the conversation, shook his head, and muttered as if in soliloquy, 'I wish it might prove so; but —' and he gave Margaret a look which expressed a volume of mournful meaning. The color forsook her cheeks, and from that moment she sought to prepare herself for the worst which might happen.

" 'At all events,' said Captain McGregor, with a marked change in his tone and manner, 'I will soon ascertain his true character. Ready about!' and while the men were mustering to their stations, he conducted Margaret to the quarter-deck. The pale girl refused to go below, but stood in the companion-way, while the evolution was carried into effect.

" The captain gave the necessary orders with his usual decided and manly tone, and the brig was soon on the other tack, steering to the north-eastward, while the course the schooner was pursuing was nearly west north-west. Her distance at this moment was about six miles in a south-east direction. And now every eye was directed towards the schooner, while intense anxiety was witnessed in the counte-



nance of every man on board. At length, Mr. Hammond broke the silence by a boisterous ‘Ha, ha, ha! — I *knew* there was no cause for alarm. That fellow is about his regular business, and, if we let him alone, I’ll be bound he will let us alone;’ and the smile of exultation, as he concluded his remarks, showed that his heart was relieved of a *very* heavy load.

‘Hardly had the remarks of Mr. Hammond escaped his lips, when a movement occurred on board the schooner which falsified his prediction. That vessel suddenly changed her course, jibed ship, hauled her wind to the northward, and steered directly for the brig. If any doubts had existed in the mind of McGregor before, respecting the piratical character of the stranger, they were now dispelled. ‘It is a pirate!’ said he, in a low, but distinct tone.

“‘It is, indeed!’ responded Mr. Calderon. ‘My poor Margaret! What will become of *her*?’

“‘Don’t be unnecessarily alarmed,’ exclaimed the captain. ‘We may yet succeed in giving her the slip, under cover of the night. What man can do shall be done. At all events, if we cannot escape, we can fight; and it is better to die with arms in our hands, than to surrender without a blow, and be afterwards slaughtered like sheep in the shambles, or strung up like dogs at the yard-arm.’

“And now McGregor proved that he possessed energy and resolution meet for the occasion. He ordered the brig to be kept off the wind some two or three points; — the yards were braced in, so that every sail would draw, and the main and fore topmast and top-gallant studding-sails were set; the flying-jib, royals and staysails of every kind were hoisted, and a careful man was placed at the helm. Whips were prepared for hoisting water aloft, and the sails, from the jack cross-trees down, were kept saturated with salt water. The good vessel seemed to respond to the wishes of her commander; and, like

a gallant steed, strained every nerve to distance her pursuer. But the breeze seemed to die away as the sun approached the horizon, and the Priam's crew were compelled to admit, though reluctantly, the unwelcome fact that the schooner sailed three feet to their two! Captain McGregor, finding that escape was hopeless, lost no time in making preparations for embracing the only alternative remaining. There were some half-dozen muskets on board, and a few cutlasses and boarding-pikes. The muskets were loaded with buck-shot, and arrangements were entered into for making a desperate resistance. Captain McGregor harangued his men; he told us, what was true enough, that it was better to die like brave men, with arms in our hands, nobly fighting for our lives, than to submit like cowards, and afterwards be massacred in cold blood. He reminded us also that there was *a woman* on board, whose honor as well as life was at stake, and that no true Yankee sailor was ever known to desert a woman in distress, or to hesitate to sacrifice his life for her protection.

"He was replied to by three cheers, such as sailors only know how to give; and we, one and all, pledged ourselves to stand by him so long as we were able to handle a musket or wield a cutlass or a handspike. Mr. Calderon joined the captain in thanking us for our devotion. He was a man of courage and spirit, notwithstanding he was not much of a sailor; and it was plain that his only fear was for the fate of his daughter.

"There was only one person on board who did not participate in the general enthusiasm; and that was Mr. Hammond, the mate. In a moody, discontented tone, he addressed himself to the captain, and asked him if with only eight men besides the cook, all told, and no large guns, he thought of resisting the pirates.

"McGregor's face grew as dark as night, and a frown gathered upon his brow; but apparently with a strong effort

he controlled his feelings, and nodded in the affirmative. But, when Hammond remonstrated, in a mutinous spirit, against such a desperate course, suggesting that life was dear to him, at least, and he had no idea of sacrificing it for any *woman* that ever lived, and that the only way of saving our lives was to heave the brig to, at once, and make no show of resistance, the patience of the manly McGregor was overcome. With one blow of his clenched fist, he stretched the craven-hearted wretch upon the deck ; and, as this faithless officer



attempted to rise, he was greeted with derisive shouts of laughter from the noble tars, and the stern tones of McGregor's voice, as he said, ' You despicable scoundrel, if you wish to save your worthless life, obey my orders to the letter, and do your duty like a man ! If I see you flinch from those cut-throats, beg for quarter, or exhibit the slightest sign of fear for the safety of your own miserable carcass, during the com-

ing fight, I will shoot you through the head with as little remorse as I would the leader of the band of pirates !’

“Margaret had gone below as soon as the true character of the schooner had been ascertained, overcome with fear, as Mr. McGregor and her father supposed, at the prospect of the peril which was impending. But she soon appeared again on deck, with a slight change in her costume, approaching to the Amazonian. Her dress was somewhat abridged, and looped up on one side, so as to offer no impediment to the free exercise of her limbs. Her hair, which usually fell in luxuriant ringlets about her swan-like neck, was now gathered and concealed from view beneath an embroidered velvet cap, belonging to her father. She wore a dagger at her girdle, and the compression of her lip, and the fire which sparkled in her dark eye, proclaimed her determination to share the dangers of the approaching strife, and to mingle in the combat which must decide her destiny, and die rather than fall alive into the hands of the pirates.

“Her appearance on deck excited the surprise of her father, and the admiration of McGregor. Our hardy tars regarded her with feelings of mingled delight and respect ; they venerated her as a being of a superior order ; and Whistling Jack, giving Hammond a savage look, said that the man who would talk of surrendering to pirates, while such an angelic spirit was on board, deserved to be keel-hauled first, and afterwards hanged.

“In the mean time, the wind had in a great measure died away, yet the schooner, impelled by sweeps as well as the gentle breeze, was rapidly coming up. As the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, the pirate vessel was not more than a couple of miles off. A blood-red flag was waving at her peak, and her decks were actually covered with men. A gleam of satisfaction shot across the countenance of Captain McGregor, as, after a careful examination through his glass,

he announced the fact that there was no large gun on the deck of the schooner. ‘The rascals!’ said he, ‘mean to run alongside, and carry us by boarding. We will keep quiet, until they are huddled together for the rush upon our decks; then give them a well-directed volley from our small arms, seize our cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and show how bravely true-hearted men can fight when they fight for their lives.’

“At this moment, Whistling Jack approached the captain, and in a whisper suggested something which seemed to meet his hearty concurrence. At the end of their conference he seized that worthy tar by the hand, shook it heartily, and exclaimed aloud, ‘The idea is a good one, Jack. The experiment shall be tried, and, my good fellow, if we escape from the peril which threatens us, — and I feel confident we shall, — while Alexander McGregor lives, you shall never want a friend. Muster this way, my lads,’ continued the captain, addressing the crew, ‘get tackles aloft! Clear out the long-boat, and get all ready for hoisting it over the side.’

“The men caught the idea, and went to work with wonderful alacrity. It seemed but a few minutes before the tackles were rove and hooked on, the lashings were cut, some small spars and sails, some breakers of water, and a quantity of provisions, a miscellaneous collection, were deposited in the boat, which was soon in a condition to be placed in the water, over the larboard gunwale, at a moment’s warning.

“‘If the wind dies away,’ said the captain to Mr. Calderon and Margaret, ‘we will take to the boat as soon as it is dark, or as soon as we can place the broadside of the brig between the boat and the pirate, to protect us from the shower of bullets, which they will otherwise send among us!’

“Twilight in those latitudes is short, yet the schooner approached so rapidly, that, ere the brig was enveloped in

darkness, the dip of the pirate's sweeps could be distinctly heard.

“‘Now,’ said McGregor, in a low, but firm and determined tone, ‘hard down your helm, my lad!’

“The brig, which was proceeding at the rate of some three or four knots, came to the wind at once; her sails were taken aback, and she lay motionless as a log on the ocean.

“‘Lower away the boat!’ said McGregor. The long-boat which had for some time been suspended over the lee gunwale, was floating in the water, almost before the words were out of his mouth.

“‘One volley, before we go!’ shouted McGregor, as he seized a loaded musket. ‘Let us leave some remembrance behind us;’ and his example was followed by the crew.

“The schooner was now within pistol shot, directly on our starboard beam, heading towards us, and her forecastle and jib-boom were full of men, ready to board as soon as she struck our side, and cut down every man upon our decks. They little expected the storm of bullets and buck-shot which now fell among them, and which, from the fearful shrieks and yelling which followed, must have done terrible execution. But there was now no time to be lost. ‘In, into the boat, every man! In for your lives!’ and, as McGregor spoke, he handed the slight form of Margaret into the hands of her father. At this moment, a volley of musket balls, sent by the pirates, rattled among the rigging. But no one was injured, excepting the unlucky Hammond, who was shot through the body, as he was passing over the gunwale, and fell alongside.

“‘Are we all in?’ cried the captain, as he leaped from the gangway into the stern seats. ‘If so, shove off! Take your oars, men, and pull for your lives!’

“The boat was hardly a couple of oars’ lengths from the brig, ere the pirate struck the brig amidships, and, amid a din

of arms, horrid oaths, and execrations, a swarm of pirates sprang on board, and took possession of the deck !

“ At this critical moment, McGregor saw that another of our crew, besides Hammond, was missing. ‘ Where is Whistling Jack ? ’ he exclaimed.

“ ‘ Massa,’ replied the cook, a stalwart negro, who was already doing faithful duty at the oar, ‘ I don’t know where he be now, but jus’ before we shooted at dem rascals, he asked me whereabouts in the run the gunpowder was stowed, and then took a pistol, and went down the companion-way.’

“ ‘ Poor fellow ! I understand it all now. Faithful to the last ! Give way, my good men, if you would see the light of another day.’

“ ‘ Poor Jack ! ’ exclaimed Margaret, whose kind feelings, even in this extremity, urged her to think of others. ‘ Can nothing be done to save him ? ’

“ But McGregor, thrusting the tiller into the hands of Mr. Calderon, seized the after oar, aiding with his powerful arm to force the boat through the water, and exclaimed, with frantic energy, ‘ Give way, men ! A few more strokes of the oar ! Give way, for your lives ! ’

“ At this moment the pirates, having discovered the escape of the crew, uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and commenced firing upon the boat, which could be dimly seen, a dark object amid the surrounding darkness. A few bullets whistled over the heads of the fugitives, when, suddenly, the whole ocean around, and the heavens above, seemed lighted up with unearthly fires, at the same instant a terrific explosion took place, which seemed to shake the waters beneath and the atmosphere around, producing upon the senses a stunning and appalling effect, which was followed by a strange splashing in the water, in every direction, caused by a shower of fragments of plank, and timber, and human bodies, which

seemed to come down from the clouds ; this was succeeded by darkness and the stillness of death !

“ Whistling Jack, as soon as the brig was in possession of the pirates, had flashed a pistol among the gunpowder-kegs in the run, and blown both vessels into ten thousand fragments !

“ The sea around was covered with the portions of the wreck. Some pieces of plank fell into the boat, but without causing serious injury to any one on board. Of all that band of ferocious pirates, who, a moment before, trod the decks of those vessels, instigated by the most demoniacal passions, and breathing curses, hatred, and vengeance, in their disappointment of imbruing their hands in the blood of their unoffending fellow-men, not one was left ! All, all, were cut off in the midst of their horrible iniquities.

“ The rest of the story is soon told. Little was said among us that night. But, shipmates, there was not a man in that boat, who did not, in his inmost soul, feel devoutly grateful to a kind Providence for our deliverance from the power of the pirates. Sailors say but little about these things, and are, undoubtedly, sinful in many ways ; but, you know, in the hour of danger they *feel* a deep reliance on the protecting hand of God.

“ When, on the following morning, daylight beamed in the east, many an anxious glance was directed abroad, in the hope of discovering some friendly vessel to rescue us from our perilous position ; and the first rays of the sun were reflected from the white sails of a large American ship, which, under the influence of a favorable breeze, was moving rapidly towards us. A signal was made from the boat. We were seen, — the ship was hove to, and, in a few minutes, we were alongside of the ship *Daffodil*, of Boston, bound to New Orleans. We were received with a true sailor's welcome, and Margaret Calderon was treated with all the tenderness and



respect which was due to her forlorn condition and her sex."

Here Ichabod unexpectedly brought his narrative to a close ; but his grumbling audience did not seem to be fully satisfied. "What became of Margaret?" demanded Ned Alanson.

"Yes, — and what became of McGregor?" muttered old Simon Singleton.

"Why," replied Ichabod, "they were spliced together, of course, soon after they reached New Orleans. The last time I saw them, was in the neighborhood of Boston. McGregor, with a countenance as happy as that of a favored lover, was standing in a flower-garden, in front of a neat little cottage; gathering flowers, which he was throwing into the lap of Margaret, who stood by, her features illumined by the smile of happiness, while two little chubby McGregors were gambolling and frolicking on the gravel walk."

Just then a loud and sonorous whistle was heard by the boat's crew, in their immediate neighborhood. "There's Whistling Jack, himself!" exclaimed Ned Alanson.

"Not so good a man," quietly remarked Ichabod. "It's only the captain! Ay, ay, sir, here we are, at the end of the wharf."

"O, you are there, are you, you sleepy scoundrels! I should have thought it rained hard enough to keep you awake," said the captain, in a hoarse, surly, and somewhat inarticulate voice. "Well, haul to the stern of the boat, and spread the boat-cloak. That's it! Shove off, and give way! Let's get on board before 't is broad daylight, and before I get thoroughly soaked, outside as well as in. Give way, I say."

"AY, AY, SIR!" was the obedient response of the boat's crew.

## THE STUTTERING CAPTAIN.

“He who seldom speaks, and with one *well-timed word* can strike dumb the loquacious, is either a genius or a hero.” — LAVATER.

MANY years ago, a well-known shipmaster sailed out of Boston, named Nicholas Throgmorton. He was a short, stout-built, broad-shouldered man, of great personal strength and activity; a good seaman, a skilful navigator, and possessed of very respectable business qualifications. But it is difficult to find perfection in any one individual, and Captain Throgmorton, although he could boast of iron lungs, and vocal organs of tremendous force, — his voice resembling, in tone and power, the roaring of a veteran alligator, — was affected with an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which sometimes was the means of placing him in awkward, not to say critical, situations; “in short,” as Mr. Micawber would say, “*he stuttered abominably!*”

Now a man living in a handsome style on shore, pursuing a regular routine of occupation, may rub along through the world passably well, if he *should* be able to talk only *by jerks* or even if he should not be able to talk *at all*. But with a shipmaster the case is different. Occasions sometimes occur, when it is necessary for him not only to speak without hesitation, but to speak loud, clear, and distinctly; his voice should sound like a bugle note, and be always at command, with the machinery well oiled and in order, ready for use by day or by night, in storm or calms. Now it is not remarkable that Captain Nicholas Throgmorton, who was of a temperament

somewhat excitable, and of a temper a little inclined to the choleric, should sometimes suffer inconvenience from this impediment in his speech, and the many scrapes into which he was plunged by his stuttering habit should serve as a warning to those who cannot speak out promptly, like a *man*, in difficulties and storms, and on all necessary occasions, to *eschew a seafaring life*.

Captain Throgmorton could converse with tolerable fluency upon *ordinary* occasions. He might now and then hesitate a little, but would clap on fresh sail, or, as a landsman would say, additional steam, and start ahead again, as if he had met with no obstacle in his course. But when he became excited, and attempted to express his feelings in *emphatic* language, he sometimes made terrible work, and reminded one of a stately ship, scudding gallantly under close-reefed topsails and foresail, being brought up all standing, by striking against a rock.

It is a singular fact that any phrase which stuck in the worthy captain's throat, seemed to grow in volume and in sound the longer it remained there. Like gunpowder, the closer it was pent up, the louder was the explosion when it *did* take place; and the effect which this expanded voice sometimes produced was tremendous! He once got involved in an unpleasant scrape in Marseilles, and found himself surrounded by some half a dozen rowdy Frenchmen, who seemed disposed to treat him with disrespect and insolence. They even laughed in his face when he attempted to check their impertinence; but, at last, his anger was roused; he raised his voice, and exclaimed, in a tone which astonished his tormentors, "You are a set of frog-eating b—b—b—b—."

But here he stuck fast! The word was in his windpipe, and obstinately refused to leave the premises, and the Frenchmen, at first amused became quite startled when they saw his broad cheeks grow red as scarlet, the veins of his neck

swell almost to bursting, his eyes become bloodshot, resembling coals of fire, and all his features convulsed with anger and agony, while he repeated, with commendable perseverance, the nether fragment of some *invisible* word — “b—b—bl.” But when, with an extraordinary exertion, and a horrible grimace, the word “BLACKGUARDS” at last bolted out, and fell suddenly upon them, it was as if a bomb-shell had been thrown at their feet! For a moment they were riveted to the spot — the next they put in requisition their locomotive powers, and scampered off with praiseworthy celerity, leaving Captain Throgmorton alone in his glory!

Whenever the captain was seized with a fit of hesitation, like most other men in similar circumstances, he disliked exceedingly to have any one come to his relief, by anticipating and pronouncing the words, which, it was evident, were struggling to make their exit from their narrow prison. He was averse to doing things by proxy, and loved to give his orders himself. A mate of his, named Tompkins, who once undertook to give him assistance, when he found him hard and fast upon a shoal, received a severe lesson, which he ever after remembered. They were about speaking a ship at sea, and Captain Throgmorton was very anxious to know the computed longitude of the stranger, who, evidently, had not been long from port. The colors were hoisted, and the vessels approached each other rapidly. The wind blew fresh, and Captain Throgmorton backed his main-topsail, just before the strange vessel came within hail. She came dashing along, with a free wind, and proved to be the brig Honeysuckle, Captain Huff, seven days from Norfolk, bound to Gibraltar.

The questions which elicited this information were put by Captain Throgmorton without any hesitation. But when he was desirous of knowing their estimated longitude, his anxiety caused him to stammer most outrageously. “What is your

l—l lon—” shouted he, at the top of his voice. “What is your l—l—l—” repeated he, with frantic gestures.

In the mean time, the ship was gliding past, and the moments were precious. Mr. Tompkins saw that the captain had a snag in his throat, and that the words could not come out, unless they were bowsed out with a watch-tackle, and as that might prove a tough job, he clapped his hand to his own mouth, and called out, with a clear and deep intonation, “What is your *longitude*?” But the next moment he was sprawling on the quarter-deck, having been felled by a blow on his cocoa-nut, from the speaking-trumpet in the hands of the indignant Captain Throgmorton!

In the English language there are many synonymes, or different words for the same thing; and, in ordinary circumstances, if a person cannot immediately think of a certain word which he wishes to press into his service, he will try another. But Captain Throgmorton was unwilling to avail himself of an advantage of this kind, and was seldom known to exchange a word which he had selected, and which had got stuck in his windpipe, for one of smoother surface or inferior dimensions. Indeed, he was never but once known to resort to this method of freeing himself from a difficulty, and that was in a critical emergency.

He was in the ship *Harold*, entering the port of Havana, and, as is customary on such occasions, had no pilot. With a good breeze from the eastward, however, he ran the ship up the harbor, under full sail; but, as he approached the anchorage, sail was gradually reduced, until he rounded the ship to, in handsome style, between a Spanish Guineaman and a Yankee merchantman, intending there to let go the anchor.

But by this time our worthy friend had become somewhat excited, and, perhaps the more so, from seeing a multitude of people on the quay, scanning his motions, and, probably, as usual on such occasions, criticizing his seamanship. The fore-

topsail was hove aback, the helm was put hard a-starboard, the ship came up to the wind, the topsails were clewed down, and she began to gather stern-way, but still no order was given "*to let go the anchor.*" Captain Throgmorton stood on the quarter-deck, vainly essaying to give the order, but could go no further than "le—le—l—le—let," at the same time stamping the deck with rage and mortification, and making sundry convulsive gestures with his arms. But his officers knew their captain and their duty too well to take the responsibility of issuing an important order, or of acting without orders, while Captain Throgmorton was on deck, and the ship would have gone, stern first, slap into the Guineaman, if a gentleman, a passenger on board, seeing the captain cackling, but unable to produce anything more than an untelligible and unpleasant sound, had not suggested to him to *change the word!*

Captain Throgmorton eagerly caught at the hint; he abandoned to its fate the order to "*let go the anchor,*" and bawled out, with terrific energy, the brief but expressive phrase of "DOWN KELLOCK!" The anchor was released from the bows in an instant, a small scope of cable was payed out, and the ship was brought up handsomely, with her spanker-boom just clear of the flying-jib-boom of the Guineaman!

Captain Throgmorton once proceeded on a voyage to Amsterdam. At Nieu Diep, his vessel was visited by a custom-house officer, whose duty, of course, was to make inquiries relative to the cargo, and to examine the ship's papers. This officer was quite a respectable-looking man, and could speak tolerable English, but, unfortunately, he, also, had an impediment in his speech. When he came on board, Captain Throgmorton was scolding the steward, and sputtering and stuttering away at a great rate. As soon as he got through, the officer turned to the captain, bowed politely, and, with a

bland expression, saluted him, "Good m—m—mo—morning, sir ; I hope you enjoy good he—he—health, sir."

Captain Throgmorton eyed him with a savage look. He was, of course, well aware of his own infirmity, but disliked to be reminded of it, and could never bear to hear it made the subject of a joke by others. Indeed, he was morbidly sensitive on the subject, and his choler rose at the idea of being made an object of sport by a thick-headed Dutchman. It is no wonder he replied to the officer rather more snappishly than strict politeness would warrant, saying, "Wh—wh—what do you want on board of my sh—sh—ship?"

The Dutchman was astonished at this reception, so different from what he was accustomed to from Yankee shipmasters, and *he*, also, felt indignant at being *mocked*, as he believed, by the captain. Not being deficient in spirit, he answered, in a surly tone, "Wh—wh—what you mean by t—t—talking to me in this m—m—manner. I th—th—think that you be no gen—gen—gen—gentleman."

"You g—g—gin-drinking scoundrel ! do you th—th—th—think to make f—f—fun of me ? I'll cl—cl—close your potato t—t—trap, or my n—n—name's not Th—Th—Thr—Throgmorton." And, suiting the action to the word, he let fly a blow with his brawny fist at the Dutchman's face, which loosened some of his ivories, flattened his nose, felled him to the deck, increased the impediment in his speech, and astonished the poor fellow more than ever !

But at Gibraltar, Captain Throgmorton was once placed, by reason of this infirmity, in a very awkward, not to say perilous position. He was one evening detained in the city on business until after sunset, and was then refused permission by the guard to pass the gate. Being thus detained on shore against his will, he thought to while away a half-hour or so of the twilight by taking a ramble about the rock. But, as he proceeded in the direction of the Moorish Castle he

was startled by the sudden jar of a musket, as it was brought to *the present*, and a sentry, not a dozen feet from his path, called out, in a peremptory and gruff voice, "*Who goes there ?*"

Captain Throgmorton was a brave man, in the ordinary sense of the phrase; yet, it must be acknowledged that he was much startled by the challenge so suddenly given, and the sight of the musket pointed directly towards him. The poet Byron, and he is good authority in a case like this, says :

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,  
That cocking of a musket, when you know  
A moment more will bring the sight to bear  
Upon your person, twelve feet off or so."

And so thought Captain Throgmorton, albeit he was not familiar with Lord Byron's writings. Indeed, he was so much fluttered by the unexpected occurrence, that he could not reply to the demand of the sentry.

"Who goes there ?" again shouted the sentry, in a tone of thunder.

But Captain Throgmorton, although he exerted all his vocal muscles, knowing that it was a case of life or death, was unable to say any more than "A f—f—f—."

"Who goes there? Speak, or I fire!" exclaimed the sentry, for the third time; and the captain, believing that he would be as good as his word, and finding all his efforts to answer to the challenge unsuccessful, being able to repeat only, "A f—f—f—," fairly turned round, and (I regret to record it, but remember Hector and Turnus) commenced running down the hill!

The sentry fired, and the ball passed through Captain Throgmorton's hat. He jumped up at least three feet perpendicularly, believing himself wounded, and, at the same time, the wished-for words, "A FRIEND!" bolted out of



his mouth with tremendous force, producing a deep-mouthed, sonorous sound, which was heard in every part of the strongly fortified city, and causing much consternation and conjecture



among the soldiers and the inhabitants. The poor sentry was astounded at the loud report, which threw him flat on his back, and induced him to believe that, instead of "a friend," *the enemy of mankind* had issued from the Moorish Castle, and was taking a promenade over the rock!

On his return home from that voyage, he met with dense

and heavy fogs on the coast. He finally struck soundings on the southern edge of George's Bank; but, the wind being baffling, and, for the most part of the time, ahead, he was beating about two or three days, without being able to obtain an observation, or speak a vessel. One morning, just at day-break, the wind blowing a fresh breeze from the north-east, and the starboard tacks aboard, Captain Throgmorton was alarmed by the cry of "*Breakers ahead, and under the lee!*" He rushed on deck, where everything was in confusion. The roaring of the breakers could be distinctly heard, and, indeed, a long white line of breakers could be seen through the fog, but a short distance off. All hands were on deck in a jiffy. The captain, of course, assumed the command, and called aloud, "STAYS!" Every man flew at once to his station, and "the cook to the fore-sheet." The captain was much excited; there was not room to wear, and, therefore, everything depended on the ship's coming about promptly, of which there was little doubt, as she seldom or never missed stays in a tolerably smooth sea.

The helm was put down, and the tacks and sheets were let fly. The ship came to the wind beautifully, with the sails all shivering; but when Captain Throgmorton essayed to give the order, "MAIN-TOPSAIL HAUL!" *the words stuck in his throat!* All he could say, in spite of the most violent struggles and workings of the facial and "the abdominal muscles," was "Ma—ma—ma—." He stamped his foot on the deck, in an agony of rage and anxiety. The sails were all aback, and the ship was beginning to gather stern-way, but the words clave to his windpipe, and obstinately refused to evacuate the premises!

An old sailor, Jack Buntline, was at the wheel. He saw the awkward predicament which they were in, but he dared not take the word from the captain's mouth and give it himself, such is the virtue of strict discipline, and he resolved to

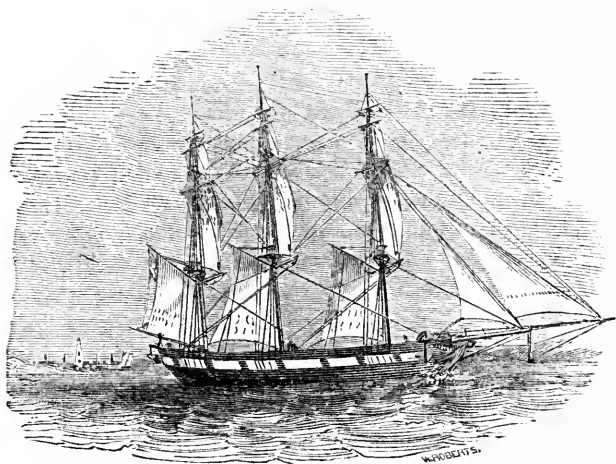
try and *force it out* ! Jack was a shrewd, sensible fellow. He had seen a fish-bone dislodged from a man's throat by a simple but summary process, and he naturally concluded that a word or phrase that had got doubled up in the same passage, might be discharged in the same manner. He accordingly raised his arm high in the air, and then let his huge and brawny fist fall upon the back of the agitated skipper. The blow took effect directly between the shoulders, and produced, indeed, a magical effect. It was like applying a match to a sixty-eight pounder, and "MAIN-TOPSAIL HAUL !" popped from his mouth like a shot from a Paixhan gun ! The crew, frightened before, now lost all presence of mind. The braces were let go, fore and aft ; some pulled on one side, and some hauled on the other ; the yards became square, the ship, head to the wind and in irons, soon gathered sternway, and, amid a din and confusion seldom equalled, was forced, stern first, slap-dash *among the breakers* !

But the most remarkable circumstance connected with this occurrence, is the fact that at the time Captain Throgmorton, by the timely aid of Jack Buntline, issued the order to "Main-topsail haul !" a gannet, which was flying over the ship, was actually stunned by the awful noise, and fell dead upon the deck ! The circumstance may seem incredible to some, but Plutarch, an accurate historian, records several cases where a like effect was produced by the shouts of a Roman mob ; and when we consider that Captain Throgmorton's voice on this occasion was as loud and as powerful as the shouts of a vast number of people "rolled into one," it will hardly be considered incredible, that, if it fairly hit the gannet, the bird should have fallen dead upon the deck !

The ship was driven among the breakers, *but she was not lost* ! The breakers proved to be *tide rips* on the Fishing Rip, where there is depth of water enough to float a frigate ;

but these and other rips in the South Channel, have frightened many a poor fellow besides Captain Throgmorton.

The sturdy captain learned a lesson, however, in the course of that voyage, and declared that he would never go to sea, in command of a vessel, until he had cured himself of his habit of stammering.



# RUFUS ARMSTRONG;

OR,

## PRACTICAL JOKES.

Yonder he drives ; avoid that furious beast,  
If he may have his joke, he never cares  
At whose expense ; nor friend nor patron spares.

HORACE.

RUFUS ARMSTRONG was a true-hearted Yankee sailor. He was endowed with a noble spirit, and an unusual share of intrepidity. Neither storm nor battles could awaken a feeling in his bosom, akin to fear, or hardly cause him to look grave. He was a whole-hearted, jovial fellow, of a generous disposition, always ready to assist a friend, or even to share his purse with a stranger. But Rufus had an exuberant flow of spirits, was fond to distraction of a frolic, but, above all things, he loved a *practical joke*. He laughed often himself, and delighted to make others laugh, and cared little at whose expense they laughed ; and he had a peculiar faculty in eliciting mirth from men and things, which to other persons would have presented a very sedate aspect. His practical jokes did not originate in a spirit of mischief, but in a love of fun ; for Rufus cherished no malice in his bosom, towards any human being. His propensity to joke was irresistible, and when a good opportunity occurred to perpetrate a practical joke, he would not spare the best friend he had in the world. This

trait in his character will best be seen by a few illustrations.

On board the *Orestes*, Rufus had a shipmate by the name of Tim Tibbets. Tim was one of those selfish mortals, who keep a sharp look-out for number one ; — a character which Rufus despised, for, with that improvidence which is characteristic of the sailor, he seldom thought of the morrow. One evening, he saw Tim slyly appropriating to his own use a pot of tea, which did not rightfully belong to him. He took it into the forecastle, and stowed it away safe, as he thought, intending it as a solace and comforter in the middle watch. Rufus twigged him, and determined to have some sport. In the first watch, after the watch below were asleep, he went down into the forecastle, and quietly got possession of Tim's pot of tea. He drank it off, and then filled the pot with *salt water* ! Tim began to grow sleepy about three bells, and it was his look-out ; he thought of his pot of tea, which he had so slyly stowed away, and his mouth watered at the thought, for he loved tea with a deep-seated affection. He slipped quietly down into the forecastle, groped about, and seized his pot, which was snugly deposited in a nook on the breast-hook. He put the vessel to his lips, and took a good swallow. But such a display of coughing, and sputtering, and stuttering, and muttering, succeeded by menaces and abuse, ensued, as, I will venture to say, has not often been witnessed, even in the forecastle of a merchant ship. It roused everybody in the forecastle, and Rufus declared the fellow ought to be hustled for coming below and disturbing the watch, when they were quietly snoozing in their berths, as if for a wager. It even disturbed the slumbers of the watch on deck, who were quietly *calking*, and of the second mate, who was taking a nap, mounted on the harness-cask and leaning against the fife-rail. Tim was in an awful rage. He declared he would be the death of the scoundrel who put the scurvy trick upon him.

He strongly suspected Rufus, and kept a sharp look-out for him afterwards.

Mr. Wilder, the second mate, was an inactive, sleepy-headed fellow, and was much too apt to get asleep in his watch on deck, when the safety of the ship might depend on his vigilance. One pleasant night, during the first watch, about six bells, Mr. Wilder mounted his perch, the harness-cask, near the mainmast, and was soon fast asleep, and snoring like a pig. Just about this time, the wind hauled ahead a couple of points, and Rufus Armstrong, who was steering his trick at the wheel, took it into his head that he would have some sport, and at the same time cure his officer of sleeping at his post. He left the wheel for a moment, took the mizzen staysail down haul,—spencers were not in fashion in those days,—and passed the bight of the rope gently around the neck of the officer, and belayed it to a cleet on the mainmast. He then softly stepped aft to the wheel, and stamped violently on the deck!

The captain was below, turned in, and, hearing the noise, he thought something extraordinary was about to happen, and hastened on deck, in a scanty, and not very fashionable, costume; and as he put his head out of the companion-way, Rufus bawled out in a hoarse voice, “Mr. Wilder, Mr. Wilder, I tell you again that the wind is hauling ahead. The ship won’t lie her course.”

“What’s the matter?” exclaimed the captain, in a voice of thunder, though tremulous with fear.

“Nothing, sir,” answered the mate, at a venture. “Halloo there, forward, come aft and brace up the yards;” at the same time he sprang from the harness-cask, and was brought up all standing by the neck!

“Murder!” shouted the poor man, on discovering his condition; and he struggled hard to get free, which drew the round turn still closer, and was near converting the farce into a trag-

edy ; the poor fellow groaned, and kicked convulsively, and uttered a gasping, choking kind of noise.

Rufus again left the wheel, and sprang toward him, apparently urged by sympathy and curiosity, and assisted the captain to discover the true state of things. "I declare, now," said Rufus, with well-counterfeited surprise, "Mr. Wilder has lashed himself to the fife-rail, for fear of getting asleep and tumbling off the harness-cask, and when he awoke, he forgot all about it, and the rope has got round his neck. I *thought* he was asleep, as I called him twice, and he made no answer."

By this time the poor mate was relieved from his rough and close-fitting necklace, and as soon as he recovered from his fit of strangulation, the captain gave him a tremendous rating, for jeopardizing the lives of all on board, by sleeping in his watch ; and as to his denial that he tied himself, the captain treated it as moonshine ; and, for his comfort, told him that, even if he spoke the truth, it would only make matters worse instead of better, — for what kind of an officer must that man be, whom the crew could fasten to the fife-rail, without his knowledge !

But the trick he served Jerry Johnson, was rather a severe one. Jerry was particularly fond of being comfortable at all times, and had a great antipathy to a ducking ; — to guard against which, he supplied himself with substantial and **water**-proof clothing, comforters, &c., to wear round his neck, and a broad-rimmed tarpaulin hat, to use in bad weather, and which he secured by a laniard to the button-hole of his pea-jacket. In consequence of his taking so much pains in his rigging, it took him a great while to come on deck in bad weather, and he was severely scolded several times by the mate, and grumbled at by all hands, but without much effect.

At length we got on the coast. It was late in the fall, and the weather was cheerless and rainy, and Jerry was longer



than ever in turning out, coming on deck, and relieving the helm. There was a good deal of muttering about it in the other watch, and Rufus thought he was fair game for a practical joke. Accordingly, one cold and stormy night, when Jerry was asleep in his birth, Rufus softly descended into the fore-castle, and took away Jerry's hat, which was carefully deposited near the head of his bed. He poured into it a couple of quarts of water from alongside, and carried it back to the same place.

The watch was afterwards called in due time, and it was Jerry's next trick at the wheel. He turned out and decked himself as comfortably as possible, and took particular care to fortify his neck against any exposure to rain. Before he had finished his toilette, however, Mr. Manly, the chief mate, came forward, and, putting his head, down the scuttle, bawled out, "Halloo, you Jerry, are you going to relieve the wheel? — or do you want me to lend you a hand to find your traps?"

Jerry was by this time all ready; and with unusual alacrity, put his hand to the head of his berth, and seized his hat. In his hurry he did not discover that it was heavier than usual, but hastily clapped it upon his head, and, much to his astonishment and dismay, found himself subjected to all the comforts of a cold salt-water shower-bath, gratis! The effect was truly electrifying, and as soon as the first shock was over, while the cold water was forcing various passages beneath his neckerchief and comforter, after well saturating those articles of clothing, he uttered a shriek which could be heard a mile. At the same time, Rufus thrust his snub nose into the fore-castle, and exclaimed, "Jerry, you had better come on deck, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble, for Mr. Manly says that if you don't relieve the wheel in less than a minute, he'll give you a touch of a rope's end; and you know he's a man of his word." This was truly an unfortunate state

of things ; but although Jerry had a great antipathy to being wet, he had a greater aversion to a rope's end ; and "all accoutred as he was," with wet inner garments, and shivering with the cold, he crawled upon deck, and proceeded aft to take the helm. He told a pitiful tale to the mate, about some person's filling his hat with water, as an excuse for his tardiness, but the mate was a poor hand at consolation, at least in this case, for he told Jerry that it served him right, and refused to allow him to be relieved to change his clothes, until his two hours had expired.

The joke which he put upon the supercargo of the *Orestes*, should not be forgotten. He was an arrogant young man, and a great fop, withal, and held to the maxim that clothes make the man. One day while the ship was lying in the inner roads of Buenos Ayres, the supercargo came on board for some purpose which I have forgotten. He was dressed for a dinner-party, and looked as nice as if he had just stepped out of a lady's perfumed bandbox, with his ruffled shirt his spotless collar, his white neckerchief, his new dress coat of invisible green, his silk stockings, and his white gloves. He stayed longer than he intended, and was in a hurry to get ashore, in order to fulfil his engagement. The boat was manned, and Rufus pulled the after oar. The boat grounded at about half a cable's length from the land, and, what was worse, no cart was at that time on the beach, which kind of vehicle was ordinarily used for the purpose of taking ashore those passengers in boats, who were not in a plight to wade. Here was a difficulty ; what was to be done ? If he waited fifteen minutes for the cart, he should be too late, but Rufus Armstrong, like a good genius, came to his assistance.

"Mr. Popinjay," said Rufus, with a serious and respectful air, "you had better get on my back, and I'll carry you safe ashore, high and dry, in the twinkling of a capstan bar."

“Do you think you could do it, Rufus? Do you really think I might trust you?”

“Trust me! Why, sir, I’ve carried men ashore from the boat of twice your weight. Do it indeed!”

“Well, Rufus, I know you are strong and powerful, and I suppose there is not the least danger; but I would not meet with an accident now for five hundred dollars.”

Mr. Popinjay, without more ado, mounted Rufus’s back, and the sly rogue marched off firmly with him towards the shore. The dandy was grinning at his good fortune, in securing such a conveyance, when Rufus’s right foot plunged apparently, into a deep mud-hole. He strove to recover himself, but in vain, made a few false steps, and finished the matter by falling backwards, at full length, flat upon Mr. Popinjay, in a place where the depth of the water was about a foot.

Poor Mr. Popinjay! He was soaked from top to toe, his clothes were spoiled, and he was cut off from all hope of dining abroad on that day. Rufus was profuse with his apologies, and made many lamentations for the unfortunate occurrence; but there was a lurking look of roguery in his eye all the time. Mr. Popinjay absolutely shed tears of vexation, and ever afterwards looked upon Rufus Armstrong as a dangerous man, notwithstanding his everlasting fund of good humor.

My humorous friend, Rufus Armstrong, once played a serious joke on a poor Chinaman in Batavia, and, if he had been taken at that time, his life would doubtless have been sacrificed. With three others of the crew and the second mate, he went ashore one day in the boat, for the purpose of conveying to a mercantile house, far up the canal, some bags of dollars. The boat was detained ashore some time, and Rufus, with one of his shipmates, obtained permission to stroll about town. In the course of their rambles, they heard a

terrible uproar in another street. They hastened to the scene of operations, and found themselves in the midst of a numerous and exceedingly noisy mob, occasioned by a quarrel between some Malays and a party of Chinese sailors. The inhabitants of that quarter of the city had turned out to a man, and a motley collection they made, consisting of Malays, Chinese, Dutch and a few English and Americans, chiefly seamen. They were abusing each other in a fine style, and shaking their fists in each other's faces, evidently ripe for a fight.

Rufus was delighted, and, from the mere love of fun, unceremoniously sprang into the midst of the assembly, and soon checked the oratorical display of a bawling Chinaman, by giving him a severe blow on the mouth. He then tackled to a Malay, and upset him in a hurry. His *laudable* example was followed by the rest of the mob, and a general and desperate combat ensued. Rufus, having accomplished his object, withdrew from the *melée*, and stood aloof, watching with much interest the result of the engagement. His attention was soon particularly directed to a tall, good-looking and well-dressed Chinaman, with a splendid queue, reaching to the ground, who, notwithstanding he was in the midst of the dense mob, made himself conspicuous by his loud and constant outcries and furious gestures. Rufus conceived a wicked project, which he hastened to execute. He again mingled in the throng, and soon elbowed his way to the spot where the long-queued "Celestial" was dealing out at the top of his voice,

"Words of a learned length and thundering sound,"

the meaning of which was either below or above the comprehension of Rufus.

By dint of hard pushing, and a great exertion of strength, Rufus got close behind him, drew his jack-knife from his

pocket, which, by good luck, had been sharpened that morning, and cut like a razor, seized the Chinaman's queue with his left hand, and with his right, grasping the knife, *cut it off close to his head*, before the legitimate owner knew what he was about. The poor fellow, who felt his hair pulled rather unceremoniously, turned round, as soon as he conveniently could, to see what was the difficulty, but Rufus had cleared out, carrying with him the queue as a trophy.

The tal. Chinaman put his hand to the back of his neck, and when he found that his queue had really disappeared, he uttered a yell of grief and indignation, which might have been heard a mile. He caught a glimpse of Rufus, as he was forcing his way out of the mob, and suspected that he was the scoundrel who had deprived him of his most valued ornamental appendage. As soon as he could extricate himself from the throng, he prepared, with a party of his countrymen, who were much shocked and scandalized at the insult, to follow after the Yankee sailor, and teach him better manners, in future, than to cut off a Chinaman's queue. But fortunately for Rufus, he had a start, and, with his shipmate, reached the boat, which he found only awaiting their return to shove off. They seized the oars, and got the boat under rapid motion, just as the Chinamen, breathing fury and vengeance, led on by the queueless orator, appeared turning the corner of a street, not a hundred rods off, and the robbed and insulted man gave a wild howl of despair as he beheld Rufus, with a grin of exultation, "giving way," as if for dear life, with the gaudily-ribboned queue tastefully arranged around his neck, after the manner of the boas of our fashionable belles.

Rufus Armstrong got safe home to Boston with his prize, and when he was paid off, he procured a stylish *scratch*, with "lovelocks" of an auburn color, and got the unfortunate Chinaman's queue neatly spliced to the after part of it; and he took great delight in walking about with his dandy locks,

and his queue, decked with ribbons, reaching to his heels, an object of curiosity, admiration or envy, to all he met.

It was artillery election day ; the date of our story extends further back than the time when Josiah Quincy — to whom Boston owes a debt of gratitude, which she will never be able to repay — was mayor of our goodly city. The Common was covered with booths, where liquors of every variety were paraded in decanters or glasses, to catch the eye of the moderate drinker or the habitual drunkard, and scenes of wild disorder, language of a most offensive character, and quarrelling and fighting, the inevitable consequences of a free indulgence in intoxicating drinks, were frequent on the Common, on gala days, in those times, notwithstanding “old Read,” with a score of constables, was stationed on that part of the Common where the booths stood the thickest, ready to make war upon, and capture all offenders against the peace of the good old town of Boston. Rufus, with a couple of his shipmates, called at one of those *respectable* places, and took some “refreshment,” which, in those days, was the technical term for alcoholic drinks. They handed the owner of the booth a five dollar bill, and demanded the change.

In those days, *all* dram-sellers were not strictly conscientious men, anxious for the “public good,” as is said to be the case at the present time, but were apt to take any advantage of a sailor or drunkard, which opportunity might offer ; and the man who supplied Rufus and his shipmates with liquor, I regret to say, was a person of this description. He, very naturally, thought that if sailors would foolishly squander away their money, he had as good a right to a share of it as any other person. Acting upon this principle, he returned our hero, among his change, a three-dollar bill of uncurrent money.

Rufus and his friends remained on the Common, cracking their jokes, and gazing upon the strange sights, and treating

little children with election buns and gingerbread ; and it was not long before it became necessary to "break" the three-dollar bill. It was accordingly tendered to the keeper of a booth, in payment for sundry "fancy articles," who declared that the bill, so far from being worth three dollars, was not worth a mill. This was a damper. However, they were fortunately able to muster money enough to pay the man, and then they started "full chisel," after the dram-seller, who had treated them so unhandsomely.

After a fatiguing search for nearly an hour, they found him ; but he did not seem particularly pleased with their appearance again in the scene ; he did not even smile upon them as they approached, as is customary with the dram-sellers of the present day ; but a scowl rested on his brow, and when Rufus accused him of dishonesty, in endeavoring to palm upon them a worthless piece of paper, and demanded restitution, the fellow, with the most unblushing effrontery, denied the charge, and ordered them away, thus adding insult to injury, which they could not brook. High words ensued ; people were attracted to the spot, some incipient symptoms of a riot appeared, and the man, alarmed for his property and his person, insolently told them to be civil, and clear out at once, or he would give them in charge to a constable, who would deposit them in jail. At the same time, seeing "old Read," of captivating memory, approaching the booth in a very calm, philosophical manner, he shouted aloud for assistance.

The sailors, finding that, in addition to being swindled out of their money and insulted, they were likely to be imprisoned, did not continue to cherish a violent affection for their accommodating friend, who had so neatly relieved them of their surplus funds, and argued very foolishly, as sailors are too apt to argue, that if they *must* go to jail, they would not go to jail for *nothing*. Acting upon this dangerous principle, one of them, without more ado, gave the dishonest trafficker a

gentle tap beneath the ear, which laid him sprawling on the green sward, and, at the same time, Rufus and the other shipmates seized the long table, and tipped it over on the astonished liquor-seller, and dire was the confusion, and destruction of glasses, tumblers, crockery and decanters, with their precious contents, which ensued. The soil got intoxicated with that liquor, which it was intended should degrade and madden human beings.

Rufus and his shipmates sprang from the booth, and attempted to make their escape, but "old Read" was at their heels, and singled out Rufus, who was making the whole Common ring with his contagious laugh, as his especial prey. The by-standers did not seem inclined to interfere, but cheered Rufus, with his interminable queue, gorgeously decked with red ribbons, as he whisked past, like a comet with a fiery tail. But he had one at his heels who had his land-tacks on board, and who was seldom vanquished in a foot-race. Rufus jumped over the wooden fence, which lined the mall, with the agility of a cat, and exercised his drum-sticks very handsomely; but the long-limbed constable gained rapidly upon him, and, before the chase reached West street, Read was so close to his heels, that he reached out his hand to grasp the queue. One spring more, and he is near enough. He seized it, he clutched it within his hand, and smiled grimly, expecting to bring up the offender all standing, and the spectators of the chase thought it was all up with Rufus, and looked melancholy and disappointed that he had not escaped. "Old Read" relaxed his pace, and gave a sudden jerk; but his disappointment and mortification may be conceived, when, instead of the daring offender, he found nothing in his possession but *a superb queue, with a scratch, well garnished with "love-locks," dangling at the end of it!*

But "old Read" was not a man easily discouraged, or one who was apt to lose his presence of mind on such occasions.



He dropped the queue as if it had been a *cobra capello*, or a hot potato and prosecuted the race with renewed vigor. Rufus had, by this time, gained on his pursuer several paces, but he soon heard "old Read" again panting in his wake. He half turned his head to watch the motions of the officer, and, just as the constable, with a savage grin on his countenance, was felicitating himself on the prospect of seizing blue-jacket, and putting him in limbo, Rufus dropped on all-fours, as suddenly as if he had been shot; and poor Read, who was going at the time, at least thirteen knots an hour, struck him with such violence, that the shock sent him pitch-poling two or three rods ahead, when he fell prostrate on the pavement. Rufus sprung up like a lamp-lighter as soon as the crisis was past, and, while "old Read" was gathering himself up, dashed down Mason street, and turned into a back yard, where he concealed himself until the coast was clear. His scratch and its appendage were picked up by a brother tar, and afterwards restored to him safe and sound.

The last time that Rufus Armstrong went to sea, was in the fine ship *Mandricardo*, of Boston. He was second mate of that ship, and proved himself an active, trustworthy and ever vigilant officer. When he was before the mast, he loved to steal a nap on deck during his watch, especially when it was not his look-out; and many a sweet sleep has he enjoyed, seated on the body of the windlass, well wrapped in his monkey-jacket, and his head reposing on the bits. But when he was promoted, he seemed to be aware of the responsibility which rested upon him, and never allowed himself to be caught napping. He constantly walked the quarter-deck watching the wind and the weather, and kept the sails constantly trimmed, according to the breeze. He would also cause a good look-out to be kept on the forecastle, and rigorously exacted from the starboard watch, that one man, at least, should at all times be awake and moving.

It was a cold, but clear, moonlight night, in the month of November, as the ship *Mandricardo* was dashing along, with the wind abeam, on soundings, off the entrance to the British Channel. The starboard watch had the first watch that night, and Mr. Armstrong gave the men strict orders to keep a good look-out ahead. But, about seven bells, much to his surprise and indignation, he became aware that no one was walking the forecastle deck. Old Peter Petersen, a Swede, a veteran seaman, who, by the way, was hardly ever seen asleep in his life, was leaning over the gunwale in the lee waist, quietly smoking a cheroot. Rufus asked him, whose look-out it was.

"Jonathan Doolittle's," replied Peter.

"Why, the fellow is fast asleep somewhere; the good-for-nothing vagabond cannot be trusted; he would sleep with his head in a bucket of water. But I will try to awaken him, at any rate."

Mr. Armstrong walked forward softly, and beheld, on the inner part of the bowsprit, the gaunt form of Jonathan Doolittle, stretched at full length; his head lying between the knight-heads, his capacious mouth wide open, and snoring away as if for a wager!

Rufus told Peter to keep silent, and draw a bucket of water; he then went aft, and told the man at the wheel not to be alarmed at any noise which he might hear, and to pay no attention to any orders he might give from the forecastle, to alter the course. The helmsman grinned intelligence, for he knew Mr. Armstrong well.

Rufus then went forward again. Poor Jonathan was still in the same position, transported to the land of dreams, and apparently deeply engaged in bottling off sleep, as if to secure a stock for a long voyage. The second mate took the bucket of salt water, stood over Jonathan, and gently poured a portion of the contents into his capacious mouth. This was an

awkward interruption to Jonathan's deep reveries. The poor fellow was almost suffocated; and while he was gasping and struggling to get breath, Rufus rolled him on deck, and dashed the remainder of the water in his face, at the same time screaming in a loud voice, "Hard down your helm, *Jonathan's overboard!*"

This was all enacted in less time than it can be described; and the whole thing was so admirably managed, that poor Doolittle actually believed he had fallen overboard while asleep on the bowsprit, and being a good swimmer he "struck out" on the deck, as if for dear life, and looked like an overgrown frog trying to swim in a basin of water. He essayed to call for help, but the salt water in his throat prevented; and the coughing, and sputtering, and struggling, of the poor fellow were such, that neither the second officer, nor Peter Petersen, could restrain their risible muscles, but burst out into a laugh, which rang merrily through the ship, and was the means of bringing Jonathan to his senses; though not before the watch below, as well as the remainder of the watch on deck, roused by the dreadful cry of "A man overboard," had rushed to the scene of action in time to enjoy the joke.

Jonathan Doolittle was cured of sleeping on deck, and was ever afterwards vigilant when entrusted with the look-out.

But Rufus was not always lucky enough to get off with a whole skin. Practical jokers are ever looked upon with suspicion, are regarded as dangerous even though diverting members of society, and, not unfrequently, are compelled to pay a heavy penalty for cracking their jokes.

Rufus was once on a visit to an uncle of his, a farmer, who resided in the State of Maine. He passed some happy days romping with his pretty cousins, and joking with the lively, good-humored girls, who abounded in the neighborhood. One afternoon, a number of these "flowers of the human species,"

met at his uncle's house, and after some mysterious consultation, retired to an unfinished and gloomy room, in the back part of the building, apparently with a view to carry out some wise plan, which their noddles had conceived. But they could not altogether conceal their designs from Rufus; and from some conversations which he had had with them a few days previous, as well as from the excited and wild looks, and flashing eyes of his fair cousins, whenever they left the scene of action for a few minutes, in order to procure some kitchen utensils, or for other equally important purposes, he was convinced that the girls were "*trying projects*," or, in other words, were seeking to penetrate the mysteries of futurity, and learn, by certain mystical proceedings, charms, conjurations, &c., whether they should ever be so fortunate as to be married; and, if so, the names, characters and persons of their husbands.

This is one of the relics of superstition imported into our country from our "father land." It is still cherished in some of the interior villages in New England, but is gradually becoming extinct, under the all-pervading influence of general intelligence.

An opportunity was thus presented to Rufus of playing off upon the girls a practical joke; and, without anticipating any serious consequences to either the girls or himself, he forthwith proceeded to put in execution his mischievous plans.

He had noticed, a few days before, the hide of a black ox, hanging over a beam in the barn. The animal had been slaughtered only a week or two, and of course, was not divested of hair, horns or tail. Rufus arrayed himself in this, as an outer garment, in lieu of a water-proof pea-jacket; and arranged that portion of the hide, which had covered the cranium of the ox, when that unfortunate animal was living, in such a manner as to conceal the greater part of his visage,

and display his horns to the best advantage. He tried up the tail to produce a picturesque effect, and confined the hide



to his waist with a large ox-chain, with which he took a turn round his body, and passed the ends over his shoulders, where they remained dangling, looking very prettily.

Thus whimsically accoutred, and determined on sport, Rufus proceeded to the house, and entered by a back door. He moved stealthily along towards the room on the lower floor, which the girls had selected for the theatre of their mysterious incantations and charms. He listened at the door, but all was quiet, for the girls at that moment, were awaiting in silence,

but with fear and trembling, the result of a terribly interesting experiment.

Rufus gave three stamps on the threshold. The girls turned pale, and looked at each other inquiringly. "What can that be?" said the timid Elmira Hunt, gathering herself into as small a compass as possible, as if she would like to stow herself away in a nut-shell.

"Jane," whispered another, "I guess you had better open the door."

Stamp, *stamp*, STAMP! was repeated, but with more violence than before.

"For pity's sake, Jane, *do* open the door!" entreated one of the frightened girls, in a low and tremulous voice.

Jane, thus conjured, reluctantly approached the door, and drew back the bolt, to ascertain the character and object of this intruder upon their mystic ceremonies; ceremonies which should never be witnessed by the eye of man. The door opened with a creaking noise; — Jane gave a piercing scream, and retreated as rapidly as if she had been shot out of a rail-way car hurled over an embankment, overturning two of her companions; and Rufus Armstrong, in full costume, shaking his huge ox-chain, and flourishing his tail, stalked into the room, bellowing in a loud and hoarse voice, "HILLOA — HO — HO — HO — HO! What do you want of ME?"

The consternation which was produced among this interesting bevy of girls, by the horrible apparition which stood in the midst of them, may be conceived, but cannot be described. Elmira Hunt gave one scream, and fainted on the spot, and Lavinia Stevens followed her example; Isabella Davis, calling for help in her loudest key, rushed to the window, and turned a summersault out of it, which would have commanded the admiration or excited the envy of the most accomplished tumbler at a circus, and Sarah Hopkins followed her example; while Jane Baxter, Rufus's favorite cousin, with two of her

companions, made a bold rush past the spectre, for the door, shouting and screaming like the whistle of a steam-engine, only, of course, in a more mellifluous tone. Mary Martin crouched into the farther corner of the room, not daring to move, and hardly daring to breathe, while Adeline Somers, concealed herself snugly beneath the table. Rufus, all the while continued his hideous noise, stamping and shaking his chain, and wagging his head, in order to set off his horns to advantage.

It happened unfortunately for Rufus, that Jonathan Baxter, who had been at work in the field, digging potatoes, was then approaching the house. He was a tall, wiry-built Yankee, and, like many other Yankees, in a good cause was not afraid of facing any being alive or dead, or in whatever shape it might appear. He had heard the screams of the girls, and in a moment after saw his sister rushing towards him, as if pursued by a panther, with wildness in her eye, and terror in her countenance.

Jonathan was astonished. "What is the matter, Jane?" said he. "What *is* the matter?"

But Jane was too far gone to speak coherently. She could only point to the house, and gasp out, "O Jonathan! — do — do — save them!"

This was enough. Jonathan left Jane lying panting and trembling in the path, and with leaps of surprising longitude made his way toward the house. As he passed the corner, he seized a hickory axe-handle, which was quietly reposing there, unconscious of the work it was destined to perform. He entered the parlor, where he found no one but Arabella Tompkins, lying in the middle of the floor, and screaming as if for dear life. As soon as she saw Jonathan, she pointed to the inner door, and said, "There, there!"

Jonathan caught a glimpse of the spectre through the door. Astonished, but not daunted at the sight, he grasped his club

with a firmer grasp, brandished it over his head, and sprang forward.

Rufus Armstrong was chuckling with delight at the success of his joke, and was beginning to think he had carried it far enough, and that it was time to disencumber himself of his disguise, when the axe-handle alighted upon his head with a force, as if wielded by a giant's arm. The first blow knocked off the horns, and laid bare his head. The second descended with terrific force upon the loftiest pinnacle of his cranium. Rufus fell senseless to the floor, and the huge chain rattled ominously as he fell. Jonathan, however, had no intention to discontinue the assault. He sprang with his whole weight upon the prostrate spectre, dropped his weapon, and grappled him fiercely by the throat. Then, and not till then, he noted the features of the fiend, and was indeed astonished to find that they were those of a comely young man, — those of his cousin and friend, Rufus Armstrong, by courtesy, styled Esquire!

"Why, is this you, Rufus? Who'd have thought it? What trick are you playing now, I should like to know?" asked Jonathan, as he relaxed his grip.

But Rufus was too far gone to answer. He continued to lie motionless on the floor, and Jonathan perceived, to his great alarm, blood streaming from his head, and forming a pool on the floor. He soon succeeded in quieting the fears of the girls, who never afterwards repeated the "projects," which were thus unpleasantly interrupted; and his father coming home about that time, they stripped Rufus of his borrowed plumage, and laid him in bed. His head was laid open to a frightful extent, and Jonathan mounted his horse, and rode off in full gallop for a doctor.

In good time the doctor arrived, and, after a close examination, declared the skull fractured, and that Rufus was, of course, in a very precarious situation. The delicate operation



of trepanning, or trephining, was resorted to ; and, after the compression on the brain was removed, Rufus opened his eyes, and uttered a faint groan. But the poor fellow remained in a dangerous state for several weeks, and was the victim of much suffering. His cousins, particularly Jane, who accused herself of being, in a great measure, the cause of his getting such a terrible threshing, nursed him with much care and tenderness, and Rufus had a grateful heart, and prided himself on his gallantry. The sequel may be imagined. Rufus whispered a tender tale in the ear of Jane. That young lady listened to it without displeasure ; and finally consented to become his consort for life, upon condition that he would abandon all habits bordering on dissipation, quit the sea, stay on the land and cherish his wife, and eschew practical jokes, henceforward and forever.

Rufus Armstrong acceded to these conditions with alacrity. "As to *practical jokes*," he said, with an air of disgust, "I detest them from the bottom of my heart."

In about three weeks from that time, the minister tied the knot ; and Jane was heard to declare, with a sly look, that she believed there was some good in "projects," after all !



# TOM DULANY;

OR,

AN IRISHMAN TAKEN IN TOW.

“Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of barrel ground, long beath, brown furze, or anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.” — SHAKSPEARE.

WE had a passenger on board the ship *Blackbird*, Captain Williams, bound from Maranham to Boston, whose name was Tom Dulany. He was as good-hearted a fellow as ever left the bright isle of old Erin, and that is saying a good deal. He cared nothing about *self*, but was ever anxious to do a good turn to others. He was a pleasant companion, could sing a good song, tell a good story, and loved a joke and a frolic at all times, and on all occasions.

But Tom Dulany must have been destitute altogether of that mental organ which phrenologists dignify by the name of *cautiousness*, for he had not a grain of prudence in his character. He always acted from impulse, never from deliberation, and was ever getting himself into some disagreeable scrape or another. Indeed, the circumstances which led him to leave Maranham, will serve to explain his character in part. He met, in his walks one afternoon, a Portuguese lady, of remarkable grace and beauty in her features and figure. Tom's susceptible heart was inflamed in a moment, and, although a dark-looking, mustachod cavalier accompanied

her, he stepped up to the dark-eyed beauty, without waiting for an introduction, and forthwith began to make the agreeable. The lady blushed and smiled, and did not seem disposed to resent Tom's familiarity, for he was a likely-looking fellow, and his address was that of a gentleman. He was always a favorite with the ladies, in whatever country he visited.

The signor, however, who accompanied the lady, and who, by the way, was her husband, regarded the conduct of Tom as exceedingly impertinent. His brow grew as dark as midnight, and portended a furious storm; and when Tom attempted to take the lady's hand, in order to give a greater weight to a compliment which he was paying to her beauty, in his broken Portuguese, the scowling signor thought it time to interfere, seized Tom roughly by the collar, and, with violence, thrust him aside. Tom was indignant at receiving such *cavalier* treatment, especially in the presence of a lady, although he richly deserved it. He shook off the swarthy Portuguese, and, levelling a blow at his lantern jaws, knocked him down as flat as a flounder. The lady screamed. Some soldiers made their appearance, and Tom, finding the affair likely to prove a serious one, thought the wisest course for him was to retreat with all convenient despatch. He gave leg-bail accordingly, distanced the soldiers in the race, and succeeded in making his escape. He learned, a few hours afterwards, that the lady, who, by the brilliancy of her charms, had been involuntarily the cause of the difficulty, was a niece of the governor, and that her husband, an officer of rank, was frantic with rage, and had ordered officers to seek him in all directions, that he might be revenged on him for the blow which he had received. Tom knew that close imprisonment, for an indefinite time, was the mildest punishment which he could expect, if taken, and, therefore, lost no time in gathering his traps together, and, in the course of the night, smuggled himself on board the Blackbird. On the following day

he left the dark-eyed Portuguese beauty, and her fierce and vindictive husband, far behind.

On the passage, when near the equinoctial line, one forenoon the wind died away, the sea was quite smooth, and the weather extremely hot. Tom Dulany said he must have a swim. Captain Williams remonstrated against this whim, and stated that sharks were frequently seen in those latitudes; that in a calm they were almost certain to make their appearance, and would sometimes lie *perdu* beneath the vessel, until something fell into the water which would suit their not very fastidious appetites, when they would attack it with terrific voracity. Tom listened to his arguments, but was not convinced. Captain Williams told Tom, further, that these sharks delighted in getting hold of a good, hearty human being, now and then, just by way of change; and that nothing would give them greater satisfaction than to try the flavor of a full-blooded Irishman, especially if he sported a bit of the brogue. But it was all to no purpose; Tom persisted in his resolution to have a swim.

"Well, Mr. Dulany," said Captain Williams, "if you are determined to go overboard, I insist on your putting on my cork-jacket." You will be safer with that than with nothing on, any how."

Tom demurred at this, declaring that he could swim like a fish, without the assistance of a cork-jacket. But the captain was inexorable, and carried his point. Tom put on the cork-jacket, which was a noble one, buoying his head and shoulders high above the water, and overboard he went. He did not like this new apparatus for swimming, but it was too late to remedy the difficulty, and he paddled away at a furious rate, enjoying the delicious sport, until one of the men on the fore-castle fixed his eye on something at a distance, and shouted aloud, "There's a shark!" And, sure enough, the fin of a huge sea monster was seen rising out of the ocean at a few

rods distance. Tom, having no wish to do battle with a shark in his own element, came alongside in double quick time, and was helped on board before the big fish had time to pay his respects to his leg, if carnivorously disposed. It was soon ascertained, however, that the fins which had excited the alarm, belonged not to a shark, but to an *albicore*, an animal that is exceedingly fond of fish, but seldom meddles with flesh. He was a huge fellow, some nine or ten feet long, and as strong as a whale.

Tom Dulany was indignant at being interrupted in his sport by an *albicore*, and threatened vengeance against the fish, whose appearance was so malapropos, causing him to scramble out of the water in a most undignified manner, and, what was worse, barking his shin badly as he was climbing up the side. Without waiting to make any alteration in his garments, without even taking off his cork-jacket, he seized a stout five-pronged pair of grainse which we had on board, ran out on the bowsprit, and lowered himself down on the martingale stay, with the bloody intent of killing and capturing the *albicore*.

Captain Williams assured Tom that, even if he could plant the grainse in the body of the fish, it would be of little use, as the *albicore* was a large and very powerful animal, and, if struck, would soon, by his violent struggles, free himself from the instrument of death, or part the line, and carry off the grainse in triumph! Tom, however, was resolved, as he said, to teach the *albicore* better manners than to come near a gentleman when he was bathing, and to pass himself off for a shark. Besides, he began to think it would be capital sport to capture the *albicore*.

Tom took his station beneath the bowsprit, on the martingale. The fish was soon seen approaching the bows of the ship, unconscious of the inhospitable reception with which it was in contemplation to greet him. The mate, seeing how

matters stood, and being apprehensive of losing the grainse, called out to Mr. Dulany to make fast the rope which was attached to the grainse, and Tom, perceiving the propriety of the order, without reflection complied with it by taking a timber-hitch around his own body, just below the armpits!

He had hardly got the end of the rope secured in this way, before the albicore was under the bows, crossing the hawse, and swimming gracefully along, just below the surface of the water. Tom's heart beat quicker than was its wont. He pointed the death-dealing weapon, lifted it as high in air as his arms could reach, and then threw it, with all the force of which he was capable, into the lower part of the back of the ill-fated albicore!

The fish was surprised, and not a little vexed, at such an uncereemonious proceeding, and, naturally desirous of avoiding a repetition of similar favors, started off with great velocity, with the grainse firmly fixed in the museles of his back. The line, one end of which was attached to the grainse-staff, and the other to Tom's body, was a piece of small, but new, nine-thread rattlin-stuff, and about ten fathoms long. This was all run out in a hurry. But, even then, the affrighted fish showed no inclination to pause in his mad career. Either not knowing the effect which his further progress would have upon Tom, or not caring for it, he did not even slacken his pace, the consequence of which was, that Tom Dulany was most unexpectedly, and reluctantly, on his part, jerked with tremendous violence from the martingale, where he was standing, laughing at the mischief he had done, into the sea!

It was no longer a laughing matter, and, for once in his life, Tom lost his presenece of mind; but the captain's cork-jacket, which he fortunately had on, did him good service; it floated him on top of the water. It was a curious sight to see that fish darting rapidly along, keeping within a few feet of the surface, and towing off, at the rate of ten or twelve

knots an hour, Tom Dulany, who, sometimes with his head towards the ship, and sometimes towards the finny friend to whom he was attached by ties not easily severed; sometimes in one position, and sometimes in another, with his features distorted with terror, bellowed out for assistance with all his might !



The ship's company, a set of merry dogs, although they liked Tom passing well, and were alarmed at the awkward position in which he was placed, could not, for their lives, help laughing heartily. But Captain Williams viewed the business in a serious light, and ordered the quarter-boat to be lowered immediately, which was done, and the second mate and four men started off on a wild-goose chase, after Tom. It was lucky for him that his friend, the albacore, had lost his presence of mind also, and, instead of steering in a direction to place the greatest possible distance between him and the ship, was proceeding on a most crooked course, with his head by turns towards every point of the compass; and he

changed his course so frequently and so suddenly, without consulting his companion, that the awkwardness of Tom's position was much increased thereby. Sometimes the poor fellow was towed along very steadily, when suddenly the fish would alter his course, and Dulany would be flopped over on his back or his side, without ceremony; but, with the assistance of the cork-jacket, he managed to keep his head above water the greater part of the time, although he was constrained to swallow much larger quantities of the "briny element," than he was accustomed to, or than, indeed, was agreeable to him; and he rejoiced from the bottom of his heart when he saw that the boat was starting to his rescue; for the business was becoming tedious, and, what with his struggles, and his bellowings, and his saline draughts, he was getting rather exhausted.

Now Mr. Davis, the second mate, bade the men in the boat give way with a will, and off they dashed, "full chisel," after the albacore, or, rather, poor Tom Dulany, who was fastened to him. But the thing was not so easily done as could be wished, for the albacore, although evidently losing his strength, exerted all his energies to keep at a good distance from the boat, and tacked ship several times with great adroitness, to the great discomfiture of our friend Tom. Once, indeed, by an expert manœuvre, Mr. Davis succeeded in getting between the albacore and Dulany, and he and Bob Nicholson, who pulled the after oar, laid hold of Tom by the hair of his head and by his ears, and exerted all their strength to get him into the boat, when the albacore made a convulsive spring, and fairly jerked Tom out of their hands, to the great mortification of the second mate and crew, and succeeded in carrying him off again in triumph, at the rate of seven or eight knots!

Captain Williams, seeing how matters were going, began to be seriously alarmed for the fate of his mad-cap passenger, and ordered the stern boat to be lowered and manned, which



was no sooner said than done. Mr. Nichols, the first officer, and four stalwart seamen, stepped in, and joined in the chase after Tom Dulany and the albicore, both of whom were about half a mile off at this time. It was glorious sport for the sailors, who enjoyed it exceedingly; but it was thought, at the time, that the case was different with regard to the Irishman and the fish; at least, Tom's countenance, when a fair sight of it could be got, exhibited anything but pleasure. It looked, Mr. Davis said, for all the world, like a Dutch galliot, caught in a severe squall.

This chase was continued for about twenty minutes by both boats, when Mr. Nichols contrived to come alongside of Tom, while Mr. Davis, in the quarter-boat, was heading the albicore off. Mr. Nichols did not at first attempt to haul Tom into the boat, when he got hold of him, but with a sharp jack-knife severed the line which attached him to the albicore, and then roused him on board at his leisure! The albicore, thus relieved of the clog which had so long and so unaccountably impeded his progress through the water, darted off on a tangent, with the grainse sticking to him, and has never been seen since!

Tom Dulany was conveyed on board, looking as sick and as sorry as a mast-headed midshipman in a gale of wind. Indeed, he was hardly able to crawl up the ship's side, and did not make his appearance on deck for two days. He learned wisdom, however, from his adventure, and has often been since heard to say, that he would never willingly take another cruise, with an albicore for a pilot!

## THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

“ Despiteful and intolerable wrong !  
Shall I endure such monstrous villany ? ”

SHAKESPEARE.

HARRY WILDER was the son of one of our New England farmers, the most honest, noble-minded, and happy class of people in the world. But in an evil hour Harry determined to go to sea. He took a foolish fancy for a roving, adventurous life, and thought there must be something mighty pleasant in facing a clear whistling north-wester, on the coast in the month of January, or standing at the pump hour after hour, striving to keep some old and leaky ship afloat in the middle of the Atlantic. He, therefore, one fine summer's morning bade farewell to his father's farm, where he had passed so many pleasant hours, took a parting look at his old four-footed friends, which were grazing in the pastures, gave old Towser a farewell pat on his head, shook his father and mother by the hand, laughed at their superstitious fears, while a tear trickled down his own cheek, and jumped into the mail coach. The driver cracked his whip, the horses started, and away whirled the carriage towards Boston.

Harry was a fine-looking young fellow, and soon got a chance to ship as a green hand ; but he found that “ going to sea,” after all, was not such a grand thing as it was cracked up to be. He did not like the idea of going aloft to send down top-gallant yards in a gale of wind, or of being roused out to reef topsails in a cold, dark, rainy night, just as he

had got cleverly stowed away in his berth, and was dreaming of home. Nor was he particularly pleased with his fare, which consisted principally of salt junk, mouldy biscuit, — the remnants of a previous voyage, — and water, which was not remarkable for its purity; that is, it was destitute of neither taste, color, nor smell. Harry often thought of the snug little chamber in his father's house, where, when he turned in in the evening, with the bed-clothes nicely tucked up, he was pretty secure of remaining comfortable until sunrise the next morning, whether it blew high or blew low, without being disturbed by the cry of "Larboard watch, ahoy!" or the more unpleasant shout of "All hands, ahoy! Tumble up there, below!" And he often reflected, until his mouth actually watered, upon the delicious tit-bits, which he had devoured in his mother's dairy, and wondered why he came to be such a fool as to quit a happy life on shore, for a dog's life at sea.

But Harry was a fellow of some spirit, and not a little pride. He feared that, if he returned home, his friends would laugh at him for undertaking an enterprise which he had not nerve enough to carry through; and, like many other poor fellows in his situation, he resolved to persist in going to sea, because he was ashamed to acknowledge he had been disappointed. Harry pursued this business for three or four years, by which time he understood a seaman's duty, as thoroughly as any chap who ever undertook to splice, without a marlinspike, a wiry, four-stranded rope, with the thermometer at zero. Harry finally got enough of going to sea.

The last voyage which Harry made was with Captain Binacle, whose reputation, as far as it regarded treatment of his men, was none of the best. Indeed, he found it difficult, where he was best known, to obtain a crew. But Harry argued that he knew his duty, and was able to do it; that he asked no favors, and cared not whom he sailed with. And, indeed, no reasonable man could ever have found fault with

Harry ; for he was no grumbler, but always respectful and obedient to his officers, obliging to his shipmates, and active in the performance of his duty. But Captain Binnacle was fond of a tumbler of brandy toddy, now and then, and was a real lover of old Madeira at all times,— a circumstance which had never entered into Harry's calculations, — and when the skipper was under the influence of these potations, he was no longer Captain Binnacle, but an impetuous, hair-brained, quarrelsome bully. At these times there was no such thing as pleasing him ; he quarrelled with his mates, swore at the men, and by carrying sail without regard to prudence, taking counsel only of the brandy-bottle, endangered the lives of all on board.

Harry, however, being, as we have hinted, of a quiet, good-natured disposition, got along with him pretty well on the passage out, although he sometimes longed to give utterance to his feelings, and tell the captain, when exerting drunken authority on board, precisely what he thought of him. On the passage home, one afternoon, the wind was blowing a fresh breeze from the north-east. The ship was staggering along under all sail, including the spanker, which griped her very much, and made it exceedingly difficult to steer a straight course. Harry was at the wheel. The captain was in the cabin, drinking his wine after dinner, as usual, and had given the officer of the watch orders to keep spread every inch of sail. It was about four o'clock when he came reeling on deck. The ship was walking it off at a great rate, with the wind about three points on the starboard quarter, and, in spite of Harry's efforts,—and he worked like a good fellow,—the wake of the deeply-laden ship was almost as crooked as some of the streets of Boston.

Captain Binnacle berated Harry severely for steering so wildly, in language which was not remarkable for its taste or purity ; indeed, he showered down upon him almost every

common-place epithet, excepting that of a *gentleman* or its equivalent. Harry bore it for a while without speaking a word, although he *looked* rather unamiable. At length he bluntly told Captain Binnacle that he could steer the ship as well as any man on board, but that it was impossible to steer small while there was such a press of after sail on the ship. "Brail up the spanker," said Harry, "and then she will steer easy enough; ay, and sail faster, too!" and Harry was in the right of it, although, it must be confessed, his advice was strangely ill-timed.

Captain Binnacle absolutely foamed with rage at the idea of one of his sailors daring to bandy words with him. "You impudent scoundrel!" said he, "how dare you talk to me in that manner?" And while Harry was hard at work, trying to put the helm a-weather to prevent a broad sheer, which the old ship threatened to take, the indignant and more than half-drunken captain gave him a blow with his clenched fist, under the ear, which felled him to the deck.

The mates saw the blow, and from what they knew of the character of Harry, who was a full-blooded Yankee, feared that he would resist it in a manly manner, without regard to time or place, and stepped forward to prevent him. It was lucky for the captain that they did so, or Harry would have thrown him, without ceremony, over the quarter-rail into the wide Atlantic, to teach him better manners in future. His kind intentions being thus balked, he solemnly swore, in a voice tremulous with passion, while his eyes gleamed with fury, that he would *be fully revenged for the blow he had received!* Captain Binnacle cowered beneath the dark and fierce glance of the young sailor, and called to the steward for his pistols; but, just at that moment, the ship having broached to, all three of the topmasts were snapped off close to the caps. Here was a pretty piece of business, which sobered

Captain Binnacle, and all hands were soon employed in clearing away the wreck.

In a few days after this disaster, the ship arrived in Boston. Captain Binnacle was aware that Harry had determined to give him a sound threshing, as a receipt in full, the first time he met him on shore. Some of the other seamen also owed him a small balance, and were determined to pay it with interest. He, therefore, wisely concluded not to throw temptations in their way, but entered the vessel at the Custom House as quickly as possible, deposited his accounts with the owners, and left Boston for a brief period, without even bidding farewell to one of his shipmates.

Several years passed away, when, one cold evening in the month of February, a double sleigh, containing two travellers, a gentleman and a lady, was seen slowly proceeding along the outskirts of a village in the interior of Massachusetts. The snow had fallen in the morning to the depth of nearly a foot, and, towards night, a strong wind had sprung up from the north-west, and the road was filled with mountainous drifts, piled one upon another, like the Alps in miniature, which seemed to have been formed by magic; and our travellers found great difficulty in proceeding on their way. The gentleman, however (who, by the way, was no other than our old friend Captain Binnacle), urged on his horses, and, by turning out occasionally into the adjacent fields, to avoid a succession of particularly high snow-drifts, he hoped to be able to reach the tavern in the neighboring hamlet. But his horses, by struggling in the snow, became exhausted; his wife was chilled with the cold, although enveloped in a rich fur pelisse, the thermometer having sunk to nearly zero, and his own wonted courage and energy were rapidly ebbing away, when his horses, with the sleigh attached, plunged into a huge snow-bank, and, after floundering convulsively for a few moments stuck fast; all Captain Binnacle's efforts to extri-

cate them from their unpleasant situation proving fruitless. This was undoubtedly an awkward position to be placed in, as the mantle of night had already overshadowed the earth, and the travellers seemed to feel their unhappy predicament in all its force. But something must be done at once, or they would both perish by cold. Captain Binnacle, in a voice which resembled a funeral knell, bade his wife be of good cheer, and he would look around for assistance, or devise some expedient to overcome their present difficulties.

With much labor, he forced his way through the snow-drifts for a few rods, shouting all the time for help; but no help came, and he began to think that his voyages were over, and that, after all his perils by sea, he was about to perish ignobly in a snow-bank.

Just at this moment he fancied he saw the glimmering of a light at a distance. This revived his hopes and his energies. He pushed onward, and soon became convinced it was no illusion. In a few moments he had arrived in front of a comfortable-looking farm-house. Without stopping to go through the ceremony of knocking, he lifted the latch, and entered the apartment where the family were assembled, and the sight which he there beheld carried comfort to his heart.

An old-fashioned wood fire, made of massy sticks of yellow oak and walnut, burnt cheerily on the hearth, and diffused a genial warmth, as well as abundance of light, through the room, while the wild westerly wind whistled gloomily without. A good-looking young woman, on whose pleasing features health and happiness were stamped in characters not to be mistaken, was engaged in clearing off the things from the supper-table. A robust lad, about seventeen years of age, was seated on one side of the fire-place, and busily employed in perusing the columns of a newspaper, a good employment for leisure hours. On the other side of the hearth sat a hearty-looking man, apparently a farmer, about

thirty years of age, who was hard at work, endeavoring to instruct a chubby little fellow, about three years of age, in the rudiments of learning. The whole picture presented a scene of happiness which is often witnessed beneath the roof of the New England farmer.

The inmates of the house started up at the abrupt entrance of Captain Binnacle, and exhibited some marks of astonishment. He told his story, and had no sooner mentioned that he had left his wife freezing to death in a sleigh, not a quarter of a mile distant, than all was bustle. A couple of shovels were soon mustered, and, after considerable labor, the horses were released from the snow-bank, and, with the sleigh attached, were led towards the house, which, after a great deal of shovelling, was reached. Mrs. Binnacle was soon installed in the large rocking-chair, in front of a good fire, and, after drinking a few cups of tea, and joining her husband in demolishing a plate of fried ham and eggs, and some glorious drop-cakes, &c., she declared that she felt quite nice and comfortable. The captain was profuse in his professions of gratitude; but his host, although he neglected nothing which could contribute to the convenience of his guests, seemed remarkably serious and taciturn. He asked no questions of the travellers, and to the many questions which were proposed to him he answered only by monosyllables. The "best bed" was soon got ready for the accommodation of the captain and his lady; to which they, nothing loath, retired at an early hour.

By sunrise the next morning, all the inhabitants of that part of the country were actively employed, with numerous teams of cattle, in breaking out the roads, and a grand frolic they made of it. By the time that Captain Binnacle and his wife descended to the sitting-room, with their strength and spirits recruited after a good night's rest, the roads were declared passable. A substantial breakfast was placed before them, to which they did justice. Their horses, which had



been well taken care of, and sleigh were brought to the door, and, with many thanks for the hospitality with which they had been entertained, to which their host answered but by a grim smile, they prepared to depart. Captain Binnacle handed his wife into the sleigh, then took a bank-bill from his pocket-book, and offered to his host, as a small compensation, he said, for his trouble, in ministering to their wants. But the honest farmer rejected the proffered reward with a contemptuous wave of his hand.



"Captain Binnacle," said he, in a deep and impressive tone, "you do not know me. Look me in the face. Surely a few short years cannot have effected such a change in my features, that you can no longer recognize HENRY WILDER!"

Yes, Captain Binnacle, you see before you the man whom you abused and maltreated without a shadow of cause; the man whom, protected by the brief authority you then exercised, you struck like a coward, as you were. I then solemnly declared that I would be revenged, if an opportunity ever occurred; and if I had met you in the streets of Boston, I would have exacted a fearful penalty for that blow. It is better, however, as it is. You have come to me, unexpectedly, as a suppliant; you were in distress, and I have relieved you. *I am avenged! You may go your way in peace.*"

Captain Binnacle stood for a moment a statue of surprise. He was, to use his own favorite expression, "taken all aback." His cheeks turned pale, his lips quivered with dismay, and his astonished wife, who was a silent spectator of the scene, blushed for her husband. Recovering from his stupor, he stepped into his sleigh without saying a word, gave his horses the lash, and they dashed off at a rattling pace; but he will never again forget the features or the voice of Henry Wilder.



## FRANK GRANGER AND NABBY BROWN.

“Zounds! lady, do not give such heavy blows,  
I'm not your husband, as belike you guess.”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

A FEW nights after Frank Granger had recounted to his admiring shipmates his first courting adventure with Hannah Hartshorn, the ship *True Blue* was snugly lying to under a close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail. The wind was blowing a strong but steady gale from the north-east, but the sea was regular, and the old ship floated on the water as dry and as stately as an albatross off the Cape of Good Hope. The larboard watch on deck were huddled together under the weather bulwarks, and trying to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Each tar was closely enveloped in a good stout pea-jacket, with a tarpaulin hat covering his calabash, and a coarse cotton handkerchief or “comforter” around his neck. Sailors like to be comfortable at times as well as landmen.

They listened in silence, for the space of at least one glass, to the murmurs of the wind, and its mournful cadences, as it passed through the rigging, and the monotonous sound of the waves lashing themselves into a fury, or dashing with impotent rage against the substantial sides of the ship. They did not feel positively sleepy, for they had enjoyed watch and watch for several days; and, there being no excitement, and nothing to do, “alow or aloft,” after indulging for a while in philosophical reflections, or building a few castles in the air,

the time hung rather heavily on their hands, although, it must be admitted, that, as a general principle, sailors are not much troubled with "*ennui*."

The silence was at last broken by Jack Dale. "I say, shipmates," exclaimed he, "I should like to hear Frank Granger spin us another yarn about his courting scrapes. What do you say, lads?"

"A good idea," said Tim Gibson. "Come, Frank, no backing astern, open your ports and blaze away. I should like to know whether you ever fell in with another Hannah Harts-horn in the course of your travels."

"Not exactly," replied Frank; "but, as I gently insinuated before, although Hannah was my *first*, she was not my *last* love. I assure you I have had some experience in the way of womankind. But, somehow or other, they always manage to get the weather-gage of me, and it is not long since I came to the conclusion that the man who has least to do with them is best off."

"I don't believe that doctrine," abruptly exclaimed old Ben Biddle. "On the contrary, I firmly believe that if every man on board the True Blue had been married to a good, industrious, well-behaved girl, before he was three-and-twenty, he would have been far better off than he is at present."

"Why did you not get married, then, long ago?" inquired Jack Dale, with a grin.

"Because I was a fool!" exclaimed the old man. "If I had to live my life over again, I would be married before I reached the age of twenty-one."

"That is, if you could find some one to have you," added Frank. "Hey, old fellow?"

"To be sure; but there would be no difficulty in that," muttered Ben.

"Come, come!" shouted Tim; "belay all that. If Frank is going to get a yarn on stretch, there is no time to lose."

“Well, shipmates,” said Frank, “if you say so, you shall have it, with all my heart; and I hope that my experience in a kind of navigation full of shoals and quicksands, where there are neither charts nor compasses, may act as a warning to the youngsters.

“Well, I told you, shipmates, the other night, that, after Hannah Hartshorn had treated me so coldly and inhospitably, making me the laughing-stock of all the young folks in Cranberry Village, I left the home of my fathers, and went to sea. I liked the business, and was successful in my voyages; and, being rather a sober and industrious lad, saved a goodly portion of my wages, and made something handsome by my ‘ventures,’ which, in other days, sailors were allowed to carry free of freight. In the course of five years I became quite a different being from the youth who sneaked away one morning from his house because he had been played a scurvy trick by the girl he wished to wed; and few persons, in the sun-burnt, smart-looking, dashing sailor, neatly arrayed in a ‘jacket of blue,’ would have recognized the bashful, awkward, gawky, green-looking chap, who got so thoroughly *soused* at Major Hartshorn’s, a few years before.

“While on the broad deep, in the night watches, or exhausted by the heat in a tropical climate, I often thought of the home of my youth, and longed to visit it; but, although not naturally of a timid disposition, as you all know, I was afraid to encounter ridicule. At length, at the expiration of five years, I mustered courage, and resolved to indulge my inclination and return home, embrace my revered parents, if they were still living, and renew my acquaintance with the worthy inhabitants of Cranberry Village.

“I found that my father had been dead two years, but my mother was in good health, and overjoyed to see me. She hoped that I had got enough of the sea, and had returned to assist and cheer her during her remaining years. But I soon

undeceived her on that point. I preferred the wild, eventful life of a sailor to the humdrum occupation of a farmer, and had made arrangements to proceed on another voyage in the course of six or eight weeks. But, in the mean time, being an idler, in everybody's mess and nobody's watch, I determined to enjoy myself among the gay lads and rosy-cheeked lasses of the village, more especially as I found that my old flame, Hannah Hartshorn, had been married for three years and six months, to a smart young fellow, who carried on the two-fold business of country trader and horse jockey, in a town about ten miles off. But I could have told him, what I heard he had already found to his cost, that, smart as he was, he had met with his match in Hannah.

"Being well-spiced with impudence, and a good-looking fellow into the bargain (remember, shipmates, this was twenty years ago), and wearing a sailor's dandy costume, which has always seemed charming in the eyes of the fair, I soon became a favorite with the girls in the neighborhood. I found, also, that in the noble exercise of 'wrestling at arms' length,' and in performing the evolutions of the 'double-shuffle,' not a youth in the whole village could compete with me; and these are qualities which, if a lad wishes to gain the good opinion of the girls should not be hid in a bushel. I found, too, that I could talk to some purpose; and my adventures at sea,—the many perilous scenes I had witnessed,—formed inexhaustible subjects of intense interest; and I was always a welcome guest at raisings, huskings and quiltings; and glorious frolics we sometimes had on those occasions, I assure you.

"While sunning myself in the smiles of these fair ones, I forgot the trick which the major's pretty daughter played me, and began to entertain not only an exalted opinion of the fair sex, but a profound respect and veneration for the married state. I could not help thinking what a pleasant thing it would be to be welcomed to my own home, after an absence

of six months or a year, by a bright-eyed, angelic being, all smiles and sunshine.

“While I was in this mood, anxious, yet afraid, to take a desperate plunge over head and ears in the sea of matrimony, I met Nabby Brown at a husking frolic, and all doubts and fears vanished like a Cape Sable frog at the rising of the full moon. I resolved forthwith to take the plunge, if I could prevail on Nabby to be my partner in such an enterprise.

“Nabby Brown was the daughter of Colonel Naphthali Brown, of Pekoket, a little town adjoining my native hamlet. She was about eighteen years of age, in the very blush of womanhood, and one of the most beautiful creatures that I ever beheld. She was not one of your milk-and-water damsels, with skilligalee complexions, and a frame like a lath, whom you meet with so often in large cities, but a ruddy-checked, *substantial* maiden, of the real Yankee model ; — one who could walk abroad in the winter season without fear of being caught up and borne off by a fierce north-wester. And her eye ! it was of a dark blue, but roguish, and calculated to do mischief. It was an eye that could *talk*, and talk well, too, and express her feelings with more point and truth than her tongue ; it was one of that sort of eyes, a kind of glance from which, lulls reason to sleep, and always captivates the heart of the poor sailor. It was truly an *intoxicating* eye.

“In a word, shipmate, Nabby was such a girl as the eye of a true sailor delights to rest upon ; she was a fine specimen of female architecture, elegantly moulded in every part, and rigged throughout with neatness and taste, apparently built for use as well as for show, and, like an old-fashioned Yankee sloop-of-war, being rather full in the bows, with a handsome swell of the counter, could hardly be regarded as a clipper. I then thought it would seem a shame for such a vessel to proceed any distance on the voyage of life, without being well

manner; and I have reason to believe that Nabby was of the same opinion.

“Well, that night at the husking party, it was my good or ill fortune to be placed alongside of the rustie beauty, and a capital time I had, I assure you, for Nabby did not object to a good-humored joke, and liked a frolic and a hearty laugh, as well as myself. We had lively times that evening, I assure you, and whenever I met with a red ear, I claimed the privilege of kissing the prettiest girl present, and selected Nabby, of course; and there was no little screaming, and struggling, and laughing, and scolding, among the huskers on Simon Watkins’s barn floor, that night. Long before the business of husking was finished, I had resolved to make a prize of the snug little frigate alongside, throw my grappling-irons on board, man her without delay, and sail in company with her through life.

“When the party broke up, and I was preparing to escort my charmer to her home, about three quarters of a mile off, I was a little surprised to see Harry Simpkins, a weazel-faced, sour-looking chap, whose face had not been lit up with a smile for the whole evening, come up, and, after giving me an angry glance, offer his arm to Nabby, as if it were a matter of course. Indignant at his impudence, before she had time to accept it or reject it, I gently pushed him aside, placed the arm of the confused but laughing girl within mine, and, indicating by my clenched fist and other movements that I was not to be trifled with, marched off in triumph, with Nabby in tow, to the great astonishment and dismay of my unworthy rival, whose presumption in aspiring to the affections of Nabby Brown, I could hardly refrain from chastising, as it deserved, on the spot.

“I have already said that the distance to Colonel Brown’s was only three quarters of a mile; the road was level, and by no means difficult to find, even in the night, but somehow



it happened that more than two hours passed away before we reached the threshold of the colonel's door ! What passed in the course of that time it is impossible for me to tell ; my brains were in such a whirl of excitement, that I hardly knew whether I stood on my heels or on my head. I only remember that I approached Nabby in a style altogether different from that in which I addressed Sally Hartsborn, and was received in a different manner, which was a natural consequence. Ere we reached the colonel's house, with all the frankness and ardor of a sailor, I had offered her my hand, and the affections of an honest tar, who would never deceive her. The darkness covered her blushes, but I could feel her frame tremble, as she leaned against me for support. At length she faltered out that she knew nothing against my character, but she was very young, and had never thought of being married !

“ I knew better than that, and before I parted with her at her father's door, poor Harry Simpkins's nose was out of joint, for Nabby had given me all the encouragement I wished, and more than I could have expected or deserved, on so short an acquaintance. I called to see her the next day, and admired her more than ever. I talked with her father, secured his good will, and rejoiced in my good fortune. Being determined to ‘ strike while the iron was hot,’ and to avoid subjecting myself to disappointment, I called upon Squire Waddington, the town clerk, to request his good offices in publishing the intentions of marriage between Frank Granger and Nabby Brown, according to the good custom then prevailing in New England.

“ Squire Waddington was a stiff, sedate-looking man, about forty-five years of age. His wife had died about six or eight months before, and he had grieved deeply and unceasingly for her death. And what made the matter worse for him, she had left four or five young children, who required the care and attention of a mother. When I told him the object of

my visit, he started, and I thought seemed surprised and not altogether pleased. He looked at me earnestly for a moment, before he replied.

“‘Certainly, Mr. Granger, I will publish you next Sabbath, if you wish. But marriage is an important ceremony; it is one of those knots which even a sailor cannot untie. I hope you considered the matter well, before you formed your determination.’

“‘To be sure I have,’ I replied, in a firm voice.

“‘Frank,’ resumed the squire, in a kind, but solemn and fatherly tone, ‘I was a friend of your worthy father, and should be happy to render any service to his son, and I must frankly tell you that I am sorry you have proceeded so far in this matter, without consulting your friends, and would advise you to break off the match without delay.’

“‘Break off the match?’ I exclaimed; ‘wheugh! Why, what do you mean, squire? Why should I break off my match with Nabby Brown?’

“‘Why,’ replied the squire, in a low and gentle tone, ‘I know that girl, Frank, better than you do. She is not calculated to make you a good wife. She likes too well to frolic with the beaux; and, young as she is, and demure as she sometimes appears, she has been the town talk for these two years. You surely must have heard the stories about her?’ added he, in a sort of half laugh, which I did n’t at all like.

“‘Stories about Nabby Brown! no. I never heard anything about her which was not much to her credit.’

“‘Indeed!’ cried the squire, rolling up the white of his eyes. ‘How charitable this world has become! but I should have thought that some kind friend would have cautioned you, when they saw the danger you were in, and not have left to me the unthankful task of telling you *the truth*; but I never shrink from my duty.’

“The squire went on, and after pledging me to secrecy, told me some astounding circumstances, which convinced me that I had been altogether too hasty in forming a resolution to unite my fortunes with those of Nabby Brown, and that the sooner I broke off the match, the better for my happiness. I felt mortified and indignant at having been so neatly taken in by a happy disposition, a pretty face, and a roguish eye, and declared my intention of taking ‘French leave’ of my charmer, and going off to sea !

“‘The very best thing you can do,’ exclaimed the squire ; and I thought I saw a glance of satisfaction shoot across his rigid features. ‘And, if I were you, I would not be in a hurry to return, for you may not find it altogether pleasant to be laughed at.’

“‘I know that from experience,’ I replied. ‘I will go right home, pack up my duds, and be off to-morrow morning in the stage for Boston. But I will see Nabby first, and tell her a piece of my mind.’

“‘Poh, nonsense !’ exclaimed the squire. ‘The less you have to say to her the better. She is an artful girl, and, with her musical voice and bewitching smile, and languishing glances, would make a wiser man than you believe the moon’s made of green cheese. Avoid an interview with her by all means. But, as I am a friend of the family, if you wish it, I will call there to-morrow afternoon, and explain matters to her and to her father, in such a way that no blame whatever will rest upon you.’

“‘The very thing,’ said I. ‘An interview with her would be rather awkward for both of us now ; and, although I am not afraid of her arts and blandishments, after what you have told me, it had better perhaps be avoided. But,’ added I, with a sigh, ‘who would have thought that Nabby Brown, of all girls in the world with such excellent parents, and at so

early an age, would have shown symptoms of being deficient in propriety and principle ?’

“ My course was determined. I went right home, acquainted my mother with my resolution, and the next morning at eight o’clock was some nine or ten miles on my road towards Boston ; and although I felt rejoiced at my escape, I was disappointed and low-spirited during the whole journey. But I quickly got a berth in a good brig, bound on a voyage up ‘ the Straits,’ and the sight of the blue-sea, and the exciting scenes on shipboard, soon drove all annoying thoughts from my mind ; for you know, lads, I never was in the habit of dwelling long on past evils, or indulging in unpleasant anticipations. So far from sighing at the recollection of ‘ The girl I left behind me,’ I chuckled at the idea of having slipped my head out of the running bowline of matrimony just in the nick of time.

“ Well, we proceeded on the voyage ; touched at Gibraltar, got dismasted in a ‘ Levanter,’ and were towed into Palermo in distress. After being detained for repairs, we put back for Marseilles, and took a cargo for Cape Henry, in St. Domingo, where we arrived in safety after a long and tedious passage. A few days after our arrival at the Cape, I went on board a brig, which had lately left Boston, to learn the news ; and one of the seamen loaned me a bundle of newspapers, which he had brought from home. I eagerly seized the first chance to look them over. Among them were several country papers ; and I caught up the *National Ægis*, a paper published in the ‘ heart of the Commonwealth.’ I naturally turned to the column of deaths and marriages ; and there was a list long as my arm. But you may judge of my astonishment, shipmates, when, in the list of marriages, the very first record which caught my eye, was this :

“ ‘ On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Asahel Wetherby,

Abraham Waddington, Esq., of Cranberry Village, to Miss Abigail Brown, eldest daughter of Major Naphthali Brown of Pekoket.'

"It then came across me like a thunder-clap, that I had been bamboozled; that all the stories told me by the squire about Nabby were rascally lies, cunningly devised; and that the object of the plausible scoundrel was to make me break off the match with the girl of my choice, and get me out of the way, that he might step forward and marry the roguish-eyed damsel himself.

"I lamented my folly in suffering myself to be so easily deceived by a sly, palavering scoundrel, and persuaded to abandon a well-built, sound, beautiful craft, when in sight of port. I raved like a madman, and might, for aught I know, have committed some fatal extravagance, if I had not found consolation in a secret determination to return home without unnecessary delay, and wreak my vengeance on Squire Waddington, in the shape of a *terrible threshing*. I was, therefore, rejoiced when I learned that the captain had engaged a freight to New York, whither we arrived in good time.

"As soon as I was paid off, I started for Boston, and, without delay, took the stage for Worcester, on my way to Cranberry Village. It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, when the stage stopped at the Gull Tavern in my native town. I sprung out, inquired of the hostler if Squire Waddington lived at the old place near Green Meadow, and, being told that he did, I took my way, at a rapid pace, towards his dwelling, for I had *accounts* to settle with him, and I knew that the sooner a person gets such reckonings off his hands, the better for all parties.

"I reached the dwelling of Squire Waddington about half-past eight o'clock. I knocked at the door in a state of considerable excitement, without having yet formed any definite plan of operations, resolving to be guided by circumstances

No one came to the door, and I knocked again louder than before, but without success. I thought, however, that I heard the sound of voices in the back apartments, and, finding that I could not gain an entrance in front, I walked round to the back door, which opened upon the kitchen. As I turned the corner of the house, the voices fell on my ears thicker and faster; and I found that a domestic squall, of a furious character, was then raging in the house.

“A female voice, in a shrill but exalted tone, exclaimed, ‘I tell you what it is, old Waddington, I will submit to this conduct no longer. You have treated me shamefully. You took advantage of my youth and my ignorance, and deceived me. You persuaded me to marry you, — *you*, — a man old enough to be my father. And all the thanks I get is abusive language and ill treatment; but I will not submit to it.’

“‘All I can tell you, madam,’ replied the squire, ‘is that you will *have* to submit to it so long as you persist in neglecting your duties as a loving and faithful wife, and choose to honor me with degrading epithets, and accuse me of having spoiled your market with better men than myself.’

“‘You know it’s all true,’ replied the enraged Nabby. ‘You drove off Frank Granger, by telling him a pack of lies about me. You can’t deny it; you can’t. O, you are a sweet youth — you are! And then, when Harry Simpkins came to see me, in order to revive our acquaintance, you threatened to horsewhip him if he came again; he told me so himself last week. O, I wish I had been at Joppa among the Turks, before I married you!’

“‘I wish, with all my heart, you had, madam, for you make my home miserable. I wish that Frank Granger had married you. He would have been soon sick of his bargain; but he could have gone off to sea, when he found you out. As for poor Harry Simpkins, you would have scolded him to death in three months. But I tell you what it is, I will be

master in my own house, and, while you stay here, you shall treat me with deference and respect as your lord and master.'

" 'You, *my* lord and master ! ' screamed Nabby ; ' you pitiful blockhead ! Two words to that bargain ! You will soon find whom you have to deal with ; and I beg you to remember that I am *mistress* in this house, and mean to be MASTER too ; and I beg you will govern yourself accordingly.' "

" ' Ha ! ha ! ha ! ' was the contemptuous reply of the unfortunate squire. But his mirth was soon changed to wailing, for Nabby, who, it seems was a real Tartar, after all, seized a broomstick, and gave him a rap over the scone, which brought tears into his eyes and fierce menaces from his lips. He grasped the broomstick with one hand, and with the other gave his dear wedded wife, to whom he had not been married four months, a sound box on the ear !

" I could stand it no longer ; and the man who can quietly look on and see a woman ill-treated, whether she is right or wrong, must be a contemptible coward. I pushed open the door, and entered the apartment. Nabby, however, hardly required my aid, for, when I entered, she had seized her liege lord by the hair, and he was alternately screaming murder, and begging for mercy.

" ' You cowardly scoundrel ! ' said I, ' would you strike a woman ? ' and I gave him a box on the ear, which would have felled an ox. But a large dog, which had been lying quietly on the hearth, an idle spectator of the loving contention between the master and mistress of the house, no sooner saw a new actor enter on the scene, than he thought it time to interfere, and, barking furiously, he fiercely attacked me behind, and, as his teeth were decidedly sharp, made me feel very uncomfortable. At the same time Nabby herself, her face flashed with passion, her hair streaming over her shoulders, and a most unlovely frown on her brow, rushed at me with her broomstick, of which she had regained possession, exclaim-

ing, 'What business have you to attack my husband, you villain? Take that, and that, and off with you, I say! O,



murder, thieves, robbers!' and, at very brief intervals, the broomstick descended with terrible force on my head and shoulders.

"The squire's three eldest children, awakened by the outcry, rushed into the kitchen, and joined in the chorus. Astonished at the rude reception which I met with from the *gentle* Nabby, I was undecided what to do; the squire himself recovered from the blow I had given him, and, seizing a hoe-handle, which was leaning against the corner of the room, rushed upon me, denouncing vengeance against the man who would dare to interfere between husband and wife. To tell



you the truth, shipmates, I began to be alarmed. The odds were too great. The dog still kept hanging on my quarters, and giving me painful proofs of the sharpness of his teeth. Squire Waddington was a stout man, and, with a good weapon, and a good will, was able to do me serious injury; while, to crown all, his infuriated wife kept cracking away at my head with her broomstick, raising a *mousing* at every blow, and firing upon me volleys of epithets. I knew there was neither honor nor advantage to be gained by staying; and, since I had witnessed their connubial endearments, I no longer felt resentment against the poor squire for playing me a knavish trick. On the contrary, I felt that he was punished enough in all conscience, and was rather an object of pity, if not of thanks, than resentment. I therefore *backed out* of the scrape, as quickly as I could. I was followed closely by the squire, and Nabby, and the dog, and did not get off without considerable damage to my person and my garments. At length I succeeded in reaching the highway, and rattled along the road at a furious rate, without once looking back, until I found myself safely lodged in the bar-room of the Gull tavern!

“I did not tarry long in Cranberry Village after this adventure; but I left it a wiser man than when I entered it, having learned, during my short stay, that beauty and grace in a *maiden* do not always imply gentleness and amiability in a *wife*; and that the man who interferes in matrimonial quarrels, instead of thank from either party, will get for his pains nothing but kicks and cuffs from both.”

But the string of Frank's reflections was cut short in a manner not altogether of the most agreeable character. While he had been spinning his yarn, the wind had been increasing, and had headed off the ship some two or three points, which brought her nearly in the trough of the sea; the natural consequence of this was, that, while they were listening to Frank Granger's story, and making themselves as com-

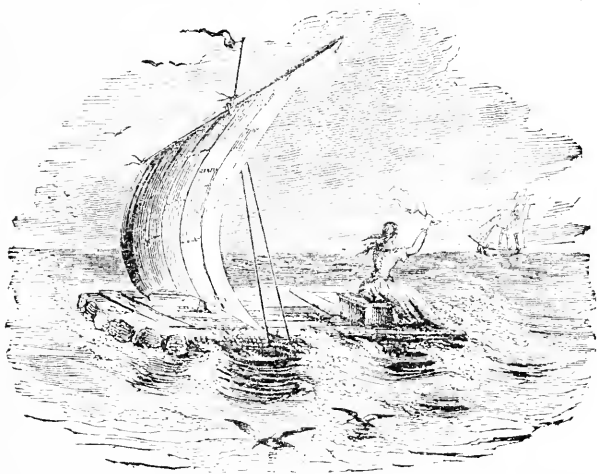
fortable as possible under the weather bulwarks, a foam-crested *roller* came down from the weather beam, and, after striking heavily against the ship's side, it gracefully raised above the gunwale its snow-white head, and, without further ceremony, came slap-dash among the astonished crew. They were thoroughly drenched with sea-water, and washed into the lee scuppers, and puffed and blowed like a shoal of porpoises, before they could recover their breaths, or ascertain their latitude and longitude. And this incident rather abruptly cut off the yarn about Frank Granger and the gentle Nabby Brown.



## THE CATAMARAN.

“ She stood alone upon that fragile raft,  
Tossed by the waves of ocean, far from land ;  
And, with her splendid garments drenched with spray,  
Her golden ornaments and jewels rich,  
Her hair dishevelled, streaming in the wind,  
Her visage pale as marble, and her eyes  
Coal black, and sparkling like the wild gazelle,  
Seemed the reluctant bride of some sea-god ! ”

OLD PLAY.



THE perils and misfortunes of sailors form a more prolific theme for conversation, anecdote, and story, than their good fortunes. There was a glorious exception to this rule, however, in the case of my old shipmate, Stephen Cameron. He never met with difficulties in the course of his life, but was always the recipient of fortune's favors. There seemed to be

no occasion for him to plan and concert measures for his future conduct. Whether he was reckless or prudent, cautious or daring, the result was ever the same, and most happy, so far as he was concerned. He was a fine fellow, a noble-hearted fellow, and a good-looking fellow, too, and, no doubt, deserved all the good fortune that fell to his lot. Such men do not always meet with their deserts.

Stephen Cameron was the son of poor parents, who died when he was eight years old, and left him a destitute orphan, thrown upon the charities of what is often called a cold-hearted, unfeeling world. He was a bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, intelligent-looking lad, and Mr. Bellows, a worthy blacksmith, who lived in the village, and was a friend of Mr. Cameron, took pity on his destitute offspring, conveyed him to his own house, and treated him like one of his own children, intending to give him as good an education as could be furnished by the district schools in the country, instruct him in his own trade, and put him in a way of procuring a livelihood, and becoming a useful and respectable member of society.

But Stephen early evinced repugnance to learning the trade of a blacksmith, or, indeed, any other handicraft employment. He exhibited a taste for adventure, was anxious to visit foreign countries, and avowed a determination to "go to sea." At the age of fourteen, he left the house of his friend and guardian, with a bundle in his hand, containing all his chattels, and while his bosom beat high with hope, and his eyes sparkled with expectation, he commenced his journey to the nearest seaport. His intelligent face, and graceful but robust form, served as a letter of recommendation, and, without much difficulty, he procured a situation as cabin-boy on board a ship bound to Europe.

Stephen thus commenced his career as a sailor, and met with many buffets and hardships at the outset. But he always made friends, — this was owing to his good conduct

and exemplary character, — and he never met with any serious misfortunes. He had deliberately selected his occupation, and he determined to press forward until he had gained the topmost round of the ladder; and, stimulated by a proper spirit of emulation, it is not remarkable that he rapidly passed through the different grades of cabin-boy, sailor, second mate, chief mate, and became master of a fine vessel, the ship *Cunegunda*, engaged in the Brazilian trade.

Captain Cameron was an honor to human nature — he was as brave, generous, noble-spirited a fellow as ever strapped a block, or worked out a case in traverse sailing. He loved his profession, he loved his ship, and was faithful to his employers, who congratulated themselves on securing the services of an able shipmaster and an intelligent merchant. Although an ardent admirer of the fair sex (was there ever a true sailor who was not?), and fond of female society, which exercises a purifying and polishing influence on the character and conduct of men, he was resolved to retain his heart in his own keeping, until fortune should so far smile upon his undertakings as to enable him to bid farewell to the ocean, and, with a competence, seek happiness in the bosom of domestic society. Such was the character of Stephen Cameron, when, in the good ship *Cunegunda*, with a fine breeze from the northwest, he rapidly left a well-known seaport in New England, bound on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro, in the Brazils.

Nothing material occurred in the early part of the passage; but Lieutenant Maury's route had not then been suggested, and, as the ship drew towards the equator, calms and light southerly winds prevailed to a degree seldom witnessed even in those latitudes. A current, meanwhile, was setting strongly to the westward, and Captain Cameron had the unpleasant anticipation of being *back-strapped*, as the phrase is, that is, forced so far to leeward as to be unable to weather Cape St. Roque, in which case he would have to proceed back again

into the latitude of variable winds, and then, by stretching to the eastward, and afterwards hugging the "trades," try once more to reach his destined port. The *Cunegunda*, too, was heavily laden, and rather a dull sailer, and our youthful skipper passed many anxious hours, until he took the trade-wind strong from the east-south-east, and saw that the chances were in favor of his weathering Cape St. Roque. He did weather the cape, but had nothing to spare, and had to make several tacks along the coast before he could hope to clear the Cape of St. Augustine.

One morning, when nearly in the latitude of Pernambuco, while the *Cunegunda* was gliding along, close-hauled, with a fine easterly breeze, Captain Cameron came on deck about sunrise, and, while the watch were busy scrubbing and washing the decks, he went into the fore-topmast cross-trees, to take a look around the horizon. He had been there but a few minutes, ere he espied, in shore, apparently standing off from the land, a sail. He called for his glass, and discovered the sail to be a boat of small size, or a raft, with only one piece of canvas hoisted, a shoulder-of-mutton sail. The craft appeared to be steered wildly, and he was much puzzled in endeavoring to conjecture why that frail vessel was navigating that rough sea, at such a distance from the land, — nearly thirty-five miles, — and running *from* the land, instead of approaching it on the other tack. He was convinced that some extraordinary occurrence must have caused this singular proceeding.

As the craft drew nearer, Captain Cameron saw that it was a *catamaran*, a class of vessels peculiar to South America, and constructed of light logs of a species of the palm-tree, cut in lengths of fifteen feet or more, and arranged in the form of a raft. These kinds of skiffs are very buoyant, sail rapidly with a free wind, and are much used by the fishermen on the coast of Brazil, being often met with several

miles from the land, even when the trade-wind is blowing fresh, and the seas are sweeping over the platform of the raft. The catamaran, of course, from its peculiar construction, cannot *capsize*, and, although a wet, is a safe and tolerably comfortable craft in moderate weather; but it presents a singular appearance when seen on the coast for the first time, with its rude-looking navigators, generally half-naked Indians or negroes.

As the distance between the ship and the catamaran lessened, Captain Cameron fancied that he saw one, and only one, person on the raft, and that person was arrayed in a female garb! His curiosity now became intense; all hands were mustered on deck, and arrangements were made to board the catamaran, if necessary, and thus solve the mystery. It was not long before the figure of a female was plainly distinguished. She was seated on a chest, or a box, in an attitude of helplessness, and seemed, by her gestures, to be imploring assistance. She was, evidently, unacquainted with the management of the craft, which was drifting or sailing about at the mercy of the waves. The ship was hove to, with the main-topsail to the mast, then a boat was lowered and manned, and, in a few minutes, the catamaran, with its fair navigator, was alongside the *Cunegunda*.

The sight which was there exhibited called forth all the sympathy of the young and humane American captain and his gallant crew. The navigator of this little vessel was a girl, not more than eighteen years of age, but of extraordinary delicacy of frame, and lineaments seldom surpassed in symmetry and beauty. Her eyes were dark, and sparkled like Golconda gems; but her features were thin and deadly pale, and although they were now illumined by a smile of joy, yet it was plainly seen that the fair adventurer had been a prey to intense physical suffering.

She was assisted on deck, and received with much kindness

and warmth by the gallant captain, who was able to converse with her in the Portuguese language. He was much struck with her beauty, her youth, and the singularity of her costume. Her dress was thin and elegant, better calculated for a ball-room than to withstand the rude assaults of the winds and the waves. Around her neck she wore a necklace of great splendor, and her taper fingers were encircled with jewelled rings. Her garments were dripping with the salt sea-spray, and her hair, glossy, and of raven blackness, fell unconfined on her shoulders, giving her the appearance of a sibyl of the seas.

Her strength failed her when she reached the deck of the *Cunegunda*, and she exhibited great emotion at the idea of having been snatched, as it were, from the devouring jaws of death. Captain Cameron, with much tenderness, assisted her into the cabin, and, suspecting the cause of her weakness and the pallor of her complexion, lost no time in administering such restoratives as he knew would prove beneficial in her case, and renovate her exhausted faculties. He then learned that this lovely Portuguese girl, evidently educated in the lap of luxury, and unaccustomed to even the trivial ills of life, had been for more than three days exposed on the open sea, and during that time had tasted neither food nor water!

It is needless to say that Captain Cameron's attentions to his beauteous passenger, whom he had so unexpectedly fallen in with, were unremitting, but of the most delicate character. He soon ascertained that her mind was cultivated and pure, and that she excelled in those accomplishments which are always regarded as an ornament to the sex. In a few days her strength and her spirits were much improved, and, although still delicate in her appearance, and fragile in her form, she no longer seemed a prey to suffering or disease; her beauty was more resplendent than when she was first seen, for to it were added the attractive charms of health.

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When we consider the forlorn condition of this girl when first seen by Captain Cameron, and the extraordinary power of her personal charms, united with her unprotected situation and the necessity there was that he should regard her as an object requiring the greatest kindness and attention on his part, in order to reconcile her to her strange and awkward situation on board a foreign vessel, among strangers, with no companion of her own sex, it is, perhaps, not very extraordinary that Stephen Cameron began to cherish for this accomplished beauty, feelings of the most tender description. But lest there should be circumstances which might render a union with his charming passenger impossible, he urged her to tell him the cause of her embarking in such a strange garb, on board such a strange vessel, and on a voyage apparently without object or aim.

She manifested no reluctance to relate to him the most important incidents of her history, for she felt grateful to him as the savior of her life. Cameron learned that her name was Marie de Sandoval, that she was the daughter of a Portuguese merchant, who, during ten years, had resided in Pernambuco, and acquired great wealth. She was an only child, and, two years before, her mother, a lady of Lisbon, had fallen a victim to one of the diseases peculiar to that climate. Revolutionary troubles had broken out in the province of Pernambuco; a jealousy was entertained, by the native inhabitants, of the Portuguese, in consequence of the superior intelligence, enterprise, and, consequently, riches, of those who were born and educated in Europe, and became residents of Brazil for the purpose of improving their worldly affairs, and, in many cases, acquiring a fortune. Don Pedro de Sandoval, alarmed at the disorderly state of affairs, and the turbulent condition of the populace, who seemed disposed to set at naught the civil regulations of the province, and the laws of God, hastily con-

verted his property, although at a great loss, into jewels and specie, intending to proceed to Lisbon with his daughter Marie, in the ship Belem Castle, which was then at anchor in the outer roads of Pernambuco.

A few nights before the ship was ready to sail, a desperate ruffian, well known at Olinda, of which place he was a native, by the name of Pedro the Savage, — who had signalized himself by sanguinary deeds during the revolution, and who had reason to fear for his safety during the temporary reëstablishment of law and order, — made arrangements to escape to Maranhão in a small coasting-vessel; and he resolved to take with him the property of Signor de Sandoval, and, also, his beautiful daughter, Marie, as a companion of his voyage and of his exile.

He found no difficulty in procuring aid to carry this diabolical project into effect. In the still hour of midnight, he headed a gang of ruffians, and broke into the dwelling-house of De Sandoval, who, alarmed at the attack, sprung from his couch, and prepared himself, pistol in hand, to defend his property and his life. His daughter was in her apartment. She had just returned from a visit to some friends, and was engaged in the pleasing but solemn occupation of looking over some trinkets and papers which had belonged to her mother, and which she had preserved with religious care. On hearing the assault and the violent language and threats of the villains, she rushed, terrified, into the saloon, attracted by the sound of her father's voice. The next moment he fell backwards into her arms, shot through the head by one of the murderous ruffians.

For a time she lost all sensation. When she recovered her senses, she found herself borne along towards the water-side by two of the villains; but the boat, belonging to the coaster, which Pedro expected to find waiting his pleasure at a certain wharf, was not to be found. He stamped and foamed

with rage, being anxious to get off before the alarm should be given and a pursuit take place. At this moment he spied at hand a *catamaran*, belonging to a poor fisherman, who was making ready for an excursion into the offing at daylight, agreeably to his usual custom, and resolved to take possession of the craft, and then convey his prize and himself on board the schooner in the outer roads. The trunk containing the specie and jewels was thrown upon the catamaran, and hastily but securely lashed to the platform. The terrified and trembling Marie was next dragged on board; the sail was hoisted, the raft was shoved off, and thus Pedro the Savage, accompanied by an athletic seaman, who had aided him in the robbery and abduction, embarked with his plunder and his prey.

The night was cloudy and very dark; the wind blew in squalls from the eastward, and the waves dashed angrily on the rugged and extensive limestone reef, which protects the harbor of Pernambuco from the rude assaults of the ocean. The fate of Marie seemed a terrible one, but inevitable. She could hardly hope to affect by her pleadings the better feelings of the ruffians, and induce them to change their fiend-like designs, and restore her to liberty in safety and in honor. Nevertheless, she instinctively strove with all the eloquence of *a woman*, whose life and honor are in imminent peril, to touch their hearts, and elicit some expression of kindness and humanity. She implored them in the most earnest and impassioned manner to return; to be contented with the booty which they had secured, and land her, fatherless and moneyless, on the wharf.

Pedro indulged in a discordant laugh at the idea of voluntarily resigning the beautiful Portuguese, after he had actually got her safe in his possession. He assured her that if she did not soon become resigned to her fate, and enjoy happiness, the fault would be hers; and he even insisted on kissing her

into good humor ! But his companion, a reckless and unprincipled French sailor, was not destitute of the feelings of humanity. The eloquent appeals of Marie, and the screams of the terrified maiden when the savage Pedro proceeded to give her the proposed marks of affection, enlisted his sympathies in her behalf, and he dared to remonstrate with his superior on the folly of carrying off the girl, who would only be an incumbrance, and might lead to their detection and punishment. Pedro, indignant at this symptom of insubordination, to which he was unused, replied in a haughty and insolent tone, which roused the choler of the Frenchman. Both parties became exasperated, heaped curses on each other's head, and finally grappled with each other in a mortal struggle. Pedro drew his glistening blade from its sheath, and passed it through the bosom of his companion in iniquity, who was desirous of atoning by one good act for many deeds of guilt. The wounded man uttered a loud and piercing scream, and, with a convulsive exertion, sprang into the water, dragging with him the ruthless and blood-thirsty Pedro ! The catamaran was moving rapidly through the water at the time, and Marie saw them no more. They doubtless both sank beneath the surface of the sea ; and Marie was thus left alone on the catamaran !

Her first sensation, after she recovered from the scene which had just been enacted in her presence, was that of gratification in being thus rescued from a dreadful fate. But she soon became aware that the raft was rapidly proceeding from the land, and, as she drew towards the outer roads, the waves began to dash over her little vessel. She knew not the art of steering or navigating a boat, and soon became aware that her situation was perilous in the extreme. In the morning, when the sun rose above the horizon, she could hardly distinguish the coast of Brazil. The waves were all around her,

not a vessel was in sight, and she seemed to have been preserved for a lingering and a dreadful death.

In a short time she lost sight of the land. The wind soon afterwards died away; but a calm, while it lessened the prospect of obtaining aid from some friendly vessel, brought no comfort to her soul. Towards night the wind again breezed up, and the catamaran was driven still further to sea and along the coast. All the next day she kept on the watch, hoping to see a ship steering towards her, but not a vessel appeared in sight. The third day also passed away without bringing any succor. Her sufferings from hunger and thirst, and exposure to the weather, were indescribable; and while in that state of weakness, agony and despair, it is strange that she was able to retain her station on the catamaran, which was gradually gaining off shore, being on a wind, with the starboard tack on board; but, on the fourth day of her cruise, her heart was cheered by the sight of a vessel! She watched its appearance with intense eagerness, until she saw that it was rapidly increasing in size, a sure sign that it was steering in the direction of her little skiff. Still she could not help entertaining agonizing apprehensions that the ship would alter its course, or that the persons on board might not see her, and that it would pass on its way without rendering her any assistance. No one, excepting those who have been placed in similar unfortunate situations, can conceive of the mental agitation, of the alternate hopes and fears, of the most soul-thrilling description, which are experienced even by persons of vigorous frame, and superior courage and resolution, at such a time. But she gave herself up to joy when she saw that she had attracted the attention of those on board the ship, and that she would certainly be rescued from her distressing situation. The ship proved to be the *Cunegunda*; and she was received by Captain Granger with the greatest kindness and hospitality, as I have already stated.

The sequel of my story is soon told. Gratitude is often akin to *love*; and Marie's warm heart overflowed with gratitude towards the man who had been the instrument of Providence in rescuing her from a terrible death, and she soon learned to entertain for him feelings of a more tender kind, and to respond to the ardent attachment which he felt and avowed for the black-eyed daughter of Lusitania. When the ship reached the capital of the Brazils, preparations were made for the performance of the nuptial rites; and soon, before the altar, the vows were taken, which gave Stephen Cameron the right, and made it his duty, to protect and cherish through life the bright being whom he met with on the wide seas, in a manner so strange and unexpected.

He returned to New England, with his lovely wife and her treasures, and bade adieu to the sea forever. Fortune had smiled upon him, and happiness still sheds an influence over his domestic circle. Often, when Stephen gazes upon the cheerful countenance of his affectionate Marie, his thoughts revert to the past, and he thinks upon what slender threads hang the destinies of man, and feels a conviction of the truth that a great apparent evil will frequently evolve circumstances productive of the greatest possible good. If Stephen had not fallen to leeward, during protracted calms on the line, when bound to Rio, he would not have fallen in with the CATAMARAN, with the fair Marie on board, who, like a benignant genius, strews his pathway through life with flowers.



## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

“ She gazed — she reddened like a rose —  
    Syne pale as ony lily ;  
She rushed into his arms, and cried,  
    ‘ Art thou mine ain dear Willie ? ’ ”      BURNS.

It was a bleak day in the month of November, the north wind howled mournfully through the leafless trees, the broken clouds flitted rapidly across the face of the heavens, and the whole face of nature assumed an aspect, cheerless and uncomfortable, well calculated to remind the moralist of the closing scenes in the great drama of life, as a traveller, with weary steps, wended his solitary way through one of those beautiful hamlets which abound in New England, and which constitute the noble ornaments, emblems of freedom, peace and happiness, of which she is justly proud.

To judge from his costume, this traveller belonged to the humblest ranks of life, or had been singled out as a victim by misfortune. His coarse straw hat, his patched doublet, and his canvas trousers, soiled by tar in many places, while they proclaimed his occupation and his poverty, seemed but poorly calculated to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. His form was cast in a manly mould, denoting great activity and strength. His features, bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, and partly concealed from view by his luxuriant locks of coal-black hair, showed that he was still in the dawn of manhood. His eyes seemed lighted up with an intelligent spirit, by a gleam of expectation and hope, which showed that

his humble fortune, did not accord with his noble nature; that, however severely fate had dealt with him, his energies were still unbroken; and that maugre the chill northern blast, and the fatigues which it was evident he had recently undergone, he was resolved to push onward until the object which he had in view was accomplished.

“It is now three years,” said this young sailor to himself, as he plodded along the road, “since I very foolishly left my happy home, urged by a silly pique, and a love for a life of adventure, to brave the hardships and perils of the ocean. Since then my life has been a series of misfortunes. I have met with storms on every tack. But, thank Providence, although my canvas is sadly reduced and pretty well worn out, and my pockets destitute of ballast, my hull is unimpaired, and my spirits as unbroken and buoyant as ever. I hope my parents are still living, and prosperous and happy. I was a fool to leave them. And my brothers and sisters, — how happy we were together! And cousin Mary, that bright little sylph, whom I loved with a love surpassing that of cousins, and in whose company I have passed so many rapturous hours! O, I was a great fool to leave such blissful scenes! And I believe, after all, the little fairy loved me! I *know* she did; she all but told me so! But it is too late now to retrace my steps, I can only regret my folly. I dare say the bright and joyous young thing has forgotten Ned Willis, and was married to some worthier fellow than I am long ago. Her rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and sweet disposition, to say nothing of the property she was to inherit, attracted many admirers, and made sad havoc among the hearts of the youths of the village. Well, if she is married, there is no more to be said; I have no right to complain. I hope she has chosen a good husband. I will see her once once more, wish her a long life and a happy one, and away to sea again. But if she is *not* married —” He did not finish the sentence,



but a change came over the countenance of the ill-clad and weather-beaten mariner, as if he were indulging in a vision of rapture, and he involuntarily quickened his pace.

As Edward Willis journeyed onwards towards his home, anticipating by turns happy and adverse fortune, he was surprised to find that, although it was in the middle of the week, there were no signs of labor among the inhabitants. All was quiet; even the oxen were browsing contentedly in the pastures, the school-houses were closed, and the meeting-houses were open; the people whom he met with were neatly arrayed in their Sunday clothes, and their countenances were wreathed with smiles of gratitude and joy. On inquiry, he learned that it was THANKSGIVING DAY. He hailed the information as a glad omen.

On the day when this poor, forlorn-looking traveller, after years of wandering, was pursuing his way towards his native village, the fire burned brightly on the hearth-stone of his parents. Deacon Willis was *a New England farmer*, a man who, by cherishing the virtues of industry and frugality, had become possessed of a handsome property, and who, enjoying a competence in a free country, protected by a wise government, surrounded by kind and intelligent neighbors, and at the head of a happy and virtuous family, envied neither nabobs their riches, nor monarchs their power.

It was Thanksgiving day, and great had been the bustle in Deacon Willis's family for the previous week. Descended in a direct line from one of the earliest settlers of New England, no consideration could have induced the worthy deacon to abate one jot of the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of the Thanksgivings of the Puritans. Thanksgiving was religiously observed by him, as it had been by his father before him, and the gratitude which he expressed to his Creator for the mercies which he had received, was not a

mere formula of unmeaning words, but came directly from the heart.

On this day his children were collected around him, and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of his distant relations, who were not so well provided with the good things of this life as the worthy deacon, also accepted an invitation to be present. Among those who were sheltered by his hospitable roof on this occasion, the greatest favorite seemed to be Mary Wardsworth, a blue-eyed damsel, whose lovely and expressive face told more about sweetness and purity than I could describe in a folio volume. She was the only daughter of a cousin of the worthy deacon's, and at an early age had been deprived of her parents by death. But Deacon Willis had been to her a parent, his house had been to her a home, his wife had treated her with a mother's kindness, and his children regarded her as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis's situation as mistress of the family was no sinecure on that day. Her duties were various and important, for it was the *New England Holiday*, and all her skill as a housewife, all her excellence as a manager, was put to the test on Thanksgiving day. After the family returned from meeting, — for they were of the good old-fashioned sort, who would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving dinner as be deprived of their Thanksgiving sermon, — the table was set in the large front parlor, which was wont to be used only on extraordinary occasions, and preparations for the festival commenced. A good fire, made of walnut and yellow oak wood, burned cheerfully in the large open fire-place, and all the females belonging to the house were put in requisition to bear the abundance of the good things from the kitchen to the parlor, and which, when deposited in their respective places, made the tables groan again.

At the head of the table was placed a portly turkey, the choicest of the large and pampered family; at the further ex-

tremity was deposited a ham of a size and flavor to make a Westphalian commit suicide through envy and despair. On the centre was stationed, plucked, roasted, and ready for the carving-knife, one of those celebrated animals which whilom saved from the ravages of the Gauls the capital of Rome; while here and there, scattered in rich profusion around the table, in apparent disorder, but with deliberate care and precision, were boiled and roasted fowls, chicken-pies, jellies, knickknacks, apple-sauce, and plates of vegetables of more varieties and excellence than I would willingly undertake to enumerate, while on the kitchen-table, arranged apparently as a *corps de reserve*, might be seen a stately plum-pudding, supported by several enormous Thanksgiving pumpkin pies, with mince pies, apple pies, squash pies and custard pies, with fruits of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples, to bring up the rear. As a beverage, on this happy occasion, *water* was the only article provided — water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which bubbled up a few rods from the house; for farmer Willis contended that water was the best drink, even on festive occasions, and that hilarity and joy should be promoted, not by wine or strong drink of any kind, but by social communion, by a free interchange of thoughts and ideas, by generous feelings, born and nurtured in noble bosoms.

It was nearly two o'clock, long after their accustomed hour of dinner, before the assembled company were invited into the parlor to partake of the good cheer which had been so bountifully provided. And, as the happy company stood around the tables, waiting for their host to ask the Divine blessing upon the meal which was placed before them, a shade flitted across the good man's brow, for his eldest son, a noble youth, was absent. Among the joyful faces which surrounded him, Edward's was not seen. He had left his home, years before, to embrace a seafaring life, and the wanderer had

not returned. There was reason to believe that he was no longer in the land of the living; and, although they still strove to cherish hope in each other's bosoms, many and bitter were the tears of affection, which had embalmed his memory.

Deacon Willis did not intend to cast a damp over the spirits of the happy group, and his words were but the echoes of his thoughts, as he involuntarily exclaimed, "Were Edward here, we should, indeed, be happy!"

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis. "Ah! I much fear we shall never see his smiling face again."

Mary Wardsworth said nothing, but a tear started into her eye, and any casual observer would have seen at once that Edward Willis was dearer to her than a cousin or a friend; and that she cherished his memory in the very depths of her heart.

Just then old Bose, the house dog, was heard to make some angry remonstrances to a passing traveller, which attracted attention, inasmuch as it was by no means an ordinary occurrence; for Bose was a well-nurtured brute, and seldom accosted a well-dressed, gentlemanly personage in a rude and angry manner; but he entertained the prejudice against the victims of misfortune or intemperance, wearing the garb of poverty, which is cherished by nobler animals, who boast the attributes of reason. In truth, Bose, although a faithful dog, was an aristocrat in his principles. The traveller, from his appearance, moved in the humblest rank in life, and Bose intended to give him a reception corresponding with his shabby appearance, and was advancing towards him in a surly manner, and truculent look, when Deacon Willis, who well knew the peculiarities of his dog, told his son James to go out and protect the stranger from violence. "He seems a sailor, too," said he, "and, on a day like this, we should not refuse the rites of hospitality to the humblest being who passes along

the road. On Thanksgiving day, no individual, rich or poor, sailor or landsman, should want for a plentiful meal. Ask him in, my son," continued the noble-hearted farmer, "and let the poor wayfarer take a seat at our board."

The stranger entered the parlor, and room was made for him at the table. But his appearance and manner were strange, and he seemed as if he was ill-disposed to requite his kind hosts for the hospitality he enjoyed. He did not even raise his dilapidated hat from his head; and to the kind inquiries which were made of him, he scarcely deigned any reply; but, as if overcome with fatigue, or agitated by contending emotions, he threw himself into the nearest chair, and covered his brow with his hands.

The wondering group witnessed his conduct in silence. "Come now, my good man," at length exclaimed Mrs. Willis, in a kind, motherly tone; "I dare say you are tired and hungry; take a seat at the table, and make yourself at home. We like sailors, and would gladly do you a good turn for the sake of one who has long been absent. Don't cry, Mary; you should learn to restrain your feelings."

Just then old Bose, who, when the sailor first came in sight, was disposed to regard him as an enemy, much to the surprise of the children, suddenly conceived the most lively attachment to the "poor straggler." He wagged his tail with unwonted energy, absolutely danced around him, whined forth his joy in the most expressive manner, and continued the pantomime by jumping into his lap, and attempting to lick his face.

The stranger hardly attempted to repulse the affectionate animal, but, gently patting his head, addressed him with the endearing epithet of "Poor old Bose!" adding, "*you* have not forgotten me."

He then raised his head, took his hand from his forehead, removed his hat, and brushed away the long and matted locks

which partly concealed his features. His voice had touched a chord in the bosoms of the persons present, which had long ceased to vibrate. The eyes of Deacon Willis and his wife were turned upon him in eager expectation. Mary Wardsworth started ; the rose on her cheek gave place to the lily ; and her deep-seated and pure love proved more quick-sighted than even parental affection. She gazed upon him with a look in which joy and surprise were blended, and met his glance, which beamed with tenderness and rapture, expressing the fruition of earthly enjoyment. Her maidenly reserve



was conquered by her surprise and joy at beholding before her a dear one whom she had long mourned as forever lost. "It

is cousin Edward!" said she, and she threw herself into his arms.

The scene which followed may be imagined, but cannot be described, nor shall I attempt it. There was no longer any alloy in the enjoyment of that happy family; and Deacon Willis, albeit always noted for his piety, never offered up a thanksgiving prayer with greater fervency and sincerity, than on that occasion.

After dinner was over, Edward had a long tale to tell, to which his auditors listened with breathless attention, of the perils and sufferings he had experienced during the previous three years. The vessel in which he had sailed for South America had been suspected of carrying on a contraband trade, and the crew were condemned to the mines for life. Edward, with two of his companions, at the imminent risk of his life, succeeded in effecting his escape, and worked his passage home in a vessel bound to Providence. Misfortune still pursued him; the vessel was wrecked on Block Island during a heavy gale, and, after a desperate struggle with the waves, he succeeded in gaining the shore. He lost no time in proceeding to Providence in a fishing craft, when he took his land tacks on board. Weary, hungry, destitute of money and clothes, a poor, shipwrecked sailor, Edward Willis at length reached his home.

"And you are welcome, my boy!" exclaimed his father; "I hope you will never again leave us."

Edward looked at Mary, who blushed like a peony.

"I see how the wind sits," said the worthy deacon. "Come hither, Mary Wardsworth."

Mary, with trembling steps, approached her guardian.

"Mary," said the deacon, "we must look to you for security that Edward will never play truant again."

He put her trembling hand into that of his son.

Edward has never been to sea since. He is now a happy

and prosperous farmer; and, blessed with an affectionate wife and three lovely children, he every year welcomes the approach of November, and reads in the newspapers, with keen gratification, the governor's proclamation for THANKSGIVING DAY.





## NED GASKET'S STORY.

### THE PIRATE IN THE OLD BAHAMA CHANNEL.

“Then said the rover  
To his jolly crew,  
Up with the black flag,  
Down with the blue ;  
Fire in the main-top,  
Fire on the bow ;  
Fire on the gun deck,  
Fire down below.”      OLD BALLAD.

A FEW years have passed away since a ship of about three hundred and fifty tons, called the *Belle Rosa*, was running down the “south-east trades,” in the south Atlantic Ocean, between the latitude of Ascension and the equinoctial line. She was on her return from the East Indies, with as fine a crew on board as ever manned a windlass and responded to the musical cry of “Yeo, heave-o !” The wind was right aft, a gentle but steady breeze ; and, for more than one week, the *Belle Rosa*, under its benignant influence, had been quietly gliding over the surface of the waters towards the United States, without its being necessary to trim a sail, to touch a tack, a sheet, a halliard, or a brace, so steady had been the breeze in that ever smooth and quiet part of the ocean ! And beautiful indeed looked the ship as she moved gracefully along over the quiet sea, while, spread on her lofty and taper masts, was a crowd of sail to catch the passing breeze. Seen from her wake, with her lower, topmast, top-gallant and royal

studding-sails on both sides, and main skysail set, she seemed a living pyramid of snow, or a beautifully devised but fantastic palace, moved by some magic power over the face of the waters.

It was the Sabbath day. The crew had partaken of their Sunday dinner, and, in neat and trig attire, and happy countenances, were lounging about the main deck and forecastle; some were reading their Bible, happily the present of a venerated mother; a small group, gathered around the heel of the bowsprit, were conversing in cheerful but subdued tones, spinning yarns, or indulging in interesting reminiscences. Some were humming or attempting to hum a good old-fashioned psalm tune, such as they had listened to in the old meeting-house of their fathers in days gone by, and others were intently busied in reading, perhaps for the hundredth time, the last letters received from home, or gazing, with eyes sparkling with affection, on the gift of a dear, perhaps *loved*, friend. It was a pleasant day, that Sabbath on the ocean. The captain was engaged in the cabin in working out a series of lunar observations that he had taken the night before; the chief mate was employed in his state-room, in transferring the record on the log-slate to the log-book; the second officer, who had charge of the watch on deck, was comfortably seated on the hen-coop, beneath a temporary awning, reading an interesting book of adventures, and ever and anon rising to look over the quarter, and note the progress of the ship, or to peep into the binnacle, and see that the helmsman kept her strictly on her course.

The group around the heel of the bowsprit became larger, for Harry Williams, an old man-of-war's man, had been giving, in real man-of-war style, an interesting description of the terrible conflict, during the last war, between the General Armstrong privateer, and the boats of an English squadron. When Harry had concluded his tale, which was well fitted to

his audience, and was received with much applause, Ned Gasket volunteered a yarn about the pirates off Cuba, and in a few minutes all hands, excepting the man at the helm, were listening with the closest attention to his story.

Ned Gasket was a well-built man, about thirty-five years of age, with a countenance which might be called intelligent, although the deep furrows in his cheeks, and his wrinkled brow, told a sad tale of the excesses to which he had long been addicted, which had impaired his constitution, destroyed his character, and were rapidly producing a premature old age. His connections were highly respectable, and in early youth he had received a good education. At the outset of his career, he promised to make a useful member of society; but he acquired intemperate habits, frequented low company, became idle and dissipated, thus blasting the hopes of his friends, who, after repeated efforts to reclaim him, abandoned him to his fate, and, as a desperate resort, he went to sea. He no longer cherished any respect for himself, or wish to advance his condition or his fortunes, and soon settled down into the habits of a real "old salt." At sea, with no means of becoming intemperate, he was an excellent sailor, and was prized by his officers as a good man. In port, or on shore, he gave himself up to the gratification of his sensual appetites, and was but one degree removed from a brute. And such is the history of many a sailor, whose natural talents and superior education would have rendered them highly useful men, and valuable ornaments to society, had they not been wooed and won by intemperance!

"You well recollect, shipmates," said Ned Gasket, after he had comfortably stowed himself away between the bowsprit-bits, "that, years ago, a great many acts of piracy were committed in the West Indies, principally on the coast of Cuba and the Bahama Bank. These pirates were the scum and rough-scuff of all nations; vagabonds who had been in the

‘Patriot’ service, as it was called, and had there been initiated into all kinds of villany. They were too lazy to work, and too roguish to live in an honest community; and collected by hundreds in Cuba, making their head quarters in Havana, and purchased suitable vessels, and carried on the business of piracy, which they reduced to a regular system.

“Some of these piratical vessels were fitted out at Havana and Matanzas. But afterwards, when our government and John Bull made a fuss about it, the pirates became more shy, and resorted to the intricate creeks and lagoons on the Isle of Pines, or among the keys and bays on the north-east side of Cuba, bordering on the old Bahama Channel. At the commencement of these piracies, the scoundrels contented themselves with robbing the vessel, flogging and otherwise maltreating the crew, keel-hauling the skipper, and outraging the lady passengers when they could meet with them. But in a year or two, when great efforts were made to capture and hang them, they waxed more cruel and blood-thirsty, and murdered in cold blood every living soul they could find on board the vessels that they robbed. The horrible acts of the pirates, in those days, surpass all that history relates of the most desperate and cruel brigands, or salt water robbers, in ancient or modern times. Their depredations and murders were continued for years, before they were thoroughly subdued, captured or dispersed; and this was done at last only by blockading their haunts, and attacking them in their secluded harbors, in boat expeditions.

“It was in the year 1822 or 1823, that I made one of the crew of a fine brig, belonging to Salem, called the Horse Mackerel. We sailed from Marseilles for St. Thomas, with an assorted cargo; but finding no market in St. Thomas, Captain Seymour concluded to run down through the old Bahama Channel, to Matanzas. And as the Horse Mackerel was a

fast-sailing vessel, with painted ports, and we had two real iron nine-pounders on board, with a dozen muskets, boarding-pikes, &c., and mustered twelve resolute fellows in all, without including the captain's wife, a young and interesting woman, Captain Seymour laughed to scorn the suggestion that the old Bahama was infested by pirates, and with an air of self-satisfaction declared that he feared them not. 'The bloody-minded villains,' said he, 'will not dare to attack the Horse Mackerel !'

"On the passage down, however, he thought it well to be prepared for whatever might happen, and caused the guns to be got ready, cartridges to be made, and the few round and double-headed shot which were stowed away in the run, to be brought on deck, ready for use, in case they might be wanted.

"It was about six o'clock in the morning of the sixth day after we left St. Thomas, that we found ourselves between the high and mountainous coast of Cuba, back of Point Mulas, on the south, and key San Domingo and the numerous banks, reefs, and rocks, which form the northern boundary of the channel at its entrance. There was a fresh breeze from about north-east, and, with all sails spread, the brig bounded merrily along, with the wind a couple of points abaft the starboard beam. With top-mast and top-gallant studding-sails set, and with a heavy swell heaving through the channel from the eastward, we ran past the northern coast of Cuba at a rapid rate, looking into the numerous bays and harbors which line that part of the coast, and admiring the fertility of the vegetation. After we passed the bay which forms the entrance to the harbor of Neuvas del Principe, the channel became more contracted, and we soon found that reefs, shoals and low islands extended for several miles off the coast. Indeed, from Port Principe to Point Yeacos, which lies eastward of Matanzas bay, the whole coast is guarded by a line of reefs, extend-

ing several miles from the land, abounding in intricate channels and harbors, which are known only to fishermen, coasters, or pirates.

“We soon approached the narrowest part of the strait, and were obliged to haul our wind, and steer as high as north-west-by-north; and, as we left the land, we could discover on the starboard hand the white waters on the Bahama Banks, with the waves dashing against rocks and reefs, and sending aloft volumes of spray. The channel is here not more than eight or ten miles in width, and its boundaries were clearly defined. The dark blue waters of the fathomless strait, contrasted singularly and beautifully with the milky hue of the shoal waters on each side.

“It was now about four o’clock in the afternoon, and Sugar Key was in sight. ‘Hurrah!’ said the captain, ‘we are now in the narrowest part of the channel; we shall soon be able to keep off a couple of points, and, if this breeze lasts, we will be up with the Salt Key Bank before eight o’clock-to-morrow morning, and in Matanzas before meridian.’

“‘I hope so,’ exclaimed his pretty wife; ‘I long to be once more in port, and I hardly know why. This is beautiful sailing, and there is something refreshing in this fine trade-wind. But I cannot overcome all apprehension of danger from those terrible pirates.’

“‘Don’t be a coward, Harriet. Your courage has carried you without flinching through many scenes of real danger, and I hope you are not now going to be frightened at shadows.’

“‘Perhaps I am foolish,’ she replied. ‘But the idea of falling into the hands of those wretches is terrible. They know nothing of mercy, and exult in deeds of blood and outrage. But you say there is no cause for alarm, and I will try to think so, in spite of gloomy forebodings, which come like shadows over my mind.’

“ ‘Cheer up, my love, and don’t indulge in such fancies,’ said her husband, in an encouraging tone. ‘The American and English vessels of war in these seas have captured or destroyed all the pirate vessels. If any piracy is still carried on, it is by means of open boats, or feluccas, manned by a few desperate villains, armed with muskets. They attack only the defenceless, and if a dozen of them should attack the Horse Mackerel, especially in such a breeze as this, we would run them down, or sink them by a few well-directed shots. But we shall see nothing ; and, indeed, if the worse comes to the worst, we can use our heels. Few vessels, in a good breeze, can overhaul the Horse Mackerel.’

“ His confident tone and cheerful manner dispelled, in a great measure, the apprehensions of his wife, and the wonted smiles returned to her cheeks. But old Jack McNeil, who had been many voyages to Cuba, and was a knowing old salt, while coiling up the spanker-sheet, had listened to the captain’s remarks with an incredulous grin, and, when he came forward, in a low but gruff tone, grumbled out, ‘When a man talks to a woman, I s’pose he may talk as much nonsense as he likes, therefore I’ve nothing to say agin’ it. But the bloody-minded pirates are not all taken yet, as we may find, to our cost ; and if we don’t have a brush with the rascals, and have to fight for our lives before we get to Matanzas, say old Jack’s mistaken, that’s all.’

“ ‘What makes you think so, Jack ?’ I modestly inquired.

“ ‘Because I know more about them than you do, Ned. They are not so easily destroyed as the captain thinks. Every port, big or little, swarms with the pirates, who have learned their trade on board Patriot privateers, or Spanish Guinea-men, and they can always find vessels enough, and guns, too, to answer their purposes. We are now coming upon their haunts. The Old Bahama, between here and Matanzas, and off Cape Antonio, at the west end of Cuba, are famous places

for pirates, and we have no right to expect to go clear, especial<sup>v</sup> as we have a *woman* on board, — mischief and women always go together;’ and the old fellow made a grimace, which twisted his weather-beaten visage into the shape, and almost the consistency, of a double-wall knot, for which I could have kicked him with pleasure, for I was young then, and looked on every pretty woman as a saint. I have learnt better since.

“ But before I could give utterance to the indignation with which I listened to this ill-natured sneer of old Jack, Mr. Parkins, the second mate, who had just gone aloft with the glass, called out, ‘There is a vessel at anchor, inside the reefs!’

“ ‘What does she look like?’ inquired the captain.

“ ‘A schooner, sir.’

“ ‘Ay, ay, I see her from the deck,’ replied the captain. ‘She is at anchor to leeward of Sugar Key. Some drogher, I suppose,’ continued he, in a lower tone, ‘waiting for a wind.’

“ ‘That can hardly be, Captain Seymour,’ said Mr. Handy, the chief mate, ‘for I see she is a topsail schooner, and I believe none of the droghers carry topsails.’

“ While we rapidly neared the vessel at anchor, conjecture was very busy in regard to her character, and what object she could have in anchoring amid the reefs, several miles from the main land, and where she could command a view of all the vessels that might pass through the channel.

“ ‘She may be a slaver, with a cargo of human flesh, waiting for a chance to land her slaves,’ suggested the captain.

“ ‘Yes,’ replied Mr. Handy, ‘or she may be a schooner, bound down channel, which got in among the reefs in the night, and is waiting for assistance, or a pilot, to help her out.’

“ ‘Or,’ suggested the second mate, ‘she may be one of



Commodore Porter's squadron, snugly anchored under the lee of Sugar Key, on the look-out for pirates.'

" 'More likely she 's a pirate, herself!' growled out old Jack McNeil, in a low tone.

"In the mean time, we were running along the channel, and approaching the schooner rapidly. Indeed, she *was* a suspicious-looking craft; her masts were taunt and tapering, raking far more than is usual with the drogher. She sat low on the water, and her hull was long, snakish-looking, and painted black. She was evidently a clipper, and there was a dark-looking mass just abaft her foremast, which might be a long-boat, or a pile of sails, or cargo covered with a tarpaulin, or a death-dealing 'long Tom.' Taken altogether, she had a sort of roguish, rascally look about her, which might satisfy one at a single glance that she was a dangerous craft, and the less one had to do with her, the better. It was not long before we were abreast of the schooner, only about two or three miles off, but no sign of life could be seen on her decks. She was riding at single anchor among the reefs, with no colors flying, and nothing about her which could furnish the slightest clue to the nation to which she belonged, or the business in which she was engaged.

" 'Never mind!' said the captain to his wife, who had been whispering her fears; 'she is a wicked-looking craft, to be sure, and they are a sulky set on board of her. But she does not seem inclined to trouble *us*, at any rate. Even if she is a pirate, and has been trying to make us out ever since we hove in sight, she could not harm us now. She has lost the chance. Before she could work out into the channel, and get in our wake, it would be dark; we should be many miles ahead, and would show her a clean pair of heels.'

" 'Captain Seymour,' exclaimed old McNeil, who had been closely watching the schooner with his starboard eye, — the other had been knocked out, years before, by a British bullet,

—‘we shall know more of that craft before she has done with us. She has hove her anchor short, and a man has just slyly crept aloft to loose her topsail!’

“And old Jack was right. Her cable, that a few minutes before trended away under the jib-boom, as if there was a long scope out, was now as up and down as a dog-vane in a calm, and a man or a boy could be seen stealthily employed in casting off the yard-arm gaskets from the topsail. It was clear that mischief was brewing.

“‘Call all hands!’ exclaimed Captain Seymour, in a loud and startling tone, which rang through the vessel. But the order was unnecessary, for every man was on deck, and, by this time, well convinced that the black-looking schooner would soon be cutting out work for us.

“‘Set the flying-jib, Mr. Parkins,’ continued the captain, ‘and the fore and main top-gallant studding-sails,’ — which had been taken in when we hauled up to pass Sugar and Minerva Keys.

“I ran aloft to assist in executing these orders, feeling, with every man on board, that a crisis had arrived when we were called upon to exert all our energies. As I reached the futtock shrouds, I cast a look to leeward, over the fore-yard, to see what the schooner was about, and the change which, in less than a minute, had come over her, appeared like magic. I could hardly believe my eyes. When I saw her from the deck, she was lying quietly at anchor, in a smooth haven, with no sign of life or animation on her deck, and her long and naked masts stood out in bold relief against the southwestern sky. Now, her decks were crowded with men; and, with immense sheets of canvas spread, she was moving along with wonderful quickness, on a wind, through a channel which led into the deep waters of the strait.

“‘It is all over with us, now,’ said I to myself; ‘poor Pilgarlick’s gone at last; but I must finish my job of work, I

suppose, whatever may happen,' and I proceeded to set the studding-sail.

"When I came down, Captain Seymour ordered all hands aft, and addressed the crew in a short, pithy speech. 'My men,' said he, 'yonder is a piratical-looking craft, a clipper, undoubtedly, which seems determined to overhaul us. She looks like a rogue, but, perhaps, after all, may have no evil intentions. Perhaps she is a cruiser on a quest after pirates, and wishes to convoy us through the most dangerous part of the channel.'

"'If she is a cruiser,' muttered Jack McNeil, 'where's her pennant?'

"'Well,' continued the captain, apparently staggered by McNeil's remark, 'whatever she may be, it is for our interest to keep as far from her as possible. If she overhauls us, and proves to be a pirate, we must fight as long as a man is left at the guns. A dreadful fate, as you all know, will await us if we are captured. We shall be made to walk the plank, or have our throats cut in cold blood, and'—here he looked at his wife, who, pale and trembling, leaning against the quarter-rail, was a close observer of the whole scene; a shudder came over his frame as he added, in a firm tone, 'prepare to fight like men, or die like dogs. But, after all,' continued he, after a momentary pause, 'we may get away; our brig sails fast, and this is her best mode of sailing, with the wind a point or two free. If we can hold our own until night comes on, we can run on to the Bahama Bank, and dodge her in the darkness.'

"Captain Seymour then, with the energy, decision, and judgment of a true Yankee sailor, gave the necessary orders; the topsails and top-gallant-sails were closely sheeted home, and swigged well up; the tacks of the courses were got down, and the sheets properly trimmed; the yards were braced with the utmost precision, and an experienced and trusty seaman

was placed at the helm. The brig seemed to respond to the wishes of the crew, and, the breeze continuing fresh, she seemed to leap through the water, running along at the rate of nine or ten knots. Orders were then given to cut loose the extra lashings of the guns, and charge them with a round shot and a bag of bullets each. The small arms were also got ready and loaded each with a handful of buckshot; and the boarding-pikes and cutlasses were placed at hand to repel any attempts that might be made to board, a favorite manœuvre with the pirates.

“Meanwhile, the schooner was threading her way through the shoals and reefs, and while the crew of the Horse Mackerel, who watched her proceedings with intense anxiety, hoped every moment to see her strike upon a sunken rock or a coral knoll, she suddenly luffed up almost in the wind’s eye, and glided out through a narrow passage into the deep, dark blue waters of the old Bahama Channel. Then keeping off a rap full, proceeded with all sail set on a coarse nearly parallel with the brig, but gradually gaining to windward.

“It was now little past five o’clock, and the schooner was about three or four miles abaft the lee beam, and every lubber knows that the best play of these clippers is beating to windward. We were completely entrapped; as for keeping off, that was out of the question. If we hauled close on a wind, the schooner would gain upon us hand over hand. So the captain wisely concluded to keep her along with the yards just braced in a little, — our best point of sailing, — and, if we could not escape, fight it out, if she proved to be a pirate.

“Any doubt upon that subject, however, was about to be solved. The schooner gained upon us slowly; this was ascertained by watching her bearings; and a man was seen on her taffrail busily employed about the peak-halliards. ‘We shall soon know what to expect of that fellow,’ said the captain; ‘he’s about to show his colors.’

Every eye was now eagerly directed towards the schooner. For a few minutes we were in suspense. A ball was attached to the halliards and slowly hoisted up to the peak. It was then unfolded, and the breeze spread out to our view the *black flag of the pirates*.

“‘There is no mistake about his character now,’ said the captain; ‘we have our work before us; but, avast, there is something in the centre of the flag that looks like a crown. Mr. Parkins, you have good eyes, try if you can make it out.’

The mate took the glass, looked through it for a moment, then returning it to the captain, quietly remarked, ‘*A Death’s head and marrow bones!*’

“As the sun sank down towards the horizon, the breeze increased, and dark clouds appeared to windward, indicating a squally night. Our good brig dashed gallantly along, laying well over to leeward, and tossing the spray about at a great rate. Her masts stood stiff, and her yards were well secured with preventer-braces, but not a sail was taken in. ‘Hold on, good spars,’ exclaimed the captain, ‘and we will give him the slip yet!’

“But the pirate also carried all sail, and did not seem to mind the strength of the breeze. He, however, hauled up a point higher, and trimmed his sails on a wind, being evidently desirous of closing with us before dark. At sunset he was on our lee quarter, not more than a mile or a mile and a half off, and it was clear that the crisis of our fate was approaching.

“All hands had imbibed a portion of the spirit of the captain, and had determined to stand by him as long as a breath remained in our bodies. His plan was to take in the studding-sails, and get the brig ready for working, but to keep on the course we were steering, without firing a gun, while we were to screen ourselves as much as possible from the effects of the enemy’s shot, until he got well up on the weather

quarter, then put the helm hard down, let her come into the wind, get into a raking position, and, at the same time give him, at close quarters, the contents of our large guns, well directed, and of all our small arms, taking care to pepper well the scoundrels who might be on the bowsprit and forecastle ready for boarding. This dose was to be repeated as often and as rapidly as possible, if there should be a prospect of his coming on board of us before we could fill away on the other tack. If he ran into us, we were to resort to our boarding-pikes and cutlasses, and manfully defend our vessel against all odds, or die on the deck of our ship.

“Mrs. Seymour exhibited much alarm when the piratical flag was hoisted. Her cheeks were pale as marble, and she leaned for support against the capstan. She listened to the suggestion of her husband to go below, when it was thought the pirate might give us the contents of his long Tom; but she soon afterwards returned to the deck, in a costume more suitable for active exercise than ladies usually appear in. ‘I have more at stake than any one on board,’ said she, in a tremulous voice, ‘and I cannot remain idle below, while it is in my power to render the slightest aid in this deadly contest with the pirates.’

“At eight o'clock the sky was obscured by clouds. It was quite dark, yet the pirate schooner could be distinctly seen not half a mile off, directly in our wake, and coming up hand over hand. Our captain was pacing the quarter-deck with hasty steps, occasionally addressing a few words of hope and encouragement to his terrified wife. The chief mate and six men had charge of the two guns, both of which were on the starboard side, with orders to fire as soon as they could be brought to bear upon the pirate, after going about. To the second mate and three men, all good marksmen, were entrusted the muskets; while the cook, a huge black fellow, kept his station in the galley, with his coppers filled with boiling

water, and armed with a capacious ladle, with which he promised to deal it out in liberal supplies to the pirates, if they once poked their noses over the gunwale.

“Another half hour had passed, by which time the pirate had approached so near on our weather quarter, that we could distinctly hear the ripple beneath her bows. The water, by this time, had changed color, for we had run on to the southern edge of the bank. The time had arrived for practising the daring manœuvre, which must save or destroy us, when the awful sound of BREAKERS was heard ahead! ‘It must be Ginger Key,’ exclaimed the captain, ‘and we are close upon it. Stand by, men!’ said he, in a distinct, but subdued



voice. ‘Put your helm hard down, Jack, and let her come round!’

“His orders were obeyed. The brig luffed up into the wind, still moving rapidly ahead, and, almost instantly, the schooner bore a little abaft the starboard beam, heading directly towards us, with her forecastle and bowsprit crowded with men, ready to spring on board. ‘GIVE IT TO HER!’ cried the captain, in a voice like thunder, and the metallic shower sped, raking her decks from the jib-boom to the taffrail. At the same moment the muskets, well directed, helped to carry death and confusion among the enemy, whose shrieks of agony and horrid oaths and menaces could be heard far over the face of the deep. The effect was most successful.

“Captain Seymour was aware of his proximity to Ginger Key, and knew that no time should be lost in filling away. In a stentorian voice, he summoned the men to the braces; the yards were instantly braced round, and the sails trimmed to the wind on the other tack. We shot across the hawse of the schooner. But the pirate was in a desperate condition. Our guns must have made fearful havoc among the host of men which crowded his deck. Confusion reigned on board. He did not follow our example in tacking ship. On the contrary, the schooner fell off from the wind, and, before the Horse Mackerel could gather much head-way, the pirate, still running at the rate of nine or ten knots, dashed madly in among the rocks which surround Ginger Key.”





## HOW TO RAISE A BREEZE.

“After a calm there comes a storm.”

THERE is nothing more destructive to the patience of a sailor — a real old-fashioned, web-footed “old salt” — than a calm at sea. Other evils he can bear, if not with resignation, at least without losing command over his feelings and his temper. Miserable grub he can put up with, though, perhaps, not without grumbling; a short allowance of water in a hot climate is not agreeable, but, with a grin of disgust, he submits to his lot; hard work, and plenty of it, is hardly regarded as an evil, but welcomed as a blessing; a leaky ship, a dull sailer, and skulking shipmates, are matters of course, and excite no particular manifestation of indignation or regret; and a furious tempest, especially when on a lee shore, brings out all his energies, and makes him as happy as a dandy at a dancing party, or a porpoise bound on a long cruise.

A calm is a different thing. Like many other terrible ills of life, it comes not only without being desired, but without being expected; and all Jack's philosophy melts away before it, like a spongy cake of field ice when it strikes the Gulf Stream. The flapping of the sails against the masts is discordant music in his ears, and the thrashing of the ropes about the decks conjures up scowls and mutterings, not loud but deep, which clearly indicate that such life-like motion is not poetry in his eyes. His short, jolly countenance becomes elongated till it reminds one of the equator, all longitude and

no latitude ; his eyes, which are wont to kindle with mirth or beam with good nature, flash with anger and ferocity. From a frank, open-hearted sailor, ready at all points to meet the frowns or favors of fortune, and willing to "doff the world aside and bid it pass," Jack seems transformed, as if by the trick of some wicked enchanter, into a morose, surly savage ; an Ishmael, whose hand is ready, with the slightest provocation, to be raised against every man ; a cannibal, whose glowering looks manifest a fearful propensity to make a meal of his shipmates, if an opportunity should occur.

Such is the magical effect produced on the character and conduct of a whole ship's company, from the captain to the powder-monkey, by a calm at sea ; and the change becomes more marked in proportion as the storm is protracted. I verily believe that calms have given rise to more bickerings, strife, heart-burnings and bitter quarrels, among the officers and crews of vessels, and have caused more brutal treatment on the one hand, and scenes of insubordination and revolt on the other, than, with the exception of *rum*, all other causes combined. And now having attempted, successfully, I hope, to give those of my readers who have never dipped their hands into a tar-bucket, or been ducked by a deluge of salt water, some idea of the evils which are attendant on a calm, — evils which, although dreaded by the experienced sailor more than a typhoon or a water-spout, are unsuspected by the landsman, — I will fill away the main-topsail and shoot ahead ; or, in other words, proceed with my narrative.

The ship Memphremagog was bound on a voyage to San Salvador, in the Brazils. She was a good, stout, old-fashioned, dull-sailing, Boston ship, of some three hundred and fifty or four hundred tons, with a bright side, and bluff bows, square stern and a fiddle head. She was commanded by Nicholas Brandt, Esq., and could boast of two mates, cook and steward, and nine men before the mast. Captain Brandt

was a shipmaster of the old school. He was a tall, lathy-looking piece of humanity, with but little flesh on his huge bones, but possessing extraordinary muscular developments. He was a good practical sailor, having spent many years of his life at sea; a man of decision and energy, cool in the hour of peril, devoted to the interests of his employers, and faithful in the discharge of his duty. He prided himself on his skill in managing his ship, and in making short passages, which he mainly attributed, and probably correctly, not so much to "good luck," as to his own vigilance and personal attention; being a great portion of the time on deck himself, seldom taking a regular nap, excepting when lying to in a gale, and seeing with his own eyes that the officers and crew did their duty, especially in doubtful weather and in the night time. In this way advantage was taken, at once, of every change of the wind; the yards were braced up or squared without unnecessary delay, and sail made or taken in precisely at the right time. It is astonishing how much may be gained by *personal* inspection of this kind, on the part of an active and efficient shipmaster; how many hours and days saved in a passage! Captain Brandt was somewhat annoying and troublesome to his crew, in consequence of his unremitting exertions to get along as quickly as possible. They would have been much better pleased if he had accustomed himself to take a stiff glass of brandy and water at eight o'clock in the evening, and turn in, as was the custom with some of the shipmasters in those degenerate days, and there remain snoring in his state-room until eight bells on the following morning! But in other respects Captain Brandt was kind and indulgent, especially during a fair wind, and was loved and respected by the men, notwithstanding he always maintained strict discipline on board, and was prompt to check, at all hazards, the slightest symptoms of insubordination.

The Memphremagog had been out about twenty-eight days,

having had a fine passage up with the Cape de Verds ; for Captain Maury's *straight cut* across the Atlantic to the equinoctial line was unknown in those days. Captain Brandt had sanguine expectations of making a comparatively short passage to Brazil, and, if possible, redoubled his care and exertions to shove his old tub-bottomed craft along through the water. But when about sixty miles to the southward and westward of St. Anthony, the westernmost of the Cape de Verd Islands, the wind, which for several days had been blowing fresh from the eastward, became, much to the mortification of Captain Brandt, light and baffling, and manifested symptoms of dying away altogether !

The night which followed, although the moon shone bright upon the water, and the atmosphere was clear and tranquil, was a long and unpleasant one to the skipper, who paced the deck impatiently hour after hour, while the sails flapped as the ship rolled lazily to windward, and no sign of a phosphorescent wake could be witnessed on gazing over the stern. "Here comes a breeze, at last !" he would exclaim, as the shadow of a cloud passed over the surface of the water. "Blow, St. Anthony, blow ; don't desert us at the last pinch !" And then the main-topsail would strike against the mast, as if it would fly out of the bolt-rope, and with the rattling of the ropes and the creaking of the masts and yards, make music which sounded right dismally in his ears. At such times, he would smite his hands furiously together, and declare, with a frightful emphasis, that he would sooner a thousand times listen to the fierce howlings of a hurricane, than the discordant, monotonous, squeaking sounds, caused by the flapping and slatting of the sails and running rigging. His impatient exclamations, his grumblings and mutterings, however, produced no effect. Towards morning, the ship lost steerage way altogether, and by eight o'clock it was a dead calm ; hardly a cat's-paw was seen on the water. And through

that day, and the following one also, the Memphremagog lay like a log, floating on the surface.

This was an event of an annoying character, certainly, but one at which Captain Brandt had no reason to be surprised; for vessels bound to the southward of the line, by steering so far to the eastward as to reach the vicinity of the Cape de Verdes, are very apt to get becalmed, and these calms sometimes continue for several days. But the captain of the Memphremagog had coaxed himself into the belief that *he* would be especially favored, although it might have puzzled him to give a reason why, and that a fine breeze would propel him cheerily along across all the "doldrum latitudes." He was doomed to disappointment; and, I regret to record it, he did not bear his disappointment like a philosopher.

Captain Brandt had no more rest during the day than through the night. He gave one a good idea of perpetual motion. He not only kept wide awake himself, but he kept all hands alive throughout the ship. He was upon the lookout for a breeze in every direction; watching the clouds, whistling at times, at other times singing, or shouting, or giving vent to his feelings by language neither classical nor refined, but which, candor compels me to say, unless he has been grossly slandered, verged closely on the profane.

"Halloo, Mr. Thompson!" would the skipper exclaim, rubbing his hands; "there comes a breeze, at last. I see the cat's-paw creeping along over the water. How does she head, Tom?"

"East-south-east, sir."

"Very well. Call the hands aft, Mr. Thompson, and brace round the head-yards. Let us box her off, and then see all clear to board the main tack. Keep her south-south-west, Tom, when she falls off enough."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the helmsman, giving a sly wink to his shipmate, who was coiling up the spanker sheet. But,

alas ! the cat's-paw never reached the ship. The old Memphremagog persisted in looking directly to the eastward. The sea looked as glassy, the sun's rays as coppery, and scorched as fiercely as ever, and the sails flapped with redoubled violence against the mast. Captain Brandt, in his vexation, would stamp the deck as if he would split the planks, kick the steward, find fault with the mates, and launch anathemas against all hands, then stop suddenly, take up a chip, throw it over the side, and gaze upon it earnestly for a few moments, until he saw that it was disposed to linger on the spot where it was thrown, and to stick closer to the ship than a brother, when he would give utterance to some untranslatable exclamation, and turn away with a look of disappointment and unmitigated disgust.

After taking a few turns fore and aft, he would whistle an impromptu deprecatory tune, more spirit-stirring than any of Uncle Toby's lillibulleros, but without conjuring up a breeze. Then he would apostrophize the winds, commencing in a mild and persuasive strain, but ending in a style peremptory, fierce and emphatic. "Blow, good breezes, blow ! *Do* blow, if only enough to fill the sails, and get steerage-way on the ship. Blow, I say ; why *don't* you blow ? Blow, I tell you, blow, until you blow the sails from the yards, or the masts over the side ! Blow, I tell you, blow !" But the winds were alike deaf to his urgent entreaties, and his fierce and menacing commands. The surface of the deep continued undisturbed even by a ripple !

Nor was this impatient feeling confined to the skipper. The crew felt deep in their hearts the magic influence of the sultry calm, became sour and sulky, glowered fiercely at each other, gave short answers to the officers, and grumbled furiously, in voices inaudible to the captain and mates, however, when ordered to the performance of any duty. The malignant influence of the protracted calm extended even further. The

steward, a fine-looking mulatto, looked as grim as a savage; but this might have been partly owing to the uncivil treatment which he received from the captain; and the steward in his turn was very short, sulky and unceremonious, to a degree verging on insolence, to the cook, a big, brawny, black fellow, who moodily attended to his duties about the galley, with his lips sticking straight out, forming a knotty protuberance, large enough to hang a swab on, and every now and then breathing forth guttural denunciations, in broken English, against the weather.

Such was the uncomfortable state of things on the afternoon of the second day of the calm, when Jack Thompson, a mischievous but jovial sailor, fond of a practical or any other joke, passing along the main deck where a couple of his shipmates were serving a rope, suddenly snatched away the light straw tarpaulin hat which covered the cocoa-nut of Jeremiah Nichols, a youth but recently from the hills of Berkshire, in the good old State of Massachusetts, and gave it a sea-toss far away from the ship's side into the water, exclaiming at the same time, "Hurrah! this for old Neptune in exchange for a breeze!"

Jerry's astonishment at such an unlooked-for proceeding, knew no bounds. He could not at once appreciate the *justice* of the act, or conceive why *his* individual property should thus be sacrificed as a propitiatory offering to the hoary god of ocean. On recovering from his astonishment, his first impulse was to knock down his joking shipmate; but fortunately recollecting that the indulgence of his revengeful feelings would not recover his *chapeau*, and might be attended with danger to himself, he abandoned this pugnacious intention; and, springing head-first overboard, struck out vigorously in the direction of the old tarpaulin. The cook, who was leaning over the rail, indulging in some abstract philosophical reflections, as was his wont, turned pale with affright on seeing Jerry

tumbling head over heels into the water, and instinctively screamed, with all his might and main, "A man overboard!"

This terrible cry reached the ears of the captain, who was down in the cabin, trying to raise a breeze by pommelling the steward, and he hastened on deck, and rushed forward to the waist. By this time the officers and men had there assembled, and were intently gazing on Jerry, as he manfully "buffeted the billows." Suddenly, but a few rods off, a large shark was seen, with his dorsal fin and the upper portion of his tail several inches above the surface, stealthily swimming along in the direction of Jerry, whom the rascal seemed to eye with a deep-seated affection, not altogether of a fraternal character.

"A shark! a shark alongside!" was the cry which now resounded fore and aft.

"Look out, Jerry!" shouted the captain. "There is a shark after you! Come back, come back, you good-for-nothing vagabond! Lower away the boat, there! Where is the harpoon? Hand along the grainse."

All was now confusion on the decks of the *Memphremagog*. Some hastened to lower the boat, and some sought for the harpoon, the grainse and the boat-hook, with a view to do battle to the voracious monster, and create, at least, a diversion, under cover of which their shipmate might escape the fate which seemed impending over him. But the boat was thoroughly lashed, and could not be lowered in a hurry; the death-dealing instruments could not be found immediately, and the shark, with his "evil eye" glistening with the anticipation of a luxurious feast, was meanwhile creeping along rather closely towards Jerry, who, frightened almost to death, was making superhuman efforts to get on board. He had reached the side of the ship, and clutched the bight of the main-top-bowline, which was thrown towards him, when the ferocious monster, fearing he was about to lose his prey, sud-



denly turned over on his side, preparatory to making a grab at the thigh of the well-fel Yankee sailor.

Those of the crew who were looking over the side, simultaneously uttered a fearful shriek, for the boat was at that moment only rounding the quarter of the ship, and the captain had not yet got ready the harpoon. They gave up their unhappy shipmate for lost, when Jack Thompson, who had been foremost among the most active in rendering assistance, leaped upon the gunwale, and, with a stammering voice, calling out, "Watch, there! watch!" jumped with all his force directly upon the back of the shark. The feat was a desperate one, but it was admirably executed. The feet of the chivalrous sailor struck the man-eating villain fairly, just abaft the shoulders, slipped aside, although in different directions, and, for a moment only, Jack Thompson was seen riding *a-chaval* on the back of the sea-monster, with his knotty features lighted up with a smile, as if he thought it was the funniest thing in the world!

The shark thus unkindly interrupted at the moment he was making up his mouth for a delicious bite, manifested more astonishment than indignation. He turned aside abruptly from the tempting morsel before him, and made a dash downward through the water, that unseated Jack without ceremony, and left him floundering about like a hooked albatross. In the lapse of a few minutes, Jack and Jerry were both safe and sound on the deck of the *Memphremagog*.

The questions now arose among the excited crew, "what has become of the shark? Can we not capture the audacious scoundrel?" He was soon espied from the starboard quarter, prowling about as unconcerned as a pirate who has just made a whole ship's company walk the plank, and looking as innocent and demure as a mermaid quietly combing her long sea-green hair, and singing ballads upon the rocks. The calm for the time was forgotten, and every man on board the ship

was bent on the capture of the ferocious fish. The boat was hoisted up at the stern, and preparations were at once made for catching the common enemy of sailors. The skipper called for a piece of pork from the harness-cask, and the mates were soon busied in making running bowlines, and getting in order the harpoon. As for a shark-hook, properly so called, there was none on board.

The captain cut off a junk of pork of the size of his fist, and threw it far off in the direction of the shark. The fish soon detected the white and attractive object, and leisurely moved towards it, eyed it with much interest, smelled of it, and then bolted it with much apparent gusto, and looked around, like poor Oliver Twist, for more. Another piece lured him still nearer the ship's quarter, and it was clear that he had recovered from the alarm which Jack's gymnastic feat had excited in his bosom. A running bowline of stout rope was now lowered into the water, through which a piece of rattlin-stuff, with a big piece of pork at the end, was passed, and thrown some fathoms from the ship's stern. The shark saw the tempting tit-bit, and his eyes shone and his mouth watered at the sight. He made hastily towards it, and it was drawn nearer the ship as he advanced, until he had passed his head and shoulders through the noose, when the upper part of the bowline was dropped, and, by a dexterous pull of the rope, the unsuspecting villain was firmly caught in a trap, from which, in spite of his tremendous exertions and convulsive leaps, he could not extricate himself. He was, then, by the united strength of the ship's company, hauled alongside in triumph; and, after some labor, and, notwithstanding an obstinate resistance on his part, was hoisted on board, when three cheers were given for his capture!

But it was soon found that there was little cause for exultation. The shark was uncommonly restless on the deck of the Memphremagog; as uneasy as a fish out of water. He

could not be made to lie still ; and, with his strong jaws and sharp teeth, snapped at everything in his way. Ropes from three-quarters to an inch in diameter, that lay scattered about the decks, were seized upon in his rage, and severed as clean as if cut with a knife.

The cry was now, "Kill the rascal!!" This was more easily said than done, but a furious assault was made upon the captured fish by the whole ship's company, armed with hatchets, axes, handspikes and boat-hooks, and dire was the noise, and dreadful the confusion that reigned on board. Long and gallantly the shark fought and struggled for life ; and more than once he came within an inch of grabbing one of his enemies by the heels ; but it was not in the power of any fish to contend successfully against such odds, when out of his native element ; and, after a fierce and unheard-of contest of about twenty minutes, the shark, brained with the cook's axe, after dodging it two or three times to the great detriment of the deck planks, was obliged to succumb. His tail was then *decapitated*, as Nick Mulroony called it, and nailed to the belfry as a trophy, and the carcass was thrown overboard amid loud rejoicings from the whole crew.

While these important events were transpiring, but little attention was given to the weather ; the calm for a time was forgotten. The excitement, however, soon passed away, and a reaction followed. The captain again became brutal, the mates gruff, and the men sulky. A breeze was demanded more clamorously than before ; but, alas ! the clouds hung motionless and heavy about the horizon, and there was not the slightest indication of a change. The night passed away, and the sun rose on the morning of the Sabbath, and the ship remained rolling and tumbling about on the ocean, with not a breath of wind to fill the sails.

After breakfast, Jack Thompson, who had been thoughtfully looking over the bow, as if speculating on the immense depth

of the ocean, suddenly turned round, and, addressing Jim Blaney, a rough, web-footed, veteran man-of-war's-man, said "I tell you what it is, old fellow, this will never do; if this calm lasts a day longer, we shall all become savages, or something worse, — four-legged barbarians, for what I know. Can't we contrive some way to raise a breeze?" "You tried it yesterday," muttered Jim, in a voice which sounded like a cross between the shriek of a steam-whistle and the roar of an infuriated father of the herd, "and I shouldn't think you would care about trying it again;" and he contemptuously turned away, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" with redoubled industry.

"Never mind, old Tantarabogus," soliloquized Jack; "if I don't raise a purchase to kick up a breeze, or some other shindy, before night, it won't be for want of trying, that's all."

The hours passed heavily away, as if borne on leaden pinions; but about one bell, P. M., while the men were still employed in bolting their salt junk and boiled duff, they were abruptly roused from their labors by the voice of Captain Brandt, who imagined he saw preliminary symptoms of a breeze; and, indeed, some dark, suspicious-looking clouds seemed gathering in the horizon. He kept the crew at work for half an hour at least, bracing round the yards, and trimming the sails; but it all proved in vain, a mere flash in the pan. After this well-timed and wholesome exercise, without conjuring up the ghost of a wind, they were dismissed, and all hands relapsed into the usual inactivity which prevails on ship-board during the Sabbath day in pleasant weather. The captain retired to the cabin, fatigued and disgusted, and, throwing himself upon a couple of sack-bottomed chairs, tried to murder time by taking a nap, in which he succeeded, and was soon snoring away as if for a wager. The chief mate shut himself up in his state-room, where he sweltered in a

close atmosphere of a temperature something less than one hundred and twenty degrees. The second mate, who had the watch on deck, amused himself, seated on the hen-coop, by trying to solve a problem in navigation. Of the crew, one half were turned in, and reeling off sleep at the rate of ten knots an hour; the other half, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were scattered about the fore-castle; some grumbling in an undertone, to themselves, about the weather and "hard usage," one sewing a patch on the elbow of his pea-jacket, and another reading the Bible on the heel of the bowsprit; but all, excepting Jack Thompson, looked as sour and sad as a sea-elephant after he is knocked on the head. Sambo, the cook, having put matters and things "to rights" in his galley, stretched himself at full length on the hot deck, and was taking a pleasant snooze, with his head, well cushioned with wool, resting on a handspike; and the steward, having collected his various utensils, tools and condiments, which he had been using in preparing the cabin dinner, had gone aft, and was busily stowing them away in his pantry, little dreaming of the ill treatment which was in store for him.

At this moment, Jack Thompson, who, with a countenance beaming with mischief, had been for some time carefully watching the various proceedings on deck, stealthily stepped to the caboose and abstracted from the fire a live coal of goodly size, which he quietly deposited in a natural nest among the wool which grew in such luxuriance on Sambo's head. He then resumed his place on the fore-castle, lighted a cigar, and, with a sedate countenance, began reading a well-thumbed edition of "Dampier's Voyages."

In a few minutes a thick and fetid smoke began to issue from the head of poor Sambo. The unctuous nature of the wool rendered it quite combustible, and the smoke, settling down about his face, tickled his olfactory organs, and made

him sneeze and twist up his features into a ludicrous expression of alarm.

"Goramity!" exclaimed Sambo, raising his head. "What de debil to pay now? What ting is that a-fire? Something that smells drefful bad, any how."

In the mean time, the singed wool was fizzing and sputtering away at a great rate, and the unfortunate darkey, rising upon his pins to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, felt an uncertain and burning sensation on the side of his cranium, which soon resolved itself into a sharp and agonizing pain; and, instinctively putting up his hand, he convulsively elinched the crumbling cinders and the burning coal, which caused him to utter a prolonged howl, which reverberated from the bulwarks and the poop-deck, and was heard throughout the ship.

At this unlucky moment the steward was coming forward towards the galley, and, seeing the unfortunate condition of poor Sambo, and the grotesque contortions of his countenance, he could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh. This roused the ire of "the doctor," who owed him a grudge for former insults, and, believing that he had discovered the mischievous author of the joke, he rushed upon the astonished steward, exclaiming, "So, nigger, dis is de way you play your pranks upon a gentleman, is it? I'll teach you one thing, and make you know better next time. Smudder me in my slush-barrel, if I don't, any how!"

So saying, with the impetus of a battering-ram, he thrust his smoking head against the brawny bosom of the steward, who, uttering a sonorous grunt, staggered backward several paces, and fell heavily upon the deck. This assault upon the steward, and its decisive result, was witnessed by Jim Blaney, whose attention, as well as that of all hands, was now directed to these operations on the part of the belligerent parties; and Jim, who owed the steward a debt of

gratitude, for occasional favors in the shape of cabin delicacies, was irresistibly prompted to take the part of that functionary. He sprang towards the indignant but victorious cook, crying, "What are you about there, you rascal?" and gave him "a lounder" on the side of his head, which few men of the Caucasian race could have withstood, but which only caused Sambo to show his ivories in a grin of defiance, and shake his head half a dozen times, as if to restore its equilibrium. He was not backward in returning the compliment, and hit Jim a severe blow over the left eye, which caused that organ to be surrounded immediately by a magic ring, or dark halo, which increased rather than diminished the picturesque grimness of his countenance. The steward had now recovered his senses, and came quickly to the rescue. He attacked "the doctor" in the most savage, scientific style, who would soon have been badly beaten and vanquished by superior numbers, had not Jack Thompson, with the chivalry characteristic of that mischievous tar, seized a deck-swab, and put a speedy end to the pugilistic exertions of the steward, by drawing it somewhat roughly across his face and eyes. Others of the crew hastened to the scene of combat, and, without inquiring particularly into the cause or nature of the *row*, gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of giving free indulgence to their pugnacious propensities, which had been growing stronger and stronger since the commencement of the calm. With yells of rage and delight, they thrust themselves into the thickest of the affray, and, like pugilistic demons, let loose from Pandemonium, squared away at each other, right and left; and, for about five minutes, there was as furious a combat, and as pretty a scene of confusion on the decks of the *Memphremagog*, as one would wish to behold on a summer's day, and that day the Sabbath!

The mates, hearing the disturbance, hastened to the scene of action, with the laudable desire of quelling the fury of the

combatants, and keeping the peace. But it would have been better for them if they had kept quiet, and minded their own business ; for, in the midst of this terrible hurly-burly, their official characters were not recognized by the combatants, and they were regarded only as good and substantial objects for receiving sturdy blows and hard knocks ; and, although they dealt about them lustily in return, and shouted furiously in behalf of peace and order, they soon found themselves in a sorry plight.

And now the captain, hearing the tumult, which awakened him from his nap, and supposing that a breeze had come at last, bounced on deck ; and his astonishment and anger may be imagined, when he beheld the whole ship's company, including the cook, steward, and both the officers, engaged in a terrible battle on the main deck, and, covered with blood and foaming with rage, giving and receiving blows, and hitting away at each other indiscriminately, howling and shouting like so many fiends ! Captain Brandt gazed for a moment on this tumultuous scene. A look of savage delight lighted up his weather-beaten countenance. His organ of combativeness had been screwed up to the highest pitch, and now an object was presented on which he could direct all its pent-up energies. He grasped a heaver in his hand, and threw himself into the midst of the combatants !

I have already said that Captain Brandt was a tall and powerful man, and by this time some of the crew had become exhausted by the violence of their exertions, and two were stretched along the deck, fully *satisfied* with the treatment they had received. The captain, therefore, with the exception of a few sly knocks which he received from unknown quarters, had it pretty much all his own way. He soon, by the aid of his heaver, tumbled three or four of them on all-fours, among whom was the second mate, who was hit *by mistake* in the confusion, and the rest of the crew were soon



scattered in different directions. The cook, whose unjust assault upon the steward had caused the affray, had, some time



before, while the others were together by the cars, wisely withdrawn himself from the contest, and retired within his galley, and closed the doors.

Fatigued and heated with his exertions, the captain stood, with his bosom panting, leaning against the gunwale, victor in the combat, and master of the battle-field, when, as he turned his head towards the east, he felt a refreshing puff of air, full in his face! He recognized it as the joyful symptom of a *breeze*! He looked up, and all his unexpended energies, which had so lately been called into action, were pointed in another direction. While the storm raged on the decks of the *Memphremagog*, a storm of a different character had been

brewing in another quarter. The clouds, which had been hovering above the horizon during the day, had suddenly collected together in a dense and dark mass, had risen rapidly, and a terrific squall was about to burst upon the ship!

Captain Brandt sprang upon the quarter-deck, and in a voice, loud, animated, and distinct, which rang through the ship like the notes of a clarion, and awakened in the bosom of every man a sense of his duty, he shouted, "All hands muster on deck at once! Here's a heavy squall coming. Clue up the top-gallant sails! Lower away the spanker! Rise the fore-tack there, some of you, and stand by to square away the yards! See the topsail-halliards all clear! and stand by to clue the yards down on the cap! Let go the halliards, fore and aft,—clue down,—clue down! Hard a-port your helm! Square away the yards! Mind your helm, now, Jack, and steer steady,—just as she goes, with the wind right aft! Hurrah! we have got a wind at last!"

The rain fell, the wind blew, and the sea rose, but nobly the good ship dashed along over the water, like a courser just loosened from his tether. All hands participated in the exultation of the skipper, and, in their rejoicings at a change of weather, forgot their late quarrels, and the many hard knocks they had so lately given and received. As for Jack Thompson, as he stood laboring at the wheel, while the ship bowled along, some eight or nine knots, to the southward, he met the exulting glance of the captain, as he walked aft, with an arch leer from one of his bunged-up eyes, and exclaimed, in a subdued but triumphant voice, "I KNOW'D, SIR, I COULD RAISE A BREEZE!"

WALTER GRAFTON,  
THE IMPRESSED AMERICAN.

“ Flag of the Seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o’er the brave ;  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o’er his closing eye !

DRAKE.



NUMBER of years since, a traveller, apparently old and infirm, early one morning in summer, with slow and tottering steps, ascended the summit of a hill which commanded a view of a beautiful village situated in the valley beneath, on the bank of one of those clear and swift-rushing streams which are so frequently seen in New

England, fertilizing the soil, and giving a romantic beauty to the landscape.

He was a man of a sinewy frame, but care or disease had laid upon it a heavy hand, and the flesh had withered beneath the touch. His cheeks were thin, haggard, and bronzed by exposure for years to the rays of a tropical sun. His locks were thin and gray, and hung in straggling masses upon his shoulders ; and his hazel eyes, keen and restless, as they surveyed the wide amphitheatre beneath him, assumed a wild and mournful expression.

That man, after an absence in foreign climes of more than a quarter of a century, had returned to the spot which gave him birth. He was not old in years, but exposure, hardships, sorrow, oppression, and disease, had broken his spirits, destroyed his vigorous constitution, and brought on premature old age. When he left his native home, his friends and his kindred, he was a noble specimen of manhood. He returned, no longer a man, but a wreck of humanity !

Walter Grafton was a New England sailor, and, ere misfortune had palsied his frame, and chilled his heart with her spells, he was brave, generous, and noble-hearted, with buoyant spirits, and an ingenuousness of disposition, which secured him the kind wishes of all who knew him. He was about twenty-two years of age when he left the pleasant village of Follingsburg, after a visit of a few weeks, with a light heart ; for he had but just entered on the threshold of manhood, and Hope, with her magic but deceiving glass, showed him his pathway strewn with gay and fragrant flowers. He left behind him dear friends ; among them was one fair being, who had promised to share his lot through life, be it weal or woe. And, as the stage-coach in which he was seated slowly ascended the rising ground that overlooked the village, he felt proud of his health, of his vigorous frame, of his native energy, and implicitly believed that he could successfully

carve out his own fortune, and to a very considerable extent shape his own destiny.

He sailed from Boston as second mate of the brig *Volant*, bound on a voyage to Antigua. He was a faithful officer; he loved his profession, and hoped soon to be promoted to the highest step. But, during a severe hurricane, the *Volant* was wrecked on the low island of Barbuda, and only Walter and two of his shipmates were saved. The kind inhabitants of the island relieved the immediate wants of the shipwrecked mariners, and in the course of a few days an opportunity offered of proceeding to St. Bartholomews, in a Swedish drogher, from which place he hoped to procure without difficulty a passage to America. But the drogher had hardly cleared the harbor, when she was fallen in with by the British sloop of war *Ringdove*, of eighteen guns; and the eyes of the boarding-officers sparkled with joy when they beheld, among the passengers, Walter Grafton and his two shipmates, all fine-looking American seamen, and *without protections*. Walter told his story, and the Englishmen *knew* that he spoke the truth. They were convinced by his statements that those men were American seamen, victims of misfortune. They were aware that their duty, as honest men and Christians, required them to relieve their wants, so far as it might be in their power, and aid them in returning to their own country. But *the British navy wanted men*; and, in those days, the British officers were too often unscrupulous with regard to the means by which seamen were procured. Walter Grafton and his companions were declared to be Englishmen, and sternly ordered into the boat. They were *impressed on board an English man-of-war!*

This was a terrible disappointment to the hopes of the young American. The airy palaces which his imagination had erected, began to fall to the ground; for he had always regarded as one of life's severest ills, the fate of the poor

sailor on board of a British man-of-war; and he found the reality far worse than the ideal picture. He resolved, however, to escape from his floating prison, if any opportunity should offer; and one dark night, as the Ringdove was at anchor off the harbor of St. George's, in Grenada, he quietly let himself down into the water, with a view to swim to the shore, a distance of about half a mile. But he was seen by a marine on duty, who fired at him, and lodged a ball in his shoulder. A cutter was instantly manned, a blue-light shown, and Grafton was discovered, and brought on board, bleeding, and deeply mortified at the failure of his attempt to escape. In order to set a wholesome example before the crew of the Ringdove, and deter others from making a similar attempt, he was tied up to the gangway, a few days afterwards, by order of the captain, and, in presence of the whole ship's company, *five dozen lashes* were inflicted upon the bare back of this young American sailor!

Grafton was subsequently drafted into a frigate, soon after which war was declared between England and the United States; but his repeated representations that he was an *American citizen* were unheeded or scoffed at by his officers! On one occasion, a ship, with the stars and stripes waving at her peak, hove in sight, and preparations were made for an obstinate engagement. Walter resolutely persisted in a determination to take no part in the battle. He declared that nothing should induce him to fight against his countrymen; and for adopting this noble and patriotic course, which should have elicited the praise and admiration of brave and honorable men, he was again inhumanly scourged!

The frigate was ordered to England, to the great satisfaction of Grafton, who confidently relied on receiving justice, and being liberated, whenever he should reach a British port; and hope began to revisit his bosom. But this poor, friendless young man found that his statements were as much disre-

garded or ridiculed at Plymouth, as in an obscure port in the West Indies, or on the high seas. And while the officers of the ship were absent on furlough or on leave, and could partake of amusements on shore, or visit their friends at *home*, this hapless foreigner was compelled to remain in that worst of prisons, a British man-of-war, with no prospect of liberation, excepting by the hand of death.

In a few weeks, Grafton was drafted into another frigate, which was fitting away for the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, and compelled, against his will, to embark, and assist in maintaining abroad the glory of the British name. Thus the bright sky, which cheered his soul in the morning of life, was obscured with dark and gloomy clouds. He proved to his sorrow that his destiny was shaped by a mighty and unseen Power, and that dark, and inscrutable by mortals, are the works of divine Providence.

And for years he submitted to his fate, and endured all the privations, the cruelties, the hardships, the injustice, which, in those days, were the lot of the unfortunate men who fought the battles of Great Britain on the seas, and sustained the honor of the British flag. His whole character, as well as his person, became materially changed. Hope and ambition no longer nerved his arm, or excited his energies to action. His proud spirit was subdued, and, despairing of any favorable change of fortune, he became reckless even of existence. HOME, a word around which cluster associations of the most blissful, pure and holy character, in the minds of the great mass of mankind, seemed to Walter Grafton only the faint shadowing of a dream, — a happy vision of the past, which he felt could never be realized, — a mockery !

But he lived on ; he seemed to bear a charmed life. His shipmates fell beside him in battle, or were swept away by the hand of disease, and their places were supplied by other unfortunate men, without regard to country, or the flag under

which they sailed. It was sufficient that a British man-of-war wanted seamen, and, whenever they were met with in those seas, no questions were asked, no protestations or entreaties were listened to ; they were ruthlessly seized, whether Dane, Swede, Dutchman or Yankee, and compelled to submit to perpetual and barbarous slavery in the service of the king of Great Britain !

But Grafton still loved his country, and revered her free institutions, and he would have given worlds to have stood on the deck of an American ship, battling with all his energies against the naval forces of Great Britain. From the bottom of his heart he detested that power which had torn him from his friends, and dashed to the earth the cup of joy, even while hope was holding it to his lips.

Grafton was finally transferred to a small brig of war, sent on a dangerous exploring expedition to the Caroline Islands. In the course of a few months the brig was wrecked upon a coral reef, and the greater portion of the crew perished before they could reach the shore. Walter and a few of his ship-mates survived the disaster, but were treated with great cruelty by the natives ; and all, himself excepted, in a short time sank under the tortures which were inflicted by the savages, with a view of testing their courage and fortitude. Grafton passed the ordeal, was created a chief, and treated with favor.

He passed several years on the island, enduring a miserable existence, and without partaking of any of the enjoyments of life, when, to his delight, a small vessel appeared in the offing, with the American flag flying at her mast-head. It was a schooner from a New England port, seeking for beche-mer and pearl oysters. A thrill of delight passed through his frame as he beheld the vessel, and he secretly resolved to escape from the island, or perish in the attempt.

When night spread her veil over the surrounding objects,



Walter Grafton stealthily left his wigwam, and hastened to the beach. In a few minutes he had launched a canoe, and, with all the strength and skill which he possessed, he was paddling from the shore in the direction of the schooner. But he was watched; the alarm was given, and he was pursued by the indignant savages. He heard their yells of vengeance as they rapidly drew near, and, with all the energy of despair, he redoubled his exertions. At length he saw the schooner through the gloom. He hailed her, and, in good English, implored succor. The captain understood the case immediately, and promptly determined to aid the fugitive. He fired a shot at the fleet of canoes, which induced them to abandon the chase; but not before one of the savages, a chief of giant size and vigorous arm, had launched a spear at the unfortunate Grafton, which pierced his thigh, and crippled him for life. The next moment Walter was on board the American vessel, and welcomed with kindness and cordiality by the noble-hearted commander.

His wish was now to return to his native country. He longed to behold again the hills and vales of New England, and to repose after death in the land of his fathers. But although he rejoiced to find himself on board an American vessel, he was still far distant from his home, and was reluctantly compelled to visit many places, traverse many seas, and suffer various hardships, before he again planted his foot on the American soil. He also saw, more than once, proudly streaming to the breeze, the red-cross flag of Great Britain. And while he gazed upon it, his eye would kindle with frenzy, his whole frame tremble with passion, and, amid the incoherent ravings of a madman, he would mutter curses upon the nation, which, to extend her national glory, would violate all the principles of honor and justice, and enslave and torture the free and the brave of other countries, who owed no allegiance to the would-be mistress of the seas!

When this sad victim of British oppression landed on the wharf in Boston, he was rapidly sinking into the grave. He was but fifty years of age, yet life's candle was already burnt to the socket; and his stooping figure, his wrinkled features, and hoary locks, seemed to say that he had passed more years than are usually allotted to man. He was a stranger in his native land—a cripple—without money, without friends, without health!

He did not tarry in the flourishing city, for he felt that he had no time to lose, but immediately commenced his journey on foot to the spot which, twenty-five years before, he had left in joyous spirits, exulting in the possession of a vigorous constitution and manly qualities, that he was confident would soon place him at the head of his profession, and secure him the respect and esteem of the wise and the good.

In such guise, and under such circumstances, did Walter Grafton return to his native village.

He stood upon the summit of the hill, and gazed upon the scenes around him. He beheld the same beautiful stream, and the same secluded valley, in which the hamlet where he was born was located; but most of the prominent features of the landscape, indelibly stamped upon his memory, were no longer there. The old church, with its lofty spire, like an inverted tunnel, which he had often gazed upon with reverential awe, and beneath whose spacious roof he had often listened to the precepts of the man of God, had been taken away, and its place was supplied by several edifices of inferior dimensions, and modern style. The school-house, of wood, where he passed many of the happiest days of his life, and eagerly drank in the seeds of knowledge, was removed from its romantic site by the banks of the limpid stream, and several unsightly and shapeless "cotton factories" covered and surrounded the spot. The stately elm-trees, which constituted one of the proudest ornaments of the village, and which were

formerly religiously treasured and cherished by the worthy inhabitants, had fallen beneath the axe of the spoiler, a victim to the march of improvement ; — even the unpretending hamlet, with its old-fashioned mansions, its common, its green lanes, lined with umbrageous forest trees, had disappeared, and in its stead had arisen, as if by magic, a flourishing manufacturing *town*, with its straight streets, its numerous stores and taverns, and its comfortless brick dwellings ; and the village burial-ground, the last resting-place of the inhabitants, where in early youth he had seen the remains of a beloved and indulgent mother deposited, and where he had passed many mournful, but delicious hours, reclining on the green and flowery turf which covered her grave, had not been spared. The sacred spot was covered with a range of three-story granite stores.

The heart of the wanderer sank within him at the sight. He looked for his HOME, but he saw it not. He could not even find the graves of his fathers. He turned away in the bitterness of his disappointment, and sobbed like a child !

His attention was soon attracted by the shouts of some young men and boys, who ascended the hill, bearing a long pole ; and who, by their smiling countenances, were evidently about to undertake some interesting task. They beheld the old man, with tears upon his cheeks, leaning against a rough mass of granite, and their sympathy, as well as their curiosity, was excited. One of the number, a fine-looking youth, about twenty years old, respectfully approached him ; and while his companions proceeded in their work, in kind accents he inquired of the forlorn stranger the cause of his grief.

The old man made no direct reply to the question, but in eager and tremulous accents, said, “Tell me, O tell me, young man, if any persons reside in yonder town, by the name of Grafton ?”

“No,” replied the youth ; “the last person of that name

who resided in Follingsburg, was Walter Grafton, who, with his wife and children, left this part of the country, to settle in Illinois, about five years ago. But why do you ask ?”

A deep groan was the only reply to this question. The old man pressed his hand firmly to his brow, as if he wished to suppress the strong emotion which shook his soul. In a few moments, he again asked, in a hesitating and subdued tone of voice, as if he feared the tenor of the reply, “Can you tell me if you ever heard the name of such a person in this village as Helen Stockton ?”

“Helen Stockton !” exclaimed the youth, with unequivocal marks of surprise. “Helen Stockton ! To be sure I have. Helen Stockton was the name of my mother !”

The burning hectic which had flushed the wan, and haggard, and scarred cheeks of the stranger, now gave place to a ghastly pallor. At this moment his attention was attracted by some loud huzzas from the party who, for some moments, had been busily at work but a few rods off. He looked up, and saw that they had planted a flag-staff, from which depended, in graceful folds, the beautiful American ensign. “What is the meaning of this ?” said he to the young man, who still lingered near him, actuated partly by curiosity, and partly by a better feeling.

“This,” said the young man, in a triumphant voice, while his eyes sparkled with the fires of patriotism, “this is the FOURTH OF JULY, — THE BIRTH-DAY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE ! HURRAH !”

The old sailor with difficulty raised himself from his reclining posture, and limped towards the flag-staff. He fixed an intense gaze on the stars and stripes which floated above him, the emblem of FREEDOM and of UNION, — the rallying-point of the friends to the RIGHTS OF MAN in every part of the globe. He took the old tarpaulin hat from his head, and summoned back for a moment his departing energies. Three

times he waved that hat high above his head, and three times, with a voice as clear, as loud, and as startling as the tone of trumpet, he shouted *Hurrah! HURRAH! HURRAH!*

The dying sailor sank exhausted on the ground, at the foot of the flag-staff. The young men on the hill, astonished at his enthusiasm, hastened to his assistance; but it was not needed,—the spirit had departed. And thus, on the green hill overlooking his native valley,—a stranger, destitute, crippled, and forlorn,—perished the hapless victim of BRITISH IMPRESSMENT!

The tale of Walter Grafton is not a mere sketch of the imagination. It is only one of many cases of wrong and oppression which grew out of the practice of impressment, and are calculated to excite the sympathy and rouse the indignation of every honest heart. But let us rejoice that such times have passed away. The impressment of seamen is no longer authorized in the English navy. It was a vile and barbarous custom, even when the victims were British subjects; but when men belonging to other nations are ruthlessly kidnapped, or forcibly dragged from their homes upon the deep, and compelled to serve on board a British man-of-war, the outrage is of a nature so horrible, so contrary to all the recognized principles of honor and justice, that the whole civilized world should rise up *en masse*, and exclaim against it.

We do not believe that the British government will ever again *dare* to resort to this mode of manning their ships during a time of war. The subject was agitated during the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain, and the letter of Daniel Webster, upon the subject of impressment, is one of the ablest documents which ever came from his hands. It does honor to his head and to his heart, and the American sailor owes a debt of gratitude to that enlightened statesman, who, in bold and decided language, proclaimed to the world that *the American flag shall protect the American seaman!*

## CUTTING OUT WORK FOR ALL HANDS!

*Honest us.* I like her well. She is a goodly ship!  
Does she sail fast, my lad?

*Jack.* Our *Captain* does,—and very fast indeed,  
When all his brandy is aboard!

OLD PLAY.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The good ship "Will-o'-the Wisp," bound from Boston to Amsterdam, was rushing rapidly through the water, towards her destined port. The wind was a couple of points abaft the beam, from about north-north-west, and it blew a strong breeze. The royals, flying-jib, and mizzen and fore top-gallant sails were furled, the weather clue of the mainsail was hauled up, and as the stanch ship dashed through the water, deeply laden as she was, her timbers and bulk-heads croaked and sung like mutinous frogs in a pond, the water under her bows roared like the Norway maelstrom, and she left a wake behind her, as broad, as foamy, and as crooked, as that of a huge Dutch galliot. A fair-weather sea would, now and then, when she broached a little to of her course, gently come over the weather-bulwarks, and *electrify* those of the watch who happened to be in the way; and, while the helmsman labored at the wheel, exerting all his strength and all his skill, the chief mate, Mr. Halloway, kept one eye on the sails and spars aloft, and the other to windward, watching the appearance of the clouds; while the watch on deck were speculating on the probability of having soon to take a double reef in the topsails.

At this interesting moment, Captain Cornelius Grampus

made his appearance on deck. Captain Grampus was a man who, although he commanded a temperance ship, was never a member of a temperance society. He adopted the principle that temperance was a good thing for those who could not keep sober, and he carefully obeyed the orders of his worthy owners, in excluding all kinds of liquors from the *forecastle*, and had even often been heard in port haranguing his crew on the folly and impropriety of getting drunk. But, as he always knew when he *had enough*, and, as he *said* he never got drunk himself, he considered it unnecessary to *pledge* himself to temperance, or even to abstain from the free use of intoxicating drinks, either at sea or on shore.

Captain Cornelius Grampus came on the deck of the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. He was a plethoric-looking man, of rather short stature, with a face as round and as full as a Thanksgiving pumpkin, and with a complexion as ruddy as the gills of the noisy monarch of the barn-yard. Indeed, with his huge eyes, apparently starting from his head, his peculiar and ungainly figure, his sprawling flippers, and his inflamed visage, he forcibly reminded one of a lobster, after he had been immersed in the boiling-pot.

Captain Cornelius Grampus came on deck. He looked aloft, and his eyes seemed lighted up with anger. He cast a savage glance at his mate, as if he wished to annihilate him on the spot. He walked several times fore and aft the quarter-deck. He then stopped abruptly, directly opposite Mr. Halloway, and, after grinding his teeth together, addressed him fiercely as follows :

“ Mr. Halloway, how fast does the ship go, now ? ”

“ Eight knots and a half, sir,” replied Mr. Halloway, with a conciliatory smile; for he knew the captain’s “ custom of an afternoon,” and feared that a storm was about to burst forth.

“ Eight knots and a half! *Only* eight knots and a half!

What is the meaning of this, sir? This ship ought to go at least *ten* knots, with this breeze. You must be mistaken, sir, or it is high time to make more sail. Heave the log, Mr. Halloway."

The log was hove, and the result was given by the mate, as follows: "She takes nine knots off the reel, sir. The wind seems to increase."

"Poh, 't is only a good whole-sail breeze, and when the wind is fair we must improve it. She must go *ten* knots. We must crack on more sail, and try her speed for once. Set the fore and mizzen top-gallant sails, Mr. Halloway."

"It blows very hard in flaws, sir!" exclaimed the mate, with a deprecatory look.

"Well, let it blow!" thundered out Captain Grampus. "I *want* it to blow. Call all hands, and get more sail on the ship! Do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll show you how to carry sail, my good fellow."

Remonstrance, of course, was useless. All hands were called, and were on deck in a trice; for the watch below had, ever since eight bells, been in momentary expectation of being roused up to reduce sail, and, as the wind had increased, they were somewhat astonished that they were wanted for a purpose entirely different. However, it is Jack's duty to obey orders, without questioning their propriety. If the ship should be capsized, or dismasted, or swamped, through the folly, or obstinacy, or fool-hardiness, of any of her officers, the fault is not his, and he washes his hands of all responsibility.

"Up there, men, and loose the fore and mizzen top-gallant sails!" shouted Mr. Halloway.

The top-gallant sails were loosed, and, after much shivering and slatting, they were sheeted home. Captain Grampus paced the quarter-deck, looking, and, doubtless, feeling as proud and important as a turkey-cock in all his glory. The



ship steered badly, and whenever a heavier flaw struck her, and she came *to* off her course, the masts would bend, the yards would buckle, and a loud cracking and snapping amongst the rigging seemed to admonish the skipper to be prudent, that the "Will-o'-the-wisp" was not to be trifled with. At such times, old Grampus would open his lower deck ports, and pour out tremendous broadsides of oaths and abuse upon Blue-water-Jack, the helmsman, and upon Mr. Cat-Harping, the second mate, who was standing by the wheel, cunning, and occasionally assisting Blue-water-Jack in heaving up the wheel.

"*Now* throw the log, Mr. Halloway," exclaimed Captain Grampus, with a grim smile of satisfaction, as a heavy flaw struck the ship, careened her some half a dozen streaks, and made all crack again.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate, in a tone which indicated disgust rather than satisfaction. "Hold the reel."

The log was accordingly thrown, and Mr. Halloway reported that the ship was walking off at the unprecedented rate of nine knots and a half an hour.

"Nine knots and a half!" shouted Captain Grampus. "*Only* nine knots and a half? She must go faster than that. We must set the fore-topmast studding-sail."

Mr. Halloway stared; but he knew that, as Captain Grampus was in full sailing trim, with a good cargo of cogniac and Madeira on board, it would be useless to try to convince him of his folly, and the men were ordered aloft to rig out the fore-topmast studding-sail boom. It required great care, in setting this sail, to prevent its being split in pieces. But Mr. Halloway was a good seaman, and a *sober man* into the bargain; and, after a pretty tough siege, he succeeded in setting the sail. The wind kept gradually increasing, and the old ship seemed to leap madly along, straining, like a well-trained race-horse, to reach the goal, and looking for almost every point of the compass but the right one. The boom, too

buckled like a whip-stick, and the crew expected every moment to see it broken short off, and the sail rent into ribbons. Captain Grampus noticed the bending of the boom. "Mr. Halloway," said he, "that fore-topmast studding-sail boom, like a fresh water dandy, cocks up its nose rather too much. Clap on the lower studding-sail to keep all straight, and let the good old ship go ahead."

"Get along the lower studding-sail there, men. Clear away the boom and reeve the gear," exclaimed the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Ebenezer Oakum, a hearty old salt, at the same time saying in an under tone to Harvey Scuttlebut, "I say, Harvey, the 'old man' has got his beer aboard, and is *cutting out work for all hands*."

The lower studding-sail was brought on the forecastle, the halliards were bent on, and the gear all prepared. Captain Grampus had just been below, "freshening the nip." He was much excited, and paced the deck rapidly, sometimes swearing terribly to the helmsman, for not steering small, sometimes bawling to the mate for not bearing a hand in setting the studding-sail, and sometimes chuckling and grinning like an overgrown baboon.

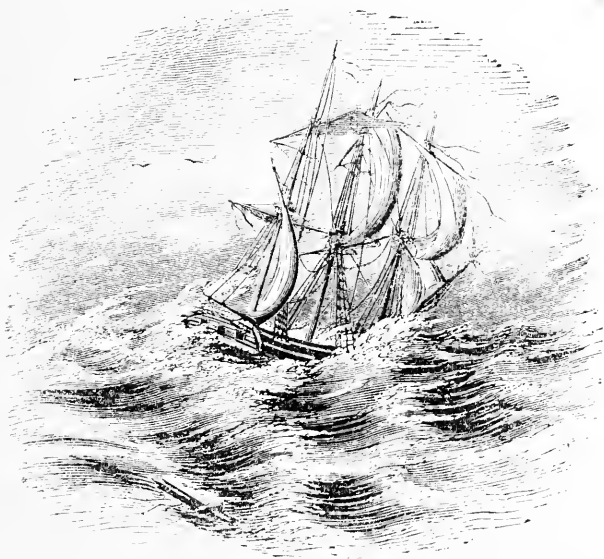
At length the lower studding-sail was ready for hoisting. The men clapped on to the halliards and out-hauler, the wind struck the sail, which, fastened by the four corners, bellied out, and caught more than a capful of wind. At the same time a flaw struck the ship, and she came to of her course some two or three points; a sea dashed against her weather bulwarks, rolled into the waist, nearly filled her decks, and made the old Will-o'-the-wisp shiver and shake, as if she had been suddenly attacked with fever and ague.

"Hard up the helm, you scoundrel! Hard up, I tell ye, you know-nothing soldier!" screamed Captain Grampus.

"Hard up it is, sir!" exclaimed the helmsman, puffing and

blowing like a porpoise, and almost overcome with fatigue, for his office had not been a sinecure.

At this moment the wind piped harder than ever. The weather fore-brace, of old coir rope, could no longer stand the racket, — *it parted*. The studding-sail boom broke short off by the iron, the fore-yard flew fore and aft, and the top-sail-yard followed its example. The pressure upon the topmast was now greater than it could conveniently bear, and *away over the side went the fore-topmast*; as a matter of course, or courtesy, the main top-gallant-mast followed suit. The head



sail being thus suddenly reduced, and the whole spanker being set, the ship luffed up, and such a fluttering of canvas was seen and heard as has seldom been witnessed on board a craft where temperance watched over the cabin!

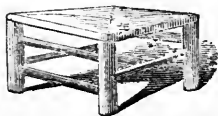
Captain Grampus seemed to be really astonished at this very natural result ; but his astonishment gradually gave way to indignation. He gave the mate a stare, in which perplexity and fury seemed combined, — a stare which was evidently intended to *annihilate*, — exclaiming at the same time, in a voice of thunder, “There, Mr. Halloway, I think you have done it, now !”

“Done it !” replied the mate, in a bitter tone, gazing despairingly upon the wreck. “Yes, you *have* DONE IT with a vengeance ! Come, lads,” he continued, in a more cheerful voice, “there’s no help for it now. Let us go to work with a will, and clear the wreck.”

“That’s right, Mr. Halloway,” said Captain Grampus. “’Tis a pity you made such a fuss, merely about setting a lower studding-sail. But, as you say, there *is* no help for it. Clear away the wreck as quick as possible ; save all the spars, sails and rigging, if you can, and get up a new top-mast, and make sail again as soon as possible.” Thus saying, Captain Grampus staggered down to the cabin, and, after seeking for consolation in a glass of raw cogniac, he leisurely turned in.

As his head disappeared through the companion-way, Mr. Halloway muttered some reply, which was by no means respectful in its character, or complimentary to his superior officer.

“There,” said Eben Oakum to Harvey Scuttlebut, “what did I tell you ? Did n’t I say the old man would *cut out work for all hands* ?”



## JACK HOPKINS.

### A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

‘ Hang him ! For what ? Will ’t make the poor wretch better,  
Even if guilty of the dreadful crime ?  
But if he *should* be innocent ! ’T is sad,  
Indeed, and fearful to indulge the thought.  
What right has man — frail and imperfect man —  
Thus to usurp the province of the Deity,  
And, under cover of the forms of law,  
Riot in blood, and snap the chord of life ? ’

OLD PLAY.

ONE beautiful night, the brig Petrel was crossing the Great Bahama Bank, on a voyage to Sisal, from New York. It was about sunset when this vessel entered upon the Bank, and, with a fine easterly breeze, and a smooth sea, soon left Stirrup Key far behind. The captain, as he paced the quarter-deck in a joyous mood, gayly predicted that he would be up with the Orange Keys, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by six o'clock on the following morning. But his expectation was not realized. Before midnight the wind died away, and we were tantalized by a calm — one of the most disagreeable incidents in the course of a voyage. In a gale of wind there is something sublime, majestic, exciting : in a very heavy squall all hands are roused, and all their energies are called into action ; in a good stiff breeze the craft jogs merrily along, and the crew look forward with eager hope to the time of her arrival in port ; but there is a dismal monotony in a calm,

which strikes a chill to the heart of a sailor, and spreads a gloom over his features, and despondency over his spirits

After the breeze had left us, it was soon ascertained that there was a current setting to the north-west at the rate of about one and a half knots an hour; and the captain, not wishing to be drifted out of his reckoning, wisely concluded to let go the kedge anchor, in order to remain in the mid channel. The anchor was let go accordingly; the courses were hauled up, and there we lay, for several hours, snugly at anchor in sixteen feet of water, on nearly the centre of the Great Bahama Bank.

And the scene was a beautiful one! There was not a ripple on the vast expanse of water which surrounded us on every side; and the element was so transparent, and so lighted up by the rays of the moon, which was nearly full, and seemed to smile upon us pensively from its high station in the heavens, that the white coral sand, and fragments of coral limestone, and here and there a small tuft of dark-looking sponge on the bottom, could be seen with wonderful distinctness. Indeed, the silver light, reflected from the snowy plain, of vast extent beneath the waters, seemed to impart its own pure hue to the briny element; and we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were not riding at anchor in the midst of a vast sea of liquid pearl.

Our captain, however, who was a driving sort of a character, and a great enemy to sentiment and poetry, seemed not to enjoy the beautiful and romantic scene around us; on the contrary, he viewed it with a countenance expressive of utter disgust. He paced the deck for ten or fifteen minutes with hasty and impatient strides, and then, apparently perceiving no prospect of a speedy change of weather, he turned to the second officer, and, in a brief and abrupt manner, requested to be called if a breeze should spring up, and muttering some strange sounds, which were not distinctly "syllabled," dis-

appeared from the deck, and soon forgot his troubles and disappointments in a sweet sleep.

Bob Hastings, Harry Snyder and myself, having the middle watch, took possession of the fore-castle, and, seated on the bowsprit bits, or leaning against the fore-scuttle, we watched the appearance of the weather; but everything prognosticated a continuance of the calm; and it is not, perhaps, remarkable that our thoughts took a turn which was by no means of a cheerful description.

"I say, Hawser," exclaimed Bob Hastings, in a low but hoarse voice, "the last time I crossed the bank, was in the ship *Orange Blossom*, along with old Captain Colesworthy; and Jack Hopkins, as fine a fellow as ever broke a biscuit, was on board that ship. He was, indeed, a whole-hearted sailor, but his fate was a sad and unjust one. Poor Jack!"

"Jack Hopkins!" exclaimed Harry. "It strikes me that I have heard of that chap. If I am not mistaken, we were shipmates together on board the old ship *Medusa*, on a voyage to the River of Plate, some eight or ten years ago. We separated after we arrived home, and I have never seen him since."

"And never will," said Bob, in a sepulchral voice.

"Indeed," replied Harry. "Come, tell us about him. You say his fate was a sad one. What was it?"

"Ay," said Tom Wheelrope, who had just come on deck, and would any time exchange a good nap for a yarn, "what was it?"

"Why," replied Bob, "the fact is, I don't like to talk about it, for it makes me feel down in the mouth for a week afterwards. However, as we seem to have nothing to do, and as I suppose it won't answer to 'calk' while lying here at anchor, notwithstanding the calm seems likely to last the whole watch, I suppose I may as well tell you what became of Jack Hopkins."

"That's right, my hearty!" exclaimed Tom. "I like to listen to a yarn, especially if it is well spun and is of good material, as is always the case with your yarns. You talk like a book. So heave ahead."

"What I am going to tell you is the truth, any how," said Bob.

"Well, well, let's have it, such as it is," exclaimed Harry, rather impatiently, "without any further palaver."

Bob answered this energetic appeal by thrusting a huge mass of the Virginia weed between his capacious jaws, at the same time giving his features a twist which would have frightened a catamount. He then commenced his narrative of the fate of Jack Hopkins.

"I have already told you, shipmates, that Jack was as fine a fellow as ever broke a biscuit. He was born and brought up somewhere in the neighborhood of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and received a tolerable education, — better than is the case with the common run of sailors. When we sailed together in the Orange Blossom, he had been three voyages before the mast, and might have shipped as second mate, before we started, but he thought he would go another voyage before he left the forecabin for the cabin.

"Jack Hopkins was a fearless and active sailor. He was in his element in a gale of wind, and could turn off a nice job of work with a degree of neatness and dexterity which would astonish even a veteran seaman. His shipmates all liked him, for he was of a kind, obliging disposition, never a fomentor of quarrels in the forecabin, or a promoter of dissensions between the officers and the people; he never neglected his duty on board, and he never got drunk or engaged in *rows* on shore. He was a cheerful, honest-hearted, intelligent Yankee sailor. Such was Jack Hopkins, and I wish we had more sailors like him.

"Well, we reached Havana in good time, and, after dis-



charging our cargo, lay moored quietly in the upper harbor, waiting for cargo for St. Petersburg. One Sunday, three of the men — and those none of the steadiest — obtained leave to go on shore, on the express condition of coming on board before sunset. They were rather wild chaps, and the mate was afraid that they would get into some trouble, especially as neither of them was ever known to refuse a glass of grog when it was offered him. The sun went down, but they did not come on board, and the mate asked Jack to go ashore and try to find them. I went with him, and staid by the boat, while he went up to look for the men. It soon grew dark, and Jack did not come back; after waiting about an hour, I sculled the boat off alongside the ship, and made my report to the mate, who, however, did not fear anything about Jack, as he well knew he could take care of himself.

“ It appeared afterwards, from Jack’s statement, that the faithful fellow succeeded in finding his shipmates, by dint of inquiries on the quay; but they were tipsy, and resisted his entreaties to go with him on board. They were moored in a snug harbor, where, as long as their money lasted, they could have abundance of what sailors are apt to consider the blessings of life, — good things to eat, and plenty to drink. They were in a boarding-house and grog-shop, kept by a swarthy, rough-looking Frenchman, who made a living by coaxing ship’s companies to desert, boarding them for a few days, and then shipping them on board other vessels in want of crews.

“ One of the men, Sam Townsend, said he would go on board after he had finished his *aguadiente*, and had a sociable chat with an old shipmate, whom he found drifting about; and Jack, being reluctant to go off without them, remained on shore for a while, hoping to persuade them to go along with him in a quiet manner. But he could not prevent them from drinking grog, and, after a time, it became evident to him

that they were unable to walk down to the quay, and a *volante* could not be had at that time of night, it being between ten and eleven o'clock. He therefore seized upon a sword-cane and a few other articles of little use, which Sam had foolishly bought, and asked him to take care of, and thoughtfully pursued his way through the narrow streets of Havana, towards the quay.

"He had gone about half the distance to the public square, and was in a dark and narrow street, when he thought he heard a shriek, as if from a person in dreadful agony. Always ready to succor the distressed, Jack grasped his cane, and rushed forward in the direction of the sound; but all was silent. When he had reached the spot from whence the sound had seemed to proceed, he spied something white lying on the ground. He picked it up, and it proved to be a cambric handkerchief, which he thrust within his bosom. At the same moment, a large dog sprung towards him, and commenced a fierce attack, growling and barking furiously. Jack found it necessary to resort to decided measures, in order to defend his life from the attack of the savage animal. He congratulated himself on having possession of the sword-cane, and, with a well-directed thrust at the brute, he ran him through the body, and sent him howling and bleeding away; but not until he himself was bereft of nearly one half of his lower garment, and had received upon his person some rather painful marks of the savage character of his four-footed enemy.

"At that moment, a guard of six soldiers and an officer appeared turning a corner, near by. They had lights with them, and Jack, fearing he might be detained, and get into difficulty if he should come in contact with the patrol, especially as he could speak no Spanish, thought it best to clear as fast as possible. He turned down what he took to be a narrow lane, running as fast as he was able. But the soldiers

saw him, and gave chase. Jack would have got away easily enough, if he could have gone forward; but an obstacle intervened which he did not expect; he found himself not in a lane, but in a blind alley, to which there was an entrance, but from which there was no exit, unless he retraced his steps. The Spaniards soon came up with him, and found him crouching in a corner, grasping in his hand the sword-cane of Sam Townsend, the blade covered with blood!



“Here was a sad business. The soldiers declared that murder had been committed, and Jack was believed to be a

great scoundrel, and handled rather roughly. Two Spaniards seized him by the throat, and dragged him towards the guard-house. Their progress, however, was interrupted by a fearful shout from two of their comrades, who had been carefully examining the street, and who found, near the spot where Jack had fought with the dog, the dead body of a Spanish gentleman, his garments soaked with blood. His limbs were yet warm, and it was plain that he had just been assassinated and robbed; and it was probably his shriek which had alarmed Jack, and roused the patrol.

“Jack Hopkins was conveyed to the guard-house; with regard to his guilt there was, of course, no room for doubt on the mind of the officer on duty. The suspected assassin was thrust into a noisome dungeon, where he passed a hapless night in reflecting upon his strange and awkward condition. The next day he was loaded with heavy irons, and carried before an Alcade, or some kind of magistrate; and Captain Colesworthy was sent for. He came, accompanied by the American Consul, and the examination took place. The soldiers swore to the facts in the case, and it is not likely that the rascals softened the matter any, as they heartily hate the Yankees. Jack told his story; but, of course, it produced no effect. Captain Colesworthy could only give decided testimony in favor of his general character, and declare his firm belief in his innocence; but the American Consul shook his head. Jack Hopkins, who, never in his life, harmed a human being, was ordered back to prison, to be tried on a charge of cool-blooded, deliberate murder and robbery!

“In the course of about ten days the trial came on, and Captain Colesworthy, like a gentleman, as he was, spared no effort to ensure Jack a fair trial, and to prove his innocence. But the task was a difficult one. Although he and all who knew Jack were convinced that his account of the matter was as worthy of credit as if sworn to by a dozen men of the

highest character for truth and honesty, yet the evidence against him was strong, and apparently conclusive; and it was soon too plain that Jack Hopkins's case was a hopeless one.

"It was proved that, on the night in question, a shriek was heard, evidently proceeding from a person in great distress; that, on going towards the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed, they found a man struggling with a dog, which, soon after, ran howling away. On their appearance, the man, as if afraid of being detected in the commission of some crime, made a desperate effort to escape, but was finally discovered in a remote corner of an alley, striving to conceal himself from their view, and holding in his hands a bloody sword! He looked pale and agitated when taken, and his clothes were partly torn off, and some portions of them were spotted with blood. And, near the spot where the prisoner was first seen, the body of a rich and respectable citizen of Havana was found dead; he having been thrust through the heart with a sharp and pointed weapon, either a knife, sword, or a dagger; and the wound corresponding exactly in size with the bloody sword found in the hand of the prisoner. The murdered man had been robbed; plunder having doubtless been the object of the assassin, and a portion of the property had been found on the person of the accused; and it was, therefore, but fair to suppose that he had an accomplice, who had taken possession of the remaining booty, and who, while the prisoner was struggling with the dog, had succeeded in making his escape.

"The evidence was overwhelming; indeed, hardly an individual in court, or in all Havana, excepting the officers and crew of the *Orange Blossom*, believed that Jack Hopkins was innocent. The facts were stated in a clear manner; there was no contradiction among the witnesses, and it is not surprising that Jack's plain tale, excepting so far as it was cor-

roborated by several ragamuffins of equivocal character, who had seen Jack quit the boarding-house that evening, obtained no credit whatever.

“Jack Hopkins was doomed to die. The third day after his trial, was the day appointed for him to undergo the punishment of death by the garrote.

“My poor shipmate! He was in the bloom of manhood, possessed of a vigorous constitution, which promised a long life, with prospects opening upon him of a cheerful description. He had friends whom he dearly loved, — father, mother, brothers and sisters, in his native land; yet he was sentenced, in a foreign country, to pay the horrible penalty for a crime which he had never committed; to be barbarously, deliberately murdered in cold blood, according to prescribed forms of law! It was a hard case; and it is no wonder that poor Jack Hopkins shrank with terror from the idea of suffering the dreadful penalty.

“Captain Colesworthy saw him several times during the interval between the sentence and the execution, and tried hard to give him consolation; but, let me tell you, shipmates, it is no easy thing to reconcile a man to his fate, when that fate is a cruel and an ignominious death. None of his old messmates were allowed to see him, until early on the morning assigned for his execution. On that memorable morning we saw him through the narrow grates of his dungeon. He looked ghastly pale. He told us it was a fearful thing to die, but that he had found comfort in his Bible, which the Spaniards, with a degree of indulgence not common, had allowed him to read in his cell. He prayed that neither of us might ever meet a similar fate. He divided the little property which he had on board, among us, to keep for his sake; and said he had given Captain Colesworthy some messages for his relatives in New Hampshire, which he had promised to execute. ‘But my poor mother,’ exclaimed he, in heart-

rending accents, 'who loved me so dearly! How will she be comforted when she learns my dreadful fate? I beg of you, continued he, earnestly, 'if you ever meet with any of my friends, — with any persons who knew Jack Hopkins, — to assure them, on the word of a dying man, that he was innocent.'

"The guard now approached to take him to the place of execution, and we were compelled to bid farewell to our noble shipmate. Yes, we bade him, with tearful eyes, an *eternal* farewell.

"The place of execution was on the Punto, where some thousands of people had collected, at an early hour, to witness the horrid sight of the legal murder of a human being by the hands of the executioner, — to see the pale and agitated frame, to hear the last words, to witness the convulsive, dying struggles of a poor wretch, condemned to die by his fellow-men, in direct violation of the dictates of humanity, and the law of God, which says in the most emphatic language, '*Thou shalt not kill!*'

"Jack Hopkins was brought to the place of execution in a condition more dead than alive; for life was sweet to him, and seemed laden with rare and rich blessings; while, on the other hand, death had assumed its most appalling form, — a form calculated to chill the stoutest heart. Jack was assisted to the scaffold, and bade to repose his trembling limbs on a bench. He looked upon the vast assemblage before him, who came to see him die; he clasped his hands convulsively, and raised his eyes to heaven, with a look confident, yet imploring; a look which I shall never forget. The garrote, — an instrument composed of a circular band of iron, — was placed around his neck. The fatal multiplying screw was applied, which brought the ends nearer to each other, and stopped the respiration, and the circulation of the blood; and the audible and fervent prayer of Jack Hopkins to his God

to receive his soul, was changed into a horrid, inarticulate sound — a gurgle of agony ! Poor Jack Hopkins was no longer among the living !

“ A few days after the execution of our shipmate, which cast a deep gloom over the ship’s company for the remainder of the voyage, a villanous-looking Spaniard, who had entered a house in the night, was arrested by the patrol, in one of the sleeping apartments, in the very act of murdering the occupant. He was tried and condemned to death, and, previous to his execution, confessed that he had been guilty of the act for which the American sailor had suffered. He acknowledged that he had stabbed the Spaniard in the street with a dagger, had hastily secured his purse, his watch, and a diamond ring, and made his escape as he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. He even indicated the spot where the booty was concealed, which was afterwards recovered.

“ This confession, although too late to save my friend from a shameful death, redeemed his reputation, by removing all suspicion of his guilt ; and even this was some gratification to his friends. The Governor-General of Cuba made a very polite apology to the Consul, for *the mistake* in putting a worthy American citizen to death for a deed committed by a sanguinary Spaniard ! ”

Tom Wheelrope, who had listened with close attention to Bob’s narration, and whose interest increased as the tale progressed, as soon as it was completed, sprang to his feet, struck the gunwale a blow with his iron fist, which would have felled an ox, and exclaimed, with bitterness,

“ The cowardly, murderous scoundrels ! To hang an innocent man ! I always owed the Spaniards a grudge. It will be a double grudge after this.”

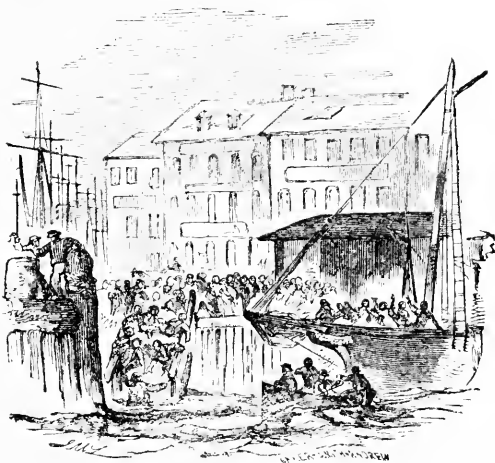
“ But perhaps the Spaniards were not so much to blame, after all,” replied Bob. “ Circumstances were against Jack.



They would have hanged him in New England on the same evidence."

"But he was not *proved* guilty," said Tom; "and is it the law that a man who, owing to suspicious circumstances, may be arrested and tried for murder, shall be hanged, unless he is able to show that he is innocent?"

"Certainly it is, my dear fellow. Such cases are of frequent occurrence in all *civilized* countries. But the custom of killing men systematically, for the commission of crime, is a bad one. There are many better ways of punishing men than applying torture, or taking a life which can never be restored."



## CALICO JACK.

“ ——— like Arion on the dolphin’s back,  
I saw him make acquaintance with the waves,  
As long as I could see.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ PORPOISES ! Porpoises ! Porpoises ! ”

Such was the cry one morning, about six bells, on board the ship *Lobster*, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire ; and the cry was taken up in all parts of the ship, and the shout of “ Porpoises ! porpoises ! ” was heard in every key, from the gruff bass of the boatswain, to the shrill treble of the cabin-boy.

The ship *Lobster* was bound to Liverpool, and was now approaching soundings off Cape Clear, after a long and boisterous passage. The crew were a lively set of fellows, and eagerly seized upon anything which promised excitement and a little relief from the monotony usually attendant on a long passage across the Atlantic. The cry of “ Porpoises ! ” seemed a magic charm to rouse all their energies into action, and every man hastened to the weather side of the deck, and, with outstretched neck, and glistening eyes protruding from their sockets, was soon earnestly gazing towards that part of the ocean indicated by Sam Starkweather, a gnarly-looking old tar, who was standing on the starboard cat-head, holding on by the fore-tack.

And there, sure enough, away off on the weather-bow, was seen a shoal of porpoises, rapidly approaching the ship. They

seemed to be in high glee, sporting with each other, leaping out of the water, and playing a variety of antics, which would have excited the admiration of a harlequin.

"Where is the captain?" exclaimed Mr. Westmacot, the mate. "Steward, call the captain."

"Ay, ay, sir," and that sable functionary dived below.

"Hand along the harpoon!" yelled the mate. "Bend on the end of the fore-topsail halliards!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

And now Captain Rutherford, in marvellous scanty costume, came rushing on deck, with eager determination in his look, as if he was resolved on mighty deeds. "Where *are* the porpoises?" he exclaimed, as he sprang out of the companion-way. In three bounds he reached the forecastle, for the Lobster was not an everlastingly long, snakish-looking, modern, mammoth clipper.

"Here they are, sir, almost under the bows!" screamed Sam Starkweather.

Captain Rutherford took his station on the bowsprit shrouds, albeit he was pretty sure of a ducking. "Reach me the harpoon! Be lively, lads! What are you about? Now stand by! See all clear to haul one of those fellows aboard!" and with stalwart arms he brandished the death-dealing instrument.

A tail-block was fastened to the fore-stay, through which the topsail halliards were rove, and then made fast to the eye of the piece of rope permanently attached to the harpoon.

The unsophisticated fish, unconscious of danger, and attracted by a very natural curiosity, began to gather around the bows of the Lobster. One of goodly size, possessed of a double portion of animal spirits, or too eager to display his wondrous activity, made a circle beneath the bowsprit, which brought him near the stem of the vessel, and directly beneath

the feet of his formidable foe, armed with the weapon of destruction.

"Now for it!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder, as the harpoon left his hands, and was buried deeply in the back of the porpoise. "Haul in! haul in! why *don't* you haul in?"

"Haul in! haul in!" responded Mr. Westmacot, the mate, and the remainder of the crew in chorus, as they roused in the slack of the rope, drew the struggling and astonished fish from beneath the ship, and, after a severe struggle, hoisted him up to the bowsprit.

"A bowline! A running bowline to clap over his tail!" screamed Mr. Westmacot, "or we shall lose him, — the harpoon is drawing out!"

A running bowline, formed out of the fore-topmast staysail down-haul, was thrown over his tail, notwithstanding the convulsive efforts of the porpoise to free himself from the murderous iron; the noose was jammed fast, and the mate, in a triumphant voice, proclaimed that he — that is, the fish — was safe. In a few moments he was handed in on deck, by the united force of the crew, whose white garments indicated, by many a sanguinary spot and streak, the bloody business in which they had been engaged. Thrown into the lee-scuppers, the flenching process commenced, and the porpoise was soon stripped of his jacket of blubber, in true scientific style. The harslet, resembling a pig's in appearance as well as flavor, was carefully preserved, passed over to the cook, who soon had it ready for the frying-pan, and, in due time, it appeared in the cabin, and formed a welcome addition to the breakfast-table. The remainder of the animal was then triced up to the main-stay, for the use of any one, in the cabin or forecastle, who was desirous of regaling on such fresh grub as could be furnished by the coarse, oily, black, repulsive-looking flesh of a porpoise.

I have said that the whole crew of the *Lobster* participated in the excitement caused by this incident, and gladly aided in capturing the fish. There was, however, one exception in the shape of Jack Callimanco; or, as his shipmates called him, Calico Jack, a neat, trig-looking, snug-built, warm-hearted tar; who, by his courage and activity in times of peril, and his kindness and good humor in pleasant weather, was a favorite with all on board. But greatly to the astonishment of the crew, during the hubbub, noise and confusion, caused by the attack on the porpoise and its successful result, Calico Jack, so far from lending a hand, stood leaning over the waist, with his arms folded, apparently looking into the depths of the ocean, and engaged in philosophical reflections of the gravest character.

This was not unnoticed by several of the crew, who, during the battle with the porpoise, were too busily engaged to ask him what was the meaning of such conduct; but, after the usual order and quiet on board the *Lobster* took the place of the interesting proceedings which I have attempted to describe, some of his shipmates rallied Calico Jack on his indifference, and asked why he did not lend a hand to haul in the porpoise.

"Ah, shipmates!" said Jack, with a doleful grin, "I have helped catch many a fish in my day; but my fishing days are over. I shall never try to catch a fish again, especially a porpoise."

"What is the reason of that?" inquired Sam Starkweather. "Taking fish is capital fun. Porpoises are no great things, to be sure, but even a porpoise is better than nothing."

"That's true," replied Jack. "A porpoise is a capital *friend* at a pinch, as I have found out by experience. I was once active enough in catching fish. but now I cannot look

upon such sport without disgust ; and I have sworn never to injure a porpoise."

"How's that?" said Sam. "You must have had some strong reason for taking such an oath ; and you must tell us all about it, if you have to spin a yarn as long as the flying-jib down-haul."

The hardy crew of the Lobster gathered around Calico Jack, insisting on hearing his story. The poor fellow held off as long as possible ; but at last, after making a wry face and bringing himself to anchor on the windlass-end, gave in, saying, "Well, I suppose I must spin you my yarn, if I hope for a quiet life ; and if you have any wish to know my experience in fishing in general, and my opportunities of studying the habits of the porpoise in particular, *lend me your ears*, as the monkey said when he sliced off the cat's listening tackle with one of the captain's razors."

The crew gathered around Calico Jack, for a good yarn is the delight of a sailor. Jack was popular among the ship's company ; could sing a good song and talk like a hero. They expected something interesting, and listened with exemplary attention, while he proceeded with his fish story as follows :

"It is now just three years, seven months and nineteen days, since I sailed from New York in the ship Pocahontas, of three hundred and fifty tons, bound to St. Jago, in the Cape de Verds ; thence to Rio Janeiro. The Pocahontas was a good ship, and well found ; the captain was an honest man and a real sailor, and the officers were not so bad as they might have been. On the whole, there was little to find fault with, for I doubt not that all hands were treated with as much kindness and indulgence as they deserved, and we got along very harmoniously together.

"As we drew towards the Cape de Verds, the wind was light, and the weather was pleasant, and, the ship's bottom

being a little foul, a large number of fish made their appearance ; dolphins, bonetas and albigores. They seemed to say, 'Catch me and eat me,' in such an imploring way, while they sported in the water beneath the bows, that no man, with the heart of a stock-fish, could possibly withstand the temptation to capture them, or at least make the attempt. If I ever had a weakness, of which there may be some doubt, it was an excessive fondness for fishing. Trout in the fresh water streams of New Hampshire, my native State ; pickerel in her ponds, cod on the bank of Newfoundland, barracooters in the West Indies, halibut on George's Shoal, porpoises in the broad ocean, or dolphin and bonetas in the tropics, it was all one to Jack. I loved the sport, and indulged my fondness for it whenever and wherever I had a chance. You will therefore not be surprised, shipmates, that I hailed with great glee the appearance of various kinds of fish around the Pocahontas, as we were drawing up towards the Cape de Verd Islands.

"In those days I never went a voyage to sea without being well provided with fishing-gear of all kinds. I had hooks of various sizes, from a halibut hook, double shanked for an albicore, and ganged with stout wire, down to a hook small enough to catch a rudder fish ; and many were the hours of my watch below, I passed on the flying-jib-boom end, trying to hook a boneta ; or on the martingale, with the grainse, attempting to strike a dolphin. And as neither the captain nor the mates cared much about fishing, I had it pretty much all my own way.

"One unlucky day, after we had made Bonavista, and were standing in for St. Jago, with a moderate breeze, I heard a cry on deck, of 'Dolphin ; — two big dolphin right under the bows !' It was about six bells in the afternoon, I was busily engaged in making up some old duck into a pair of trousers, at the time ; but the moment I heard the words 'big dolphin,' I dropped my duck like a red-hot marlinspike,

took a couple of large hooks, stoutly ganged, out of my chest, instinctively put them in my pocket, and rushed on deck.

“‘Where are the dolphins?’ I exclaimed, as I seized the grainse, which was lying on the forecastle. But at that moment a black squall was rapidly rising to windward, and the watch were too busy in taking in sail to attend to my questions. I sprang up between the knight-heads, and in less than two minutes I was standing on the lower martingale stay, with one arm around the martingale. I saw one of the dolphin; a big fellow he was, too! The squall was close aboard of us, coming thick and heavy; and I was too eager to secure my fish, to attend properly to my own safety! I made a furious throw at the dolphin, with what effect I know not, for with the effort I missed my hold, and fell overboard! The squall struck the ship at the same time, and as the old Pocahontas flew past me while I was struggling in the foam, I heard one of my shipmates ery out, in a voice of terror, ‘A man overboard!’ at the same time that the captain shouted in a voice of thunder, ‘Let go the topsail halliards, fore and aft!’

“I was a good swimmer, and a hen-coop from the quarter-deck was tossed overboard at once, which I paddled towards in quick time, and got hold of; but the squall blew with great violence, and was attended with considerable rain. Of course I lost sight of the ship in a few minutes, and I saw with a glance that there was but a slender chance for poor Pilgarlick; and let me tell you, shipmates, there are many better berths for an honest fellow in this life, than to be struggling alone in the wide ocean, in the midst of a heavy squall, with nothing to buoy you up but a hen-coop, and no ship in sight! I hope you may never have occasion to try it.

“The squall lasted for an hour, and raised such a commotion among the waves, that I could hardly retain my station on the hen-coop, and I was sometimes compelled to swallow more salt water than was altogether agreeable, or good for



one's health. When the weather cleared up, I raised my head as high out of water as I could, and looked around for the ship; but no ship was in sight! The Pocahontas had gone on her way rejoicing, and left Jack Calimanco behind!

"But a true sailor will never despair; he will never douse his flag so long as there is a shot left in the locker; and although, as night was coming on, and matters looked rather dark and dreary, I really wished myself on the deck of a good ship, yet I called philosophy to my aid, and reflected that my condition, though bad enough in all conscience, might have been worse. I still had a hen-coop to cling to through the night, and I might by an extraordinary piece of good luck be picked up by a drogher or some other vessel in the morning. It is true, it would sometimes occur to me that my legs dangling in the water would make a nice morsel for a hungry shark; and also that, as few vessels ever crossed the spot where I was, the chances of being snatched from the clutches of Davy Jones were about one out of a thousand. But I stoutly resisted all such gloomy forebodings, and inwardly resolved to do all that a man could do to save my life, and if, after all, I should be drowned, it would be through no fault of my own.

"That was a long night, shipmates, that I passed on the hen-coop. It seemed like half a dozen nights spliced into one. At daylight next morning no vessel was in sight, and I was getting somewhat fatigued and hungry. Hour after hour passed, and my prospects were as dismal as ever. The wind had died away; it was a dead calm, and this, although it made my situation on the raft more comfortable than during a stiff breeze, diminished my chances of escape, as no vessel could come to my rescue.

"It was, as near as I can calculate, about four bells in the afternoon, while I was lounging on my hen-coop, with my head under my wing, and thinking whether it was likely I

should ever again indulge in the luxury of salt junk and mouldy biscuit in a ship's fore-castle, that I was startled by a noise which sounded like the blowing of a porpoise. I looked up, and beheld an immense shoal of those noble fish, coming from the south, in a direct line towards me, on their way to better marine pasturage, perhaps thousands of miles off. I had no inclination at that moment to harm them, and I presume they had no wish to harm me. I supposed, as a matter of course, they would not notice so insignificant a being as Jack Calimanco on a hen-coop, but push forward on their journey as quick as possible.

"But I was out in my reckoning. The porpoises saw the hen-coop, and a sailor hanging to it, — a novel sight, which roused their curiosity, and they crowded around as if determined to fathom the mystery. I did not like such close companionship with the rascals, and made a great splashing in the water to keep them at a respectable distance. But it was of no use. It was not often that an opportunity offered to make acquaintanceship with an old salt, and they seemed resolved to improve the present chance. They forgot the object of their journey, and the importance of despatch, and jostled one another in their efforts to get near, and find out what was going on. 'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'my fine fellows, if I was now standing on the bow of a good ship with a harpoon in my fist, I would tickle your curiosity to some purpose!'

"They crowded nearer and nearer. At length, one big fellow, who seemed a sort of king among them, made a dash towards me, and thrust his ugly nozzle between my legs, giving at the same time a snort, whether of triumph, admiration or surprise, I cannot tell, which scattered the water all over me. At this moment, provoked at the rascal's impudence, I recollected the fish-hooks in my pocket, and, as he turned and attempted to repeat the manœuvre, with admirable presence of mind, — a quality which never forsakes me, shipmates, in any

strait,—I thrust a fish-hook into each of his jowls, just forward of his eyes, and held hard on the ganging! At the same moment, I dropped upon his back, seated myself firmly in the saddle, and hauled taut upon both parts of the bridle! In



this way I kept his head to the water's surface, and easily defeated his desperate attempts to plunge into the depths below. Finding himself foiled in all his efforts to unseat me, he suddenly started off in an easterly direction, as if a shovel-nosed shark of the largest size was after him!

“The hen-coop I soon lost sight of; and the other porpoises, astonished at my unexpected conduct, and not knowing what I might be tempted to do next, scattered in every direction, and there was I, scouring over the ocean waves

at the rate of some twelve or fifteen knots, on the back of a porpoise !

“ My situation was a novel one. It required no little strength and skill to manage my courser, keep his nose at the water’s edge, and steer him in the right direction ; but I felt that my chance of getting out of Davy Jones’s clutches this time was far better on the porpoise’s back, than when clinging to a hen-coop, half buried in salt water, out of sight of land.

“ I knew that the island of St. Jago could not be more than thirty miles off in a south-east direction ; for I had heard the captain say so to the chief mate, after he marked the ship’s place on the chart that afternoon ; and I tried hard to steer my ship for St. Jago, by keeping the sun well on the larboard quarter. But I had tough work. I would rather be rattling down the top-gallant rigging in a hurricane, or lying to in Massachusetts bay in a north-east snow-storm, with the deck and rigging covered with ice, than to manage a headstrong porpoise, with a bridle without a curb. With all my efforts, I could not prevent his broaching to occasionally, and his wake was as crooked as the track in the snow of an old man-of-war’s man who had just been paid off !

“ Such wild steering lengthened my distance considerably ; nevertheless, in about an hour I looked out sharp for land ; but it was full two hours before I saw it, rising, as it were, all at once, high out of the ocean, about three points on the starboard bow, and not more than nine or ten miles off. A noble landfall ! And a glad sight it was, shipmates, I assure you, for I longed to finish my ride ; and I gave the old fellow beneath me a nudge or two to quicken his paces, and away he went again as if a grampus had kicked him in end.

“ As we drew in towards the land, I spied a little open bay, lined with a white sandy beach, back of which were erected some dwelling-houses ; and on this spot I at once made up

my mind to beach my craft; so I stood in directly for the bay. My appearance at this time, coming in from the open sea at a furious rate, with half or two thirds of my body out of water, must have been singularly striking, and calculated to attract attention. At all events, it seriously alarmed the quiet inhabitants of this little village. They gathered on the shore, men, women, and children, to the number of fifteen or twenty, armed with old muskets, cutlasses, hatchets, and harpoons, prepared to oppose my landing by force of arms, if necessary. They looked so formidable and threatening that, if I could have had my own way, I should have hove to, within hail of the shore, and held a parley. But my faithful friend, to whom I was so firmly attached, would stand for no ceremony, but dashed forward with increasing speed towards the shore. I had only time to wave my hand, and shout, lustily, '*Amigo! amigo!*' before I found the porpoise had run himself upon the beach, hard and fast, with me on his back!

"I never saw folks so astonished as those Portuguese were. One among them could speak some English, and to him I made an explanation, which was satisfactory, and received with cheers and acclamations by the whole company. The porpoise also came in for a share of their admiration. They admired his noble size and plump proportions, and although I begged hard for his life, wishing to return him safe and sound to his native element, I soon saw it was of no use; his fate was settled; and, as the sun went down, they were feasting on his carcass and trying out his blubber. Poor old fellow! I shall never forget him! (and Jack wiped a tear from his eye with his starboard flipper.)

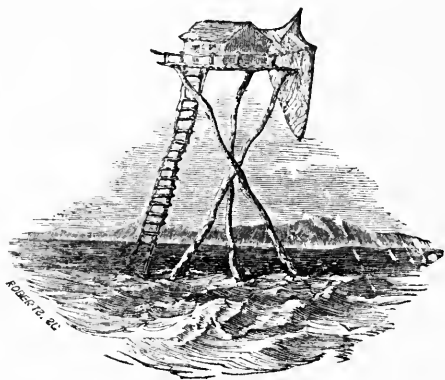
"Those people treated me kindly, and the next day carried me over to Port Praya, into which harbor the Pocahontas was just entering. I borrowed a boat, pulled along-side, and asked the captain if *he wanted a pilot*.

"The captain looked hard at me, and answered, rather gruffly, 'No!'

"I had a 'sombrero' hat on, which a kind-hearted native had given me, and the skipper did n't know me. 'Never mind,' said I, 'I shall come aboard!'

"The tone of my voice, which is not a common one, bothered him, and he watched me closely as I passed over the side; but I had no sooner jumped from the gunwale on deck, lifted my 'sombrero' from my head, and, with a bow, said, quietly, '*I have come aboard, sir!*' than he threw his hat half way up to the main-top, cut a regular pigeon-wing, and called out, at the top of his voice, 'It is CALICO JACK, as sure as my name is Jeremiah Thompson!'

"The cruise on my own hook was ended, and I was glad enough to find myself once more on the deck of the good old ship Pocahontas. But, shipmates, since that time, I have abandoned in disgust the sport of catching fish at sea, and as for lending a hand to harpoon a porpoise, I would as soon send an iron through the best friend I have in the world."



# PETER THE GREAT;

OR THE

AUDIENCE IN THE MAIN-TOP

One foot upon the rattling,  
One hand upon the shroud,  
One doubtful look aloft,  
And thus they cried aloud, —  
“Excelsior!”

AMONG the illustrious men whose names are recorded in adamantine characters on the page of history, there is probably no one more remarkable, in many points of view, or who is more entitled to the admiration of mankind, for the vigor of his intellect, for the energy of his character, for the unbending firmness with which he prosecuted his designs, for the variety and profundity of his knowledge, and for the zeal and wisdom which characterized his purposes to promote the happiness of his people, than the powerful, despotic Czar of Russia, Peter the First, surnamed, with propriety, “the Great.” When, still quite a youth, he ascended the throne of that vast empire, he found the country distracted by factions, and impoverished by civil and foreign wars. He was called upon to govern a barbarous people, among whom the arts and sciences were almost unknown, and who, bound to their separate chiefs, or nobles, by ties of interest or self-preservation, were but little accustomed to venerate the actual monarch, who occupied a tottering throne.

Peter was young when he was first vested with the sovereign power. His education had been purposely neglected; his mind had never been disciplined, nor his intellect improved. He had led a life of idleness and pleasure, and had associated only with the ignorant and dissolute, giving free scope to his animal passions. But, when he unexpectedly found himself enthroned in the palace of the Czars, a sudden and mighty change seemed to have been effected in his character; the energies and powers of his mind, which till then had lain dormant, were called into action. He was aware of the responsibility of his situation, as the head of a vast and populous empire, and resolved, from that moment, to devote himself to the improvement and happiness of his subjects, to introduce radical reforms into the customs and manners of the people, and into the departments of the state and the church.

He was aware that, to succeed in this undertaking, he had formidable obstacles to overcome; and he wisely commenced the great work by improving his own education, and reforming *himself*. He applied himself assiduously to the study of military tactics and political economy, and, at the same time, gained, apparently with little effort, a knowledge of the German, French, and English languages; and, by the free distribution of honors and rewards, encouraged important improvements in the mechanic arts, or in the more difficult sciences. He labored, also, to restore peace to his distracted country; and, above all, to repress and prevent all intestine commotions, by elevating the condition of the peasantry, and restricting the colossal power of the "Boyards," landholders of princely rank, who had, previously, often rebelled against the sovereign power.


Owing to his unremitting industry, and the force of a powerful intellect, aided by an indomitable will, he was, in a great measure, successful; and, after he had restored comparative tranquillity to his dominions, he resolved to visit other coun-



tries, and witness the blessings of civilization, and gain a thorough practical knowledge of various mechanic arts, and thus prepare himself for instructing his subjects in matters calculated to strengthen the government, promote industry, and contribute to the elevation and happiness of all classes. Accordingly, having made the necessary arrangements for the due administration of the laws during a long absence, in the year 1697, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he commenced his travels in quest of useful practical knowledge, and mingled in the suite of his ambassadors, without any personal attendants, excepting a secretary, a valet-de-chambre, and a favorite dwarf!

The embassy, composed in all of about two hundred persons, passed through Livonia, which then belonged to Sweden, through Prussia, the confines of Germany, to Holland, and was everywhere received with hospitality and great marks of respect. Some of the ambassadors and princes in the train were clad in vestments of extraordinary magnificence, but the Czar himself was habited in a plain German costume. He entered Amsterdam some days before the embassy, and took private lodgings. A few days afterwards, arrayed in the costume of a mechanic, he visited the village of Saardam, situated on the Zuyder Zee, a few miles from the capital, where ship-building was at that time carried on on a large scale. At this period the Dutch were celebrated for the excellence of their ships, possessing a formidable navy, and engaged in extensive commerce to every part of the globe.

It was at Saardam that Peter commenced his labors as a mechanic. He put himself under the orders of a master-workman, associated with the carpenters, lodged with them, and worked with them, doing his part in labors of every description. He thus acquired, in a short time, a practical knowledge of the art of ship-building. He worked, also, in the blacksmith's shop, blew the bellows and handled the



sledge-hammer; he aided in the rope-walks, and gained all necessary information respecting the manufacture of cordage, and passed some of his time in laboring in the saw-mills, where he became familiar with the art of sawing timber by machinery. He also gained instruction in the arts of manufacturing paper, and working the ductile metals, &c. When Peter commenced his mechanical labors, the ship-builders were not a little astonished at finding the sovereign of a mighty empire voluntarily enrolling himself in the list of workmen. They were, at first, inclined to treat him with the ceremony and respect due to his exalted station. This feeling of reverence, however, wore off, and they soon learned to regard him as one of their own number, and he was known among them by the familiar appellation of *Peterbas*, or Master Peter.

While at Saardam, the Czar caused a ship of sixty guns to be built for himself, and superintended the work, and, subsequently, sent her to Archangel, the only seaport which he then possessed in the north, — for the city of St. Petersburg he caused to be built several years afterwards. He resided a short time at Amsterdam, to gain a knowledge of the art of surgery, and studied with the celebrated anatomist, Ruysch, and also received instruction in medicine from a distinguished physician of Amsterdam.

While residing in Holland, Peter did not neglect the public interests of his own country. While handling the compass and the saw at Saardam, he was maturing schemes which had a mighty influence on the destinies of Poland, and from his humble workshop he sent despatches promising to aid Augustus, Elector of Saxony, with thirty thousand men. From the same place he issued orders for the assemblage of a large army in the Ukraine, to take ground against the Turks.

Such was Peter the Great, of Russia! I only intended to write a paragraph, introductory to an incident recorded in

the life of this illustrious monarch, the *details* of which I believe are not generally known to the world, and I find myself insensibly engaged in writing his biography.

In common with almost every traveller who has been to Holland, I have seen the village of Saardam, and the humble workshop and lodging-house of the Czar, which are still pointed out with manifestations of pride and exultation by the worthy and hospitable inhabitants. But the village is not now as flourishing as it was in the days of the Czar. Holland, which at that time was equal to any nation as a maritime power, has wofully degenerated in this respect. England, France, Spain, as well as our own country, are greatly her superior, and Saardam has declined in population and the enterprise of the inhabitants, in proportion as Holland has declined as a naval power. But, still, an interest is attached to the place, which makes it an important object in the eyes of travellers; and there one, without being a "melancholy Jaques," could sit and moralize for hours.

But to my story. Peter, as I have already intimated, while working as a carpenter, or blacksmith, at Saardam, did not endeavor to preserve his incognito. It was soon known to every court in Europe that the Czar of Russia was residing in Holland; and although the different European monarchs were, at that time, unable to appreciate his character, as manifested by his voluntary labors, and sacrifices of pomp and personal comforts, they respected him as the powerful and energetic head of a mighty empire, and most of the European monarchs sent to him, with much display and ceremony, ambassadors, tendering him their respects, and inviting him to visit their respective courts.

William of England, however, was dilatory in thus evincing his respect for the Czar, much to the dissatisfaction of the Russian monarch, who was particularly desirous of being on the most friendly terms with the English king. At length,

after waiting impatiently for several months, the Czar learned, with much gratification, that King William was about to send three ambassadors, selected from among the most distinguished noblemen, and attended by a brilliant cortege, to do honor to Peter of Russia. The Czar, with a spirit of eccentricity, which he not unfrequently exhibited, resolved to teach these envoys a lesson which they would not soon forget, and punish them in a whimsical manner for their tardiness.

When the ambassadors reached Amsterdam, they were astonished to learn that Peter was at Saardam, busily engaged in building a ship, which was nearly finished, and that he would be delighted to see them at that place. The English noblemen, who expected to be received at Amsterdam with the pomp and ceremony corresponding to the character of their mission, were not a little embarrassed by this information, but set off, post-haste, for Saardam, to find the carpenter monarch, and sent an *avant courier* with despatches, announcing their intentions. They reached Saardam at the appointed hour, but, to their great surprise, were informed that the Czar was then on board his ship, where he awaited their arrival, and was impatient to give them an audience. They were also informed that a boat was in waiting at the ship-yard to put them alongside.

The English dignitaries hardly knew what to think of this affair. There were no precedents by which to frame their line of conduct. They were desirous, for many reasons, to have an interview with the Czar, and were great sticklers for etiquette; yet, after a hurried consultation, they determined to flatter the whims of the barbarian monarch, and visit him on board his ship. A couple of burley-looking Dutchmen, in a large and clumsy boat, pulled off the ambassadors, and a portion of their suite. They were received at the gangway by a man dressed in the costume of a sailor, who, in a rough manner welcomed them on board. Wondering at their singular

reception, but supposing it a specimen of Russian manners, they inquired for the Czar, and their consternation was actually ludicrous, when the sailor, with a knowing grin, pointed to the main-top, and assured the grave and stately representatives of Albion, that PETERBAS was aloft, where he expected the pleasure of receiving the ambassadors of his friend and brother, the King of England!

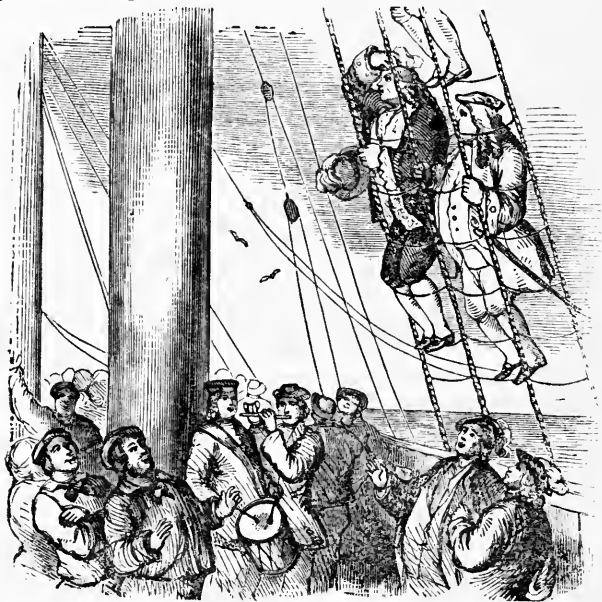
The ambassadors were stupefied at this arrangement, and gazed at each other with despairing looks when told that the hall of audience of the Russian monarch was the main-top of a sloop of war. They could not conceal their perplexity, and, indeed, entertained some suspicions that they were the victims of a *hoax*; but when they were assured that the Czar was actually in the main-top, and wished and expected them to climb the rigging, and introduce themselves to his presence, their hearts failed, their limbs trembled, and they hardly knew what course to adopt.

“What!” said the proud and venerable Earl of Tewksbury, “does the Czar of Russia expect me to climb up those rope-ladders, and play the part of a harlequin, at this period of my life? To ascend that crow’s nest, in such a way, would not only be highly undignified in a person of my rank, but actually impossible.”

“No,” said Sir Nicholas Granger, with a spice of indignation, as well as sorrow in his tone, “this is a most unreasonable exaction on the part of the Czar. For my part,” continued the knight, taking a survey of his portly proportions, and then glancing at the shrouds, “I should as soon think of flying, as of going aloft to the main-top by means of the rigging. No; if I get there, they must hoist me up by pulleys.”

Upon further inquiry, they satisfied themselves that they must visit the bear in his den, elevated as it was, or return to England without accomplishing the object of their mission.

They hesitated a few moments, uncertain which horn of the dilemma to seize ; but Lord Gower, the youngest of the party, who had once been as far as Constantinople in a ship of war, and who, therefore, boasted of his nautical experience, suggested that there was nothing so very alarming or dangerous in the Czar's request ; that it was neither a frolic nor a hoax, but a mark of respect to a great maritime government, to receive her envoys in a noble ship ; and that if they should refuse his invitation to go aloft, and hold a personal interview, after having proceeded thus far, the Czar would construe it into an insult, take umbrage, and a war between the two powers of England and Russia must be the inevitable result.



These arguments had due weight, and the other ambassadors, with sour looks and an ungracious grunt, at length sig-

nified their reluctant assent to the arrangement, and prepared to "go up the rigging," — a feat which is somewhat awkward and difficult, even to a young and active landsman, and was truly appalling to those venerable and heavy-moulded noblemen. It was an act of devotion to their country and their king, of which we can hardly find a parallel in the pages of history.

They heroically mounted the gunwale, Lord Gower leading the way; and they were also assisted by the rough, nautical-looking personage who received them at the gangway, and who subsequently proved to be the celebrated Le Fort, one of the most faithful and able among the counsellors and friends of the Russian monarch. They got upon the ratlings, and slowly ascended, panting for breath, and pausing in their career every few moments. They were gazed at with admiration by the crew and officers on the deck of the ship, who could hardly help cheering them in their arduous undertaking; and, after a rather unreasonable time, they reached, breathless with fatigue, the cat-harpings. Here, clinging convulsively to the futtock shrouds, they tarried awhile to recover breath, and consult upon what was next to be done. To climb the futtock shrouds, and pass over the top rim, outside, they, with one voice, decided was impossible, when Lord Gower, with a triumphant shout, pointed out the *lubber's hole*, of which he had often heard, and — the pen is reluctant to record it — these proud representatives of a great kingdom, of a power which aimed to become the sovereign of the seas, — were actually so lost to shame and a sense of true dignity, as to *crawl into the main-top through the lubber's hole!* This fact has never been recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain. or, if it was faithfully recorded at the time it occurred, it has since been carefully expunged.

Peter was quietly seated on an arm-chest, as, one following another, the ambassadors entered his presence, actually

creeping on their hands and knees. He received them with much grace and dignity, with a grave demeanor, as if nothing extraordinary had taken place; and, by the affability of his manners and the charms of his conversation, he soon made them forget the perplexities which they had so recently experienced, and the dangers through which they had passed.

After passing half an hour very pleasantly in the top, the meeting, at the suggestion of Peter, was adjourned to the cabin; and the descent from the "bad eminence," which they had attained with so much toil and peril, was accomplished, under the direction of the Czar himself, with much less difficulty than they had anticipated.

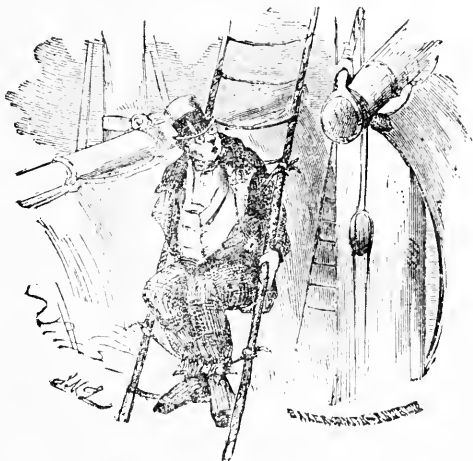
Peter subsequently visited England in a plain, unpretending way, resided for a time at Deptford, and devoted himself to the prosecution of his studies in the mechanic arts. Here he applied himself to the *theory* of ship-building; and soon became a great proficient in the art. He also studied in London the art of horology, or of making clocks and watches, which had then attained great perfection in England. Indeed, during his visit to Holland and England, a space of time not exceeding two years, there was hardly any kind of business important to the interests of a kingdom, from the easting of a cannon, to the spinning of a thread, of which he did not obtain a practical knowledge, and afterwards attempted, in almost all cases successfully, to introduce into his own country.

The subsequent events in the life of this extraordinary man, his return to Russia, his wars with Charles XII., of Sweden, his marriage with an obscure Livonian girl, who, afterwards proved herself in every way worthy to be the partner of his throne; his construction of the city of St. Petersburg, and the magnificent port of Cronstadt; the condemnation of his son, Alexis Petrovitz, — a blot upon his character which cannot be effaced; his various wars, and



victories over the Persian, Turkish, and other powers, and his death, in 1725, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three years, will be found faithfully chronicled in the biographies of this eminent monarch.

His name is embalmed in the memories of the Russians, who regard him — and justly — as the benefactor of his country. In the public Museum of St. Petersburg are deposited many curious and interesting articles, which were once the property of the Czar, and are shown to visitors with a manifestation of respect which can only be surpassed by the reverence of a Roman Catholic devotee for the relics of his favorite saints.



## CAPTURE OF AN INDIAMAN.

AN ADVENTURE DURING THE LAST WAR.

“ ————— O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but tyrannous  
To use it like a giant ! ” SHAKSPEARE.

It is well known, doubtless, that during the latest, and I hope the *last* war with Great Britain, an immense injury was done to the British commerce by American privateers and letters of marque. British ships were fallen in with on every sea. Some, which were good sailers and well found, and contained valuable cargoes, were manned and ordered to some port in the United States ; but the greater part of the captured ships were burnt on the waters where they were captured, after having been stripped of their most valuable articles. Such bonfires were often seen in the night on the Atlantic, on the Pacific, and on the Indian Oceans ; and while they tended somewhat to cripple the resources of the enemy, they caused a vast amount of individual suffering, and plunged many worthy men, who perhaps deprecated a war between the two countries as a great evil to be avoided at all hazards, from the summit of affluence to the lowest depths of poverty. Such have been some of the natural and unavoidable consequences of war ! But we may venture to hope that such scenes will never be repeated, and that privateering will never hereafter be sanctioned by any civilized nation.

In the month of August, 1813, a beautiful brig, called the

Wanderer, of a "Baltimore pilot-boat model," was despatched from a port in New England, for the East Indies, with full permission to "capture, burn, sink, or destroy," any vessels belonging to the enemy, which might be met with on the outward or homeward bound passage. It was thought, however, that the injury which this vessel would cause to the British commerce would not be *very* great, for she was far better calculated for sailing than for fighting; her whole armament consisting of only six twelve-pound carronades, while twenty-five good seamen comprised all her effective crew. Nevertheless, the Wanderer made an imposing appearance on the water. She was a long, black, rakish-looking craft, heavily sparred, and ostentatiously exhibiting nine port holes on each side. On the high seas she would be easily mistaken by the enemy for an eighteen-gun brig, with all the customary means and appurtenances.

The Wanderer was commanded by Charles Wilcox, Esq., a man of great intrepidity and resolution, and who possessed, among other characteristics of a thorough seaman, a noble, generous heart. He was a strict disciplinarian, and although his crew were comparatively few in number, his vessel was managed with admirable skill and dexterity.

On the outward passage, Captain Wilcox fell in with a number of British armed vessels, and was several times chased by their frigates and sloops of war, from which he found little difficulty in escaping. When he fell in with a large merchant ship, or a government vessel of small size, either of which would have been more than a match for the Wanderer, with her small armament and complement of men, he would hoist the "stars and stripes" at his trysail peak, and crowd all sail, steering directly towards her, with a *drag astern* to retard the brig's way, and preclude the possibility of getting within point blank shot; while, in an agony of fear, the enemy would claw off with all possible despatch.

The *Wanderer* was bound to China, and reached Whampoa after a short passage of one hundred and fifteen days. She succeeded in getting into port, in spite of the British cruisers, which at that time were stationed at convenient intervals along the whole southern coast of China, and which succeeded in entrapping a number of valuable American ships, and prevented others from leaving port. Her arrival caused quite a sensation among the English officers, and old Commodore Treenail, who arrived at Whampoa in the frigate *Salamander*, a few days afterwards, declared, with a knowing look, as he gazed with an admiring eye on the fair proportions of the beautiful brig, that although "*Jonathan*" had fairly weathered them by entering the port, yet he would find it a difficult matter to get out.

Captain Wilcox anchored his brig apart from the other vessels in the harbor, and took pains to conceal the actual condition of his armament and crew. On shore, especially in presence of British officers, he talked large, and impressed them with the idea that the *Wanderer* was a crack privateer of eighteen guns, and at least one hundred men. In the mean time, he was secretly purchasing his cargo of teas and silks, and, by way of recreation, caused a dozen "quakers," or wooden guns, to be manufactured on board, and regularly mounted on carriages or slides. He was thus enabled on gala days to show what appeared to be a formidable set of teeth, although the greater part of them were false ones!

One day Commodore Treenail, in a conversation with Captain Wilcox, expressed a desire to go on board the *Wanderer*. The Yankee was aware that the Commodore merely wished to satisfy himself of the efficiency of his vessel, and to form an opinion of the result of any contest that might take place between the American brig and one of the English gun brigs then in those seas. Nevertheless, without indicating by his manner any reluctance, Wilcox cordially invited the British

officer to honor the *Wanderer* with his presence the next afternoon.

Captain Wilcox went immediately on board the brig, had his "quakers" put in good trim,—and sooth to say, they made an imposing appearance in their warlike garb, provided with tomkins, aprons, breechings, gun-tackles and other trimmings;—cannon shot were arranged conspicuously in racks about the bulwarks, and sabres, pistols and boarding-pikes in great profusion, were exhibited in gallant array. Wilcox, who was seldom at a loss for expedients, next considered how he should make up for the occasion the deficiency in his crew, and finally applied to the captains of the few American vessels in port for the loan of their crews for a day! This favor was readily granted. The *Wanderer* was soon manned by some eighty or ninety as fine fellows as ever knotted a reef-point or puddened an anchor (we had no chain cables in those days); and when Commodore Treenail came on board in his barge, agreeably to appointment, and passed up the accommodation ladder, and over the gangway, and saw such a crew, all neatly dressed, at quarters, he promptly decided in his own mind that the *Wanderer* was calculated to do a great deal of mischief, and would make short work with anything of less force than a sloop of war. He determined to take his measures accordingly.

The result equalled the expectations of Captain Wilcox, who stood in as much fear of a small gun brig as of a frigate, but who was determined to avoid a contact with either, and trust to the nimbleness of his heels, if he could once get fairly out to sea. An opportunity at length arrived. A furious squall set in during the night. The wind blew in fierce and fitful gusts, and the rain fell in great abundance, and increased the obscurity of the atmosphere. Wilcox ordered the cable to be cut, and, under a reefed fore-topsail and jib, shot like a struck dolphin out of the harbor of Whampoa.

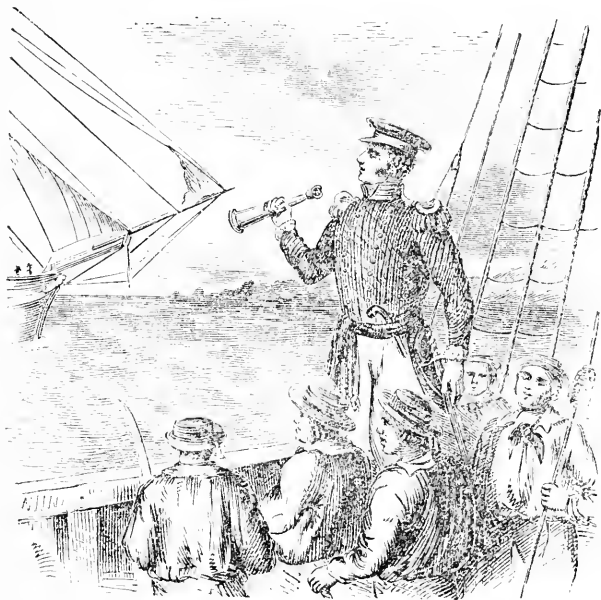
The Wanderer had a fine run to the Cape of Good Hope, and met with nothing to furnish cause for alarm. One day, when a few degrees to the westward of the Cape, as day broke in the east, a large ship was seen steering to the eastward under a press of sail. Captain Wilcox altered the course of the brig, and steered directly for the ship, which he soon made out to be a heavy East Indiaman, doubtless well armed and manned with a numerous and effective crew.

All hands were piped to quarters. "Come, my lads," said the captain, "suppose we try the mettle of that fellow. We have taken nothing yet, and there is good picking on board some of these outward-bound Indiamen. The thing must be carefully done, however, for if John Bull only suspects our inferior force, he will blow us out of the water, and laugh at us afterwards!"

Every rag of canvas was packed on the brig, and it was evident that the captain of the Indiaman did not like her appearance, for he tacked ship and stood off to the south-west. The Wanderer rapidly gained upon the chase, and was fast closing on the weather quarter, when Captain Wilcox fired a gun to windward and hoisted American colors! The ship replied by showing the English ensign, and taking in her courses and top-gallant-sails. She was evidently preparing for a brush. Not a shot, however, was fired until the Wanderer was within hail, when Captain Wilcox sprang upon a gun near the gangway, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand. He was a fine-looking fellow, possessing a dignified exterior, dressed in full uniform, and had a voice like the famous Stentor of old.

"First division, there!" shouted he; "see all ready to fire!" and then, directing his trumpet towards the huge ship, with heavy cannon protruding from her massy sides, he had the cool impudence to add, in a loud and imperative tone, "Ship ahoy! haul down your colors, and lay your main top-sail to the mast, or I'll give you a broadside!" Then turn-

ing to his crew, "Stand by, my boys! Take good aim!" Then in his loudest tone to the Englishman, "Haul down your flag, I say, this minute, or I'll blow you sky-high!"



This threat produced the desired effect. The British ensign came fluttering upon the deck, and the heavy main yard of the East Indiaman was reluctantly braced round, the helm was put hard down, and the ship was laid to with her main topsail to the mast, having struck to the United States letter of marque *Wanderer*!

Captain Wilcox sent his first officer on board, accompanied by his clerk, in officer's uniform, with orders to send on board the brig the captain of the ship, with his papers, and as many of the crew as the boat could convey. The ship proved to be

the Alnwick Castle, Captain Henderson, of seven hundred and fifty tons, from Bristol, bound to the Isle of France, with a cargo of stores, provisions, &c., of no use to the crew of a privateer. The ship mounted sixteen eighteen-pound carronades, and was manned by a crew of forty men, all told. The guns were double-shotted with round and grape; and one broadside, well directed, would have made fearful work with the *Wanderer*, and decided the contest against her.

But Captain Henderson was accompanied by his wife, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he had been married but a few short months. And to this circumstance must be ascribed his reluctance to engage in a desperate contest with a vessel apparently well fitted for fighting, and evidently his superior. With a heavy heart he handed the officer his papers, and assisted his wife into the boat, and, with the greater part of the crew, they were soon on board the *Wanderer*. The men were placed in irons for greater security, and temporarily stowed away beneath the "quakers," in the waist.

Captain Wilcox soon ascertained, by examining the ship's papers, that he had captured a prize of little value. He could not spare men sufficient to navigate her into an American port; her cargo consisted of bulky articles, which could not be transferred to the brig; and he issued orders to take out every man, with all their baggage, and set the vessel on fire. It was then that Captain Henderson ventured to remonstrate, in a gentlemanly manner, against such a summary disposition of property, in which he was directly interested, for he was a part owner of the ship and cargo. He suggested that, by burning the ship, his own ruin would be effectually sealed, without any benefit to his captor; and that, by restoring the ship and cargo to the legitimate proprietors, Captain Wilcox would perform a noble and magnanimous act, which would



meet the approval of all good men, and which would be in accordance with the dictates of benevolence and justice.

This was a view of the matter which struck a responsive chord in the bosom of the generous-hearted Yankee. There was force in the reasoning of the Englishman, and his feelings responded to the arguments set forth. He felt that it was little better than *piracy* to set fire to and destroy property belonging to private and deserving individuals, when far away upon the ocean. But it is uncertain what would have been the result, had he not at that moment caught the eye of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Henderson. She was sad, but charming in her sadness, and addressed the captain in a musical voice, which sounded to him, accustomed for months to the gruff mutterings of the sailors, like the music of the spheres. He listened to her attentively, while, in eloquent language, she pleaded the cause of her husband; and Captain Wilcox, who, with all a sailor's gallantry, adored a lovely woman, was, in his turn, completely vanquished. He told her to give herself no further apprehension — the vessel and cargo should be restored to her husband. Such was the triumph of beauty pleading in behalf of humanity and justice!

In the mean time the English sailors, who were stowed away among the wooden guns, were making observations and indulging in sundry philosophical remarks.

"I say, Ben," growled a rough-looking tar, with a voice like a screech-owl, "just look at the crack in this here gun."

"Crack!" replied Ben. "So there is. That gun was never cast in a foundry. It is made of a soft kind of metal, and growed in the woods."

"Ay," said another of the crew, "and here is one of the same kidney. Queer kind of cannon these Yankees use!"

"Cannon!" chimed in the boatswain. "These cannon

are all wooden ones. This craft has not an effective gun or board,—all wood, all ‘quakers,’ as sure as my name’s Timothy Twilight. We have been shamefully humbugged by these rascally Yankees Wheugh!” and the boatswain whistled Lillibulleroo in a style that would have charmed “my Uncle Toby,” and astonished the corporal.

“This will be a pretty story to tell in England,” resumed the boatswain. “The ship Alnwick Castle, of sixteen guns, taken and burnt by a paltry Yankee merchant brig, armed with quakers, and manned by a dozen greenhorns, just out of the woods. And all this comes of having women on board. They are at the bottom of all the mischief that ever was hatched. For my part, I hate the sight of a petticoat.”

“Not worse than every pretty girl hates the sight of your blear-eyed, squab-nosed, wide-mouthed, and hickory-barked phiz,” replied, with some tartness, Jack Spendall, a young and handsome sailor, with flowing locks, and a bright black eye, such as ladies love to look upon. “A pretty woman is never out of place at sea or on shore, in fair weather or foul; and the man who grumbles at breathing the same air with a pretty woman, is no sailor, and deserves to be kicked to death by marines.”

“That’s true, Jack,” chimed in his gallant shipmates; and the boatswain was compelled to close his clam-shell.

Captain Wilcox went upon deck, with Mrs. Henderson hanging upon his arm. He ordered the crew aft. “My lads,” said he, “you have behaved nobly. We have captured this British East Indiaman, of a heavy force, without firing a gun, and she is a lawful prize to the Wanderer. But we cannot man her, and take her into an American port, and therefore, the ship and her cargo are of no value to us. Her captain is the principal owner of the vessel. He is a worthy man, although an Englishman, and the loss of his vessel will strip him of all his property, and accomplish his ruin. His

wife, whom you see here before you, has been pleading eloquently in his behalf, and I have promised that the ship shall be given up to the captain, with all her effects, with liberty to proceed on her voyage. What say you, my lads? Have I acted right?"

"O," said Mrs. Henderson, stretching her fair arm towards the rough-looking tars, and addressing them in a melodious voice, "O, *do* confirm the promise which your generous captain has given me, and Heaven will bless you!"

The sailors stared at the lovely woman with as much ardor and admiration as if she had been a superior being, dropped among them from the skies; and when the captain repeated his question, "Have I acted right?" he was replied to by a ringing shout of "AY, AY, SIR!" and "THREE CHEERS FOR MRS. HENDERSON!"

And the cheers were given with a hearty good will; even the handcuffed Englishmen joined in them, with the exception of the boatswain, who still looked sour and sulky under the rebuke of Jack Spendall.

The Englishmen were liberated and conveyed on board their ship, which was given up to Captain Henderson. The parting between Captain Wilcox and the interesting couple, who had so unexpectedly honored his cabin by their presence, was extremely impressive. Captain Henderson expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, and solemnly declared that he would repay the obligation the first time it would be in his power to serve an American citizen. As for Mrs. Henderson, words could not express her grateful feelings. Her sense of gratitude seemed in some sort to overcome her sense of propriety, for, when her words failed her, she threw her arms around the neck of the worthy Yankee captain, and *kissed him*, much to the surprise and gratification of Captain Wilcox, who was subsequently heard to declare that the kiss lingered upon his

lips for a fortnight; even salt water could not wash away the taste of it!

Two or three years passed away, and peace was reëstablished between two countries, which nature never intended should war against each other. Captain Wilcox was called to take the command of a fine ship, in the East India trade. He sailed from New England, and, in due time, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope. On landing and reporting his vessel, he was asked if he was the same Captain Wilcox who commanded the brig *Wanderer* during the late war.

"The same," replied he.

"Then," said the officer, "allow me to return you my thanks for your kind treatment of a countryman, whom you captured off the Cape, and to whom you generously restored his vessel and cargo."

He soon found that the story was well known at the Cape, for the Alnwick Castle had put into Table Bay, after the vessels separated, and Captain Henderson and his fair companion were loud and eager in their praises of the generous-hearted Yankee captain.

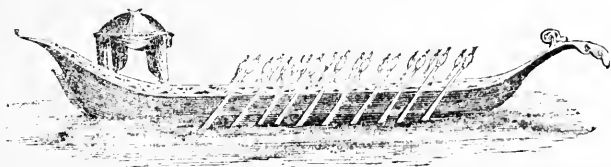
He was treated with great hospitality during his short stay at Cape Town. The governor showed him many attentions; fetes were made and parties given for his especial gratification, and the ladies in particular welcomed him with their sweetest smiles. And all this for obeying the dictates of a generous heart, and refusing to act on the high seas in a manner more becoming in a lawless buccaneer or a pirate, than in a member of a civilized and Christian community. The more he reflected on the course which he was prevailed on to adopt with regard to the English East Indiaman, the better satisfied he was with himself. "What a ninny I should have been," said he to himself, "if I had set the Alnwick Castle on fire, with the flimsy plea of doing my best to cripple the resources of the enemy!"

He left the Cape of Good Hope, and next touched at the

Isle of France. After the ship was anchored in Port Louis, he started in his gig for the shore. A large English ship lay in his track, and, as he drew near, he saw a lady beneath the awning on the poop, engaged in reading, while breathing the grateful sea air. As the boat was gliding past the quarter, she raised her eyes from the page, and gazed upon the features of the American captain. Her visage was instantly lighted up with astonishment and delight. "Captain Wilcox!" she said with eagerness. "Theodore! husband! here is Captain Wilcox!" she repeated, looking down the skylight. Then, running to the side of the deck, she snatched a scarf which was lightly reposing on her shoulders, and, waving it towards the boat, attracted the attention of that gentleman, who recognized her now, and, in a moment he was alongside of the *Alnwick Castle*!

He was received at the gangway by Captain Henderson and his lovely wife. I hardly need say that he was welcomed in the kindest manner. After the first warm greetings were over, Mrs. Henderson, with the agility of a fairy, descended into the cabin, which was elegantly fitted up, and returned on deck, bearing in her arms a bright-looking child, about two years of age, who was, indeed, a miniature edition of herself. "His name," said she, while her eyes were suffused with the tears of joy and gratitude, "is CHARLES WILCOX HENDERSON!"

As Captain Wilcox stepped over the gangway, after bidding his friends a temporary adieu, he was heard to mutter to himself, "What an unmitigated scoundrel I should have been, to have burnt the *Alnwick Castle*!"



## SATURDAY NIGHT REVELS;

OR,

A SCENE IN PERNAMBUCO.

*Maria.* What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady has not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you all out of doors, never trust me.

*Malvolio.* My masters, are you mad, or what are you ? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your catches, without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there no respect of persons, place, nor time with you ? — SHAKSPEARE.



THE harbor of Pernambuco is an excellent and capacious one. It is formed by a long reef of coral limestone — a natural breakwater — which has for thousands of years withstood the bold attack of the waves, lashed into fury by the stormy south-east trade winds. Inside of this reef the inner harbor stretches along, furnishing a port completely sheltered from

the winds and seas, from whatever quarter they may come. The ships lie moored, head and stern, at the distance of a

quarter of a mile from the shore, and the depth of water at the barred entrance of the harbor is sufficient for vessels of goodly size, if their draft of water should not be unreasonable.

In the month of April, about the close of the first quarter of the present century, the ship *Pandolfo*, of Salem, was lying snugly moored in the harbor of Pernambuco, taking in a cargo of sugar, and bound for Archangel, in Russia. Captain Snyder, of the *Pandolfo*, was a good sort of man enough *when sober*. He was a smart seaman, understood business, and was liked by his crew; but he was fond of company, and delighted in a frolic; and at such times he did not measure the amount of stimulating drinks which he consumed. He loved, above all things, to get a few hearty, roistering chaps on board; and, what with drinking, shouting, talking and singing, have a regular "hurrah." His hospitality on such occasions was proverbial, and it is, therefore, not remarkable that his friends in port were many, and that with a degree of good-nature, which is deserving of all praise, they often gratified the worthy captain with their company.

One Saturday night, soon after the supper-table was cleared away in the cabin of the *Pandolfo*, three well-manned boats came along-side, each bearing a brace or more of visitors, captains or supercargoes, to pass an hour or two with the worthy and sociable Captain Snyder. They were warmly welcomed; and, after taking a few turns on the quarter-deck, and smoking a few cigars, and relating the news of the day, they, nothing loath, retreated through the companion-way to the cabin. The steward was called upon, and decanters, bottles, cork-screws, and glasses, were in demand. They were all "jovial fellows," and soon became loquacious and good-humored. The liquor did its accustomed work, and it was not long before the welkin rung with merry shouts of laughter, songs and huzzas.

The crew of the Pandolfo were also a set of hearty, jolly fellows, who loved a joke, a laugh, and a song, as well as their captain. They also emulated his example in another respect. They liked the *stimulus* of intoxicating drinks, and especially loved to indulge their likings on a Saturday night; but, unlike their skipper, they were by no means fastidious in their choice of liquors. They wanted something which would do its work, and it mattered not to them whether it was Cognac brandy, Holland gin, West India rum, Brown Stout, the clear, unadulterated "New England," or the genuine Aguardiente of the country. They, too, were hospitably inclined, and dearly loved to have some of the ships' companies in port call on board, after the labors of the day, and pass a social evening. On the occasion to which I particularly allude, the men belonging to the boats alongside, as a matter of course, were invited on board, and shown the way to the forecabin. The worthy fellows belonging to the Pandolfo gave them a hearty welcome, and resolved to follow the example of their captain, and "make a night of it."

"Come, shipmates," said Sam Wilkins, "it is Saturday night; your skippers are moored head and stern, for a couple of hours at least. Hillo, cook! go aft, Snowball, and ask the captain if he'll give us 'Saturday night.' Sweethearts and wives, eh, doctor? Tell him, too, we have got company on board, and hope he'll give us extra allowance:

'We'll push the can of grog about,  
• And keep it up till morning.'"

The "dark-complexioned gentleman" soon returned from the cabin, exhibiting a double row of polished ivories, and bringing a generous supply of liquor, the sight of which made the eyes of the honest tars glisten with delight, and lighted up their countenances with smiles. They determined to spend a happy Saturday evening; and, to make sure of it, Bill Simons



and Alec Doolittle pulled ashore in the boat, under pretence of getting their go-ashore clothes from the washerwoman, and smuggled off two or three bottles of aguadiente ; enough, with what they got from the cabin, for all the practical purposes of hospitality. And a glorious time they had. They talked as loud, and as fast, and as absurdly, as their superiors in the cabin ; and, like them, they praised their liquor, acted various antics, indulged in strange oaths, perpetrated stale jokes, and made the fore-castle shake with their guffaws, and other noisy demonstrations of delight.

“ I say, Jack Hastings,” shouted Sam Wilkins, “ give us a song ; we have been *drinking* to sweethearts and wives, and talking about the girls long enough, and there will be no harm in singing about them a little, just by way of a change. Go ahead, old fellow ! ”

Jack Hastings was a hickory-faced, round-shouldered, middle-aged, rough-looking tar, full of fun and frolic, with nothing of the Adonis or sighing swain about him ; and when he puckered up his large lips to begin, his companions, expecting something exceedingly ridiculous, got ready for an explosion of laughter. This preparation was premature, for Jack disappointed their expectations, and gave them a sentimental song, something like the following, which he sung with a hoarse, croaking voice, that sounded like the clatter of a saw-mill when doing double duty. But every man in the fore-castle joined in the chorus, and what was wanting in melody was more than made up in vociferation.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

“ A sailor loves a gallant ship,  
And shipmates bold and free,  
And ever welcomes with delight  
Saturday night at sea.  
Saturday night at sea, my boys,  
Saturday night at sea ;

Let every gallant sailor sing  
Saturday night at sea.

“ One hour each week we ’ll snatch from care,  
As through the world we roam,  
To think of dear friends far away,  
And all the joys of home.  
Saturday night at sea, my boys,  
Saturday night at sea ;  
Let winds blow high or low, we ’ll sing  
Saturday night at sea.

“ We ’ll think of those bright beings who  
Bedeck with joys our lives ;  
And raise to Heaven a prayer, to bless  
Our sweethearts and our wives !  
Saturday night at sea, my boys,  
Saturday night at sea ;  
In storms, or calms, through life, we ’ll sing  
Saturday night at sea.”

“ Well done, Jack ! ” said Sam Williams ; and, suiting the action to the word, gave the honest tar a slap on the back which would have annihilated a Washington-street dandy, — cane, straps, whiskers and all — “ that ’s not so bad, old fellow. And it ’s a good sentiment, too ; for a man who wears a blue jacket, and ships for a sailor, and has not a wife or a sweetheart, deserves to live all his life on salt junk and mouldy bread, and precious little of that ; and if he *has* a wife or a sweetheart, and is unwilling to think about them, talk about them, sing about them, or drink about them, on Saturday night, when thousands of miles from home, he ’s no sailor, and deserves to be keel-hauled.”

“ So I say,” exclaimed Bill Simons, with considerable emphasis ; “ he has not the soul of a grampus. But come, shipmates, let ’s have that chorus again ; ” and again they thundered forth,

“Saturday night at sea, my boys,  
Saturday night at sea;  
Let winds blow high or low, we ’ll sing  
Saturday night at sea.”

While these happy and rather boisterous scenes were enacting in the cabin and fore-castle, the two mates of the ship, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Dalrymple, were cooling their heels on the quarter deck, and occasionally, by way of a change, took a stroll on the main deck. They were not invited, of course, to participate in the festivities of the cabin, and, much to their annoyance, were compelled to listen to the sounds of mirth and revelry from both extremities of the ship. They were neither of them philosophers, and it must be recorded, although I do it reluctantly, that they exhibited some marks of impatience whenever a burst of merriment broke upon their ears, and gave vent to their unamiable feelings in half-suppressed mutterings, and now and then an emphatic exclamation, of a condemnatory character, more remarkable for its force and pungency than its refinement or piety.

They could not interfere to put a check upon the obstreperous doings in the cabin, but were obliged to listen, and approve or condemn as they thought fit. But when Bill Simons led off the roistering fellows in the fore-castle in the chorus of “Saturday Night at Sea,” and they made noise enough to drown the cataract of Niagara, Mr. Hawkins declared he would not stand it any longer, and in three leaps was on the fore-castle. After thumping the combings of the fore-scuttle several times with a handspike, he attracted the attention of those below, one of whom, in answer to the summons, shouted “Halloo!”

“Halloo yourself,” said Hawkins, “and see how you like it! I tell you what ’t is, lads, there ’s too much noise below there. I won’t have such a rumpus on board the ship. We

shall have the guard-boat alongside; so shut up your clamshells at once, and keep quiet, if it is Saturday night."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack Hastings, with a knowing wink to his companions, "we have finished the chorus, sir, and will be as quiet as (he dropped his voice) a flock of seagulls before a storm!"

"You had better," said Mr. Hawkins, peremptorily, "if you know when you are well off." And he walked aft with a dogged air, as if he was not altogether well satisfied with the result of the interview; and as his steps were heard on the main deck, the men celebrated his retreat with a loud laugh.

"Never mind *him*," said Bill Simons. "I suppose the poor fellow feels rather crabbed because there's fun and frolic going on, and he has no hand in it. It's not to be wondered at. I should feel bad myself if I were in his case. But we are not to be cheated out of our Saturday night's frolic, for all that. Come, Dick Nettle-top, give us a song."

"Yes, yes, Dick," shouted in chorus several voices, "give us a song."

"Well, shipmates," said Dick, "I don't know what to sing; but, never mind, I'll give you a song that old Simon Deadeye used to sing, on board the Jason, on a voyage to Sumatra. The old fellow was no great favorite with the girls — they were always quizzing him. So here goes!"

#### SIMON DEADEYE'S SONG.

"Let others raise their voice in praise  
Of love, and count their prizes,  
Their Ellens fair, with auburn hair,  
Their Marys and Elizas;  
Or prate of darts, of cloven hearts,  
Of Cupids, doves, and blisses,  
Of burning sighs, of sparkling eyes,  
Of rosy lips and kisses.

Such joys let leafing landsmen prove,  
A SHIP is my delight and love.

“Let others whine at Cupid’s shrine,  
And talk of tastes congenial,  
Of Beauty’s wiles, of witching smiles,  
And sigh for joys hymeneal;  
Such stupid themes are weak day-dreams;  
I love with deep devotion  
The storms and calms, and rude alarms,  
And dangers of the ocean.  
My MISTRESS is a gallant ship,  
My HOME is on the stormy deep.”

“Well, well,” exclaimed Bill; “he was a queer chap that wrote that ere song, and no sailor, I’ll be bound to say. I never knew a real sailor who did n’t love the sight of a pretty girl better than the finest ship that ever floated on the sea. The fellow was as cold-blooded as a porpoise, and had a heart like a clamshell. He was a disgrace to a blue jacket, and I advise you, Dick, never to sing *that* song again. What do *you* say, Jim O’Higgins? Come, my lad, tune up, and let us have a sample of *your* quality.”

“O, that’s out of the question,” replied O’Higgins. “I can’t sing. I only know the words of one song which Jack Hilton made up one night in the middle watch, during his trick at the helm, and I don’t know the tune to that.”

“Pho!” said Hastings, “never mind the tune if you know the words. The tune’s of no manner of consequence — what’s it about, my lad?”

“About the Constitution and Guerriere.”

“O, let us have it, by all means,” said Simons.

“Ay, ay, let’s have it, Jim!” shouted half a dozen grum voices.

Thus entreated, O’Higgins, in strains resembling the sounds sometimes extracted from an ungreased grindstone in motion,

went off in a rousing ditty, which he dignified with the name of a song, and what was wanting in musical tone was more than made up in volume of sound. The concluding verse, particularly, was given with startling energy. It was as follows :

“ Then, boys, run up the Yankee flag,  
And give a hearty cheer  
For him who checked the British pride,  
And sank the bold Guerriere.”

“ Three cheers for valiant Hull, my hearties ! ” exclaimed Alec Doolittle. And the “ *Hurrah, HURRAH, HURRAH !* ” with which the jovial and patriotic fellows responded to the suggestion was a satisfactory test of the strength of their lungs, as well as of their attachment to their native or adopted country. Their shouts stirred up the feelings of the mates again, as with a long pole, and Mr. Dalrymple, at the chief mate’s suggestion, was sent forward to caution them against making such a noise.

“ What are you kicking up such a hullabulloo for, there below ? ” he inquired, in tones not remarkably soft or kind “ One would think the ship was turned into a den of wild beasts, with your howlings, and your screams and roars. If you cannot make less noise, drowse the glim, and turn in, and the sooner the better.”

His harangue was brought to an abrupt conclusion by a loud burst of merriment and music, which the wind wafted from the *cabin*, where the mirth waxed fast and furious, and one of the visitors, Captain Somers, of the brig *Conqueror*, of New York, who had a voice that could be heard at the mast-head in a hurricane, now began to sing the “ Bay of Biscay ” at the very top of his lungs — and the voices of the other cabin guests, strengthened by repeated glasses of Madeira, brandy, and champagne, nobly swelled the chorus, as they bellowed with wonderful power and effect,

“As she lay  
On that day,  
In the BAY OF BISCUAY O!”

Mr. Dalrymple felt the absurdity as well as injustice of rebuking the sailors for their boisterous merriment, when they were only imitating, in a humble way, the example of their superiors. He walked aft, muttering something not very complimentary to the habits and conduct of his captain.

“I say, shipmates,” said a young fellow, named Nicholas Bolton, who belonged to the barque *Chemistry*, of Boston, “we *are* making a tremendous noise, there’s no use denying it, and it’s all nonsense; we may as well be quiet if we wish to keep out of difficulty; and, if you like, I’ll sing you a song—not one of your rowdy ditties, with a chorus as big as a ninety-barrel sperm whale, and as rough as the back of a shovel-nosed shark—but a soft, gentle affair, that will cause no noise nor disturbance.”

“A song! a song! Nick Bolton’s song!” shouted several voices; and the youth, with a clear, melodious, but uncultivated voice, sang with tolerable effect the following

## SONG.

“As once I strayed through fields and meads,  
To pass the twilight hour,  
I met a damsel gathering flowers,  
Herself the fairest flower.  
Her cheeks were like the rose’s blush,  
Her neck like lilies fair,  
On which in witching ringlets fell  
Her glossy, raven hair.

“I gazed upon her graceful form,  
I marked her sparkling eyes;  
And, captivated by her charms,  
Resolved to win the prize.  
I seized her hand, and said, ‘Fair maid,  
O, will you marry me?’

I am an honest sailor true,  
Who ploughs the stormy sea.'

"She blushed, she smiled, then quick replied,  
'O, no, kind sir, not I !'  
'And while she spoke a roguish leer  
Was seen in her dark eye.  
'I'd rather wed a landsman true,  
Who 'll live at home with me,  
Than twenty gallant sailors bold,  
Whose home is on the sea !' "

"That gal was a fool !" shouted Jack Hastings, screwing up his face until it resembled a monkey's that had been drinking vinegar. "I wonder if she ever got a husband. At any rate, I pity the man who married her. Your song don't amount to much, Nick ; it is a milk-and-water sort of a thing." And Jack thundered forth, in his peculiar voice —

"Success to the damsel, wherever she be,  
Who smiles on the rover that ploughs the dark sea,  
Whose feelings are kind, whose affections are true,  
Who loves the bold tar with his jacket of blue."

"Chorus, my hearties !" shouted Jack Hastings. "Let 's give it to 'em strong !"

"Jacket of blue, boys — jacket of blue !  
*Who loves the bold tar with HIS JACKET OF BLUE !* "

"Hist !" exclaimed Nick Bolton, who tried in vain to suppress the boisterous shouts of his shipmates. "What 's the use of making noise enough to rouse all hands on board every ship in port ?"

"Sure enough !" said Alec Doolittle imploringly. "And here comes Tantarabogus again. Now we shall catch it !"

And, sure enough, Mr. Hawkins, to whom Alec had applied most unjustly the above disparaging epithet, again approached the fore-scuttle with hasty strides.



“Halloo, there below !” said he, in a voice trembling with passion. “I won’t put up with this rascally riot any longer. There is as much screaming and howling among you as would do credit to a boatswain’s gang of evil spirits with their tails just chopped off. And I tell you what it is, my lads ——”

“We were only *singing*, sir. It is Saturday night, sir !” said Jack Hastings, in a deprecatory tone.

“Singing ?” exclaimed Hawkins. “If you call that *singing*, I don’t know what you call howling. But I’ll tell you what it is, lads — if I hear any more such *singing*, as you call it, I’ll order you aloft to send down the top-gallant-masts, and there you’ll be able to sing to some tune.”

And Mr. Hawkins walked aft, with his hands clenched, his teeth grating against each other, and his face burning with anger. He longed to fight *somebody*, and if he could have had any excuse, might have turned to upon his friend and fellow-officer, Mr. Dalrymple, who would not have been backward in returning the compliment, for *his* feelings were not, at this time, nearly twelve o’clock at night, of a very amiable character.

“Send down the top-gallant-masts to-night !” cried Jack Hastings. “Whengh ! I should like to see him try it. I thought Mr. Hawkins was a good fellow once ; but he proves to be a real dog in the manger. Because he can’t share in a frolic himself, he won’t let nobody else !”

“He feels vexed, I ’spose, and it ’s but natural he should,” growled Bob Simpkins, “to see such fun and frolic in the forecastle and in the cabin, while he and the “second Dicky” can only hold on the slack. They are what I call tantaluessed.”

“Fantalussed !” exclaimed Jack Hastings. “That’s a booktionary word, I suppose ; what do you mean by tantaluessed ?”

“Why, don’t you know what tantaluessed means ? You’re

a bigger fool than I thought you were, Jack ! Tantalus was an old chap, who, for some of his good deeds, I suppose, was clapped in the bilboes, and kept on short allowance, or rather no allowance at all, while all sorts of drinking, eating, fiddling and dancing were going on around him ; and so, d'ye see, when a man is placed in such a queer fix, folks say he is tantalussed."

Jack looked at Bob Simpkins, while a frown, as dark as a Hatteras squall, was rapidly gathering on his brow, and premonitory symptoms of a regular fore-castle *row* appeared ; for several of the company were rapidly verging towards that stage of intoxication which disposes men to quarrel with everybody and everything around them. But Nicholas Bolton, naturally a quietly-disposed, peaceable youth, with praiseworthy presence of mind, sought to prevent it by calling upon Bob Simpkins for a song.

"Come, Bob," said he, "you promised us a song, and we can't let you off without one. So, tune up, my good fellow. But give us one that 's got no chorus to it."

"*He* sing!" muttered Jack between his teeth. "You might as well listen to the creaking of a snatch-block !"

This observation was unheeded by Bob, who, after some preliminary flourishes, and several desperate and affectedly-fashionable efforts to clear his pipes, burst forth into a most dolorous tune, with the following words :

"One morning, one morning, one morning in May,  
I spied a pretty fair maid a-raking of hay :  
Her cheeks they were so rosy, her ——"

But a spiteful and uproarious laugh from Jack Hastings, in which two or three others joined, completely drowned the rest of his song, and induced Bob to turn round, and with an air of defiance, and a flourish of his fists, ask Jack what he was laughing at.

At this question, Jack screamed louder than before. "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted he, "I was laughing to think — ha, ha, ha! to think that a 'pretty fair maid' would be raking hay in the month of May! Ha, ha, ha! In my country they never rake hay in May or January! Ha, ha, ha!"

But his burst of mirth was changed into a paroxysm of a different kind, when Bob fetched him a smart rap across the muzzle, which dislodged a couple of his teeth, and inflicted a feeling far more akin to pain than pleasure, accompanied with the unkind remark that he would not be able to laugh again for one week, anyhow!

Jack hit back as soon as he could recover his balance, and as pretty a disturbance was got up, *extempore*, as a person would wish to see on a summer's day. Blows were interchanged and passed around without ceremony, and a regular game of "rough and tumble" was commenced, when loud voices, as of many persons in wrathful altercation, were heard on deck, and Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Dalrymple both came forward, and peremptorily ordered up the men belonging to the other vessels, to go into their boats. This nipped the *row* in its bud. And while the men are slowly tumbling up, muttering and grumbling, we will take a glance at the doings in the after part of the vessel.

Here, as I have already said, reigned revelry and mirth. The glass went briskly round, healths were drunk, jokes cracked, stories were told, and songs were sung. And here, as in the forecastle, were much wit and good-humor at the outset, which, I regret to record it, degenerated, as the night advanced, into obstreperous shouts, coarseness and vulgarity. And when "the witching time of night" approached, there was precious little difference in the character of the carousals in the forecastle and the cabin, although the immediate agent in the one case was N. E. rum and aguadiente,

and, in the other, the more expensive stimulants, cognac and wine.

Patriotic and amatory songs were sung, — for intoxicating drinks have a powerful effect in expanding love and patriotism, — and many toasts and sentiments were drunk, until the jovial fellows began to feel wonderfully *light* in the upper story, and not a little *heavy* about the lower extremities. Their vocal powers, nevertheless, were not impaired. Indeed, their tongues seemed to have been oiled, so dexterously did the muscles play that set them in motion. All went on harmoniously, however ; that is, there was no quarrelling or fighting, or aught approximating to it, until about twelve o'clock, when Captain Somers, striking the table three times with his brawny fist, to attract attention, proclaimed that he would give a sentiment.

“ Fill your glasses, gentlemen,” said he, “ to the brim — and no heel-taps, mind ! I ’ll give you ‘ *The President of the United States and all his Cabinet*, ’ as honest a set of fellows as ever gave the word to ‘ haul taught and belay. ’ ”

The sentiment was drunk amid acclamations by all the company, excepting old Captain Hazlewood, of the brig Polyphemus, of Saco, who was a good deal of a politician, but who unfortunately happened to be *on the other side*. His glass remained untouched.

“ Hallo ! ” shouted Somers, “ why don’t you toss off your glass, Captain Hazlewood, hey ? ”

“ Because I believe the president and his cabinet are a set of shabby fellows, and I would sooner lend a hand to seize them up to the main rigging, and give each of them a dozen, than drink their healths ! ”

“ And I think,” shouted Captain Somers, his eyes kindling with wrath, “ that the man who will pass his wine at such a time as this, deserves to have it thrown in his face ! ” And, suiting the action to the word, he reached his long arm across

the table, seized the full glass, and threw it slap into the face of the astonished Hazlewood !



This act caused a sensation among the company, which was increased when Hazlewood, after drawing his hand across his eyes to clear his sight, and enable him to take good aim, clutched a decanter which was standing on the table near him, and hurled it with fury at the man who had so grossly insulted him ! It took effect just between his eyebrows, and capsized him in an instant.

There was now great confusion in the cabin of the *Pandolfo*. Mr. Hodgkins, a friend of Captain Somers, no sooner beheld that worthy man so unceremoniously stretched in a horizontal position on the floor, than he sprang upon the table ;

and, amid the crash of tumblers, glasses and decanters, and the shouts of the excited company, attacked Captain Hazlewood with great fury. Somers, with the blood streaming over his face, rose from the floor, and, pouring forth whole volumes of threats and imprecations, joined in the fray. Hazlewood received some hard knocks before Captain Snyder and one or two others could interfere and hustle him on deck, which they did under pretence of finding room for a fair fight. Captain Snyder then, while the altercation was renewed, and threatened serious consequences, called to his mates to order the crews into the boats at once; and the men were summoned, as before related.

But the men, by this time, were exceedingly surly and independent, and, being called away in the midst of some very pretty quarrels of their own, were in no hurry to make their appearance on deck. And when they staggered up, at last, their mutterings and insolent language elicited a sharp rebuke from Mr. Dalrymple, which was replied to by a note of defiance from one of the sailors. Two or three of the captains, who were not so far gone but that they could distinguish the voices of their men, now stepped into the waist to reprove the refractory seamen, and subject them to discipline; when Mr. Dalrymple, whose temper, by this time was none of the sweetest, hit one of the fellows who had replied to him with insolence a hearty blow under the ear, which threw him on his beam-ends!

This was the signal for a general set-to. All hands were now on deck. They saw the blow, and with loud shouts fell on the mates. Captain Snyder and all his friends entered briskly into the combat; and blows were interchanged with a hearty good will, amid loud shouts of "That's right, Bill!" "Hit him again, Bob!" "That's a settler, my good fellow!" &c., &c.

The combatants soon got intermingled with each other, so

that it was impossible for them, obfuscated as their faculties were, to distinguish a friend from an enemy; and furious blows were dealt about in the most impartial manner. Even the two mates, who were quite sober, fought with tremendous energy, and were by no means particular with regard to whom they attacked. They were glad to let off a little of the steam they had been bottling up, and seemed to act with much zeal upon the advice of the Irishman to a Yankee friend at Donnybrook, or some other fair — namely, “Whenever you see a head, hit it!”

What the result of this terrible engagement would have been, if they had been left to fight it out, it is impossible to say. One captain, one supercargo, and three sailors, were stretched, *hors de combat*, on the deck — that is, they were completely done up — and several others had cracked crowns and bloody noses, when two large boats, filled with soldiers, well armed, dashed alongside. The officers boldly boarded the Pandolfo, followed by the soldiers, and, after a short struggle, succeeded in subduing and capturing the belligerents in detail.

And now there was a terrible jabbering on the decks of that ship. The sailors were anxious to tell their story, and exculpate themselves from blame; the captains, also, stoutly maintained that the whole cause of the disturbance might be found in the disorderly and mutinous conduct of the sailors, who were a set of drunken fellows, and would always kick up a row whenever they could get run. The Brazilians were not backward in doing their share of the talking, and it was a long time before the question of blame could be decided, and harmony and quiet restored. This was at last done, by deciding that the sailors alone were to blame, and deserved punishment for their insolent, mutinous, drunken and outrageous conduct!

Six of the most turbulent and noisy of the men were therefore singled out, put in irons, and transferred unceremoniously

from the deck of the Pandolfo to the guard-boats alongside, and then conveyed to the guard-ship lying at anchor at the mouth of the harbor. Here they were thrust into a dark and noisome hole, where unsavory vapors and mephitic mists abounded, and for a week, which seemed to these poor, bruised, unfortunate fellows an age, they were fed on a very scanty diet, consisting of *caravances* (a species of bean), rancid olive oil, mouldy bread, and garlic. At the end of that time they were glad enough to promise better behavior in future, and returned to their respective vessels, wiser at least, if not better, for their week's incarceration on board a Brazilian man-of-war.

So much for Saturday night revels on ship-board in days gone by, when intoxicating drinks were freely used in the cabin and the forecastle, and were the origin of a vast deal of trouble, discontent, insolence, oppression, fighting, flogging and imprisonment. But those days, we trust, have passed away. The vile and dangerous effects of indulging an appetite for strong drinks, especially at sea, are now well known. If a man sins, he now sins with his eyes wide open, and deserves all the punishment which he will, in some shape or another, surely receive. And if a ship-master, with the light of knowledge upon this subject upon him and around him, will persist in resorting to this stimulus, in these days, endangering the peace of his ship's company, and jeoparding the property and lives under his charge, he is unworthy to have any confidence reposed in him, but should be stripped of his command with all possible despatch.















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